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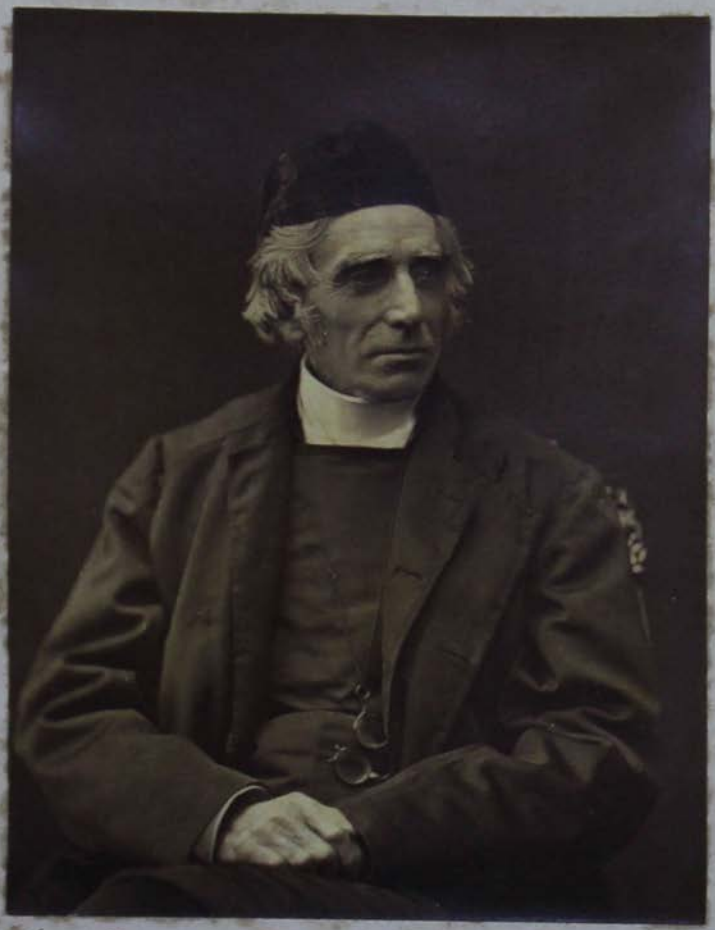


truly yours

Alexander Ewing Bp

of Argyll & the Isles

MEMOIR OF

ALEXANDER EWING, D.C.L.

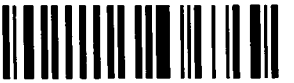
BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES

BY

ALEXANDER J. ROSS, B.D.

VICAR OF ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY

LONDON
DALDY, ISBISTER & CO.
56, LUDGATE HILL
1877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LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED,
CITY ROAD.

TO

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D.D.,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

THE BELOVED AND REVERED FRIEND OF

ALEXANDER EWING,

BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES,

BY WHOM HE WAS REGARDED AS PROVIDENTIALLY RAISED TO THE PRIMACY OF ALL ENGLAND FOR THE DEFENCE OF CHRISTIAN LIBERTY AND FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH AND OF THE NATION,

THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,

Dedicated,

WITH MUCH GRATITUDE AND VENERATION,

BY HIS GRACE'S MOST OBEDIENT AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

ALEXANDER J. ROSS.

PREFACE.

WHEN a second edition of the sermons, "Revelation considered as Light," was called for—sermons which the author lived to see ready for the press, but not actually published—it was thought desirable that a short memoir should be prefixed to the volume, in order that the world might learn what manner of man Bishop Ewing was, and what relation his theology bore to his life. As a countryman of the Bishop's, as one who had been brought into some personal relations with him by having for two successive summers taken duty in his diocese, and also as one who for many years previously had been led to entertain the beliefs with which his name must for some time be associated, the preparation of the biographical preface was entrusted to the present Editor.

It was soon, however, perceived, from the abundance of material which came into the hands of his brother and literary executor, that such a sketch as had been contemplated would be altogether inadequate. Bishop Ewing had left behind him, in addition to letters addressed to numerous correspondents, very copious journals and diaries, which, with occasional blank spaces, linked together his whole life, from the earliest

days of his boyhood to the time when his writings became significant of the fact that our dogmatic theology is passing through quite a revolutionary epoch.

In these circumstances, it was decided by Bishop Ewing's relations and friends that a separate account of his life and labours should be published. The wider trust, with its various responsibilities, was accepted with very mingled feelings. In the first place it was foreseen that the editing of a Life of Bishop Ewing by the vicar of an East-end parish would have to be carried on amid the endless calls upon time and patient thought which the exigencies of such an incumbency necessitate, and the apprehension consequently arose that it would be difficult, if not impossible, especially at this time when fresh interests are arising every day, to give to the world, within a reasonable interval after his decease, any adequate representation of the mind and character of Alexander Ewing. And certainly a longer period has elapsed before the publication of this memoir than was contemplated. The delay, however, has arisen not altogether from the engagements of the Editor, but from the great accumulation of materials and from the difficulty of compressing them within the limits of a single volume. Moreover, after having been long waited for, Bishop Ewing's letters to the late lamented Dr. Thirwall have not yet been received.

At the same time it must be borne in mind that this labour of love would never have been undertaken at all, if the present Editor had entertained the feeling that it was a matter of primary importance that Dr.

Ewing's biography should appear within a given time. It is true that these pages will not be perused by some who had been looking forward to their publication with interest. But Alexander Ewing belonged to mankind and to the future. He died a learner. He had in one sense, no doubt, "finished his work;" but, convinced as he was that greater work had to be done than was ever yet accomplished by the Church, his own feeling was that he had scarcely made a beginning; and, consequently, the story of his life will, it is believed, be of some value, if only as marking a stage in the evolution proclaimed by Christ Himself, when all those who had the happiness and privilege of personal converse with him shall have passed away. Whatever the immediate or more distant future of the Christian consciousness may be, it cannot possibly, being Christian, attain a height which he would have shrunk from climbing, or from which his beliefs could possibly be regarded as possessing only an antiquarian interest. For Christ was to him the heir of all the ages, the absolute Lord of love and of truth, who had taught him to lose himself in God; and thus he departed "rejoicing in hope."

Special thanks are here tendered to all those who have, with so much generosity and kind consideration, placed their letters and other materials in the hands of the present Editor; and if amongst these the Archbishop of Canterbury holds a conspicuous place, it need only be observed that while he, in common with all his friends, honoured Alexander Ewing as a man of God, loved him as a Christian friend and brother, and admired the sincerity and courage with which he

contended for the truth, neither he nor they are for these reasons to be held responsible for those views of Christian doctrine which the Bishop of Argyll proclaimed, and which it has been the endeavour of his biographer to reproduce in the following pages in their simplicity and integrity.

St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney, E.,
July, 1877.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS. 1814—1829.

ALEXANDER EWING was born on the 25th of March, 1814, in Old Castle Street, Aberdeen, but the home of his ancestors lay far away on the banks of Loch Fyne, in the immediate neighbourhood of which, in a later day, his own hospitable but modest mansion was to be found. The "clan" from which he traced his descent claims as its progenitors the Ewen de Ergadia, King Ewen, Eugenius, and others, who have special mention both in local and general history. For originally the forms of the family name which he inherited were Ewen, Ewene, or Ewin; and as probable indications of the vitality and far-reaching ramifications of the tribe thus designated, it may be noted that in the English Domesday Book we meet with allodial Ewings—who are presumed to be Celts with the patronymic Anglicised, while the Welsh Owens, who indeed are Ewenes according to the Cymry pronunciation, have the same armorial bearings as the Caledonian House which in due course of time was to number among its sons the Bishop of Argyll.

To any one who had the artistic eye, the poetic susceptibility, the historical capacity, and the quick and tenacious sympathy of Dr. Ewing, a residence beneath the mighty Bens, or on the shores of the dreamy lochs of Argyll, or in the neighbourhood of an old Episcopalian population like that of Ballachulish, might, no doubt, have called forth sentiments of admiration and attachment such as those so frequently met with in the writings of Bishop Ewing; but yet his love for Argyllshire places and people seems only adequately accounted for by the circumstance that "the Land of Lorne" was his original *home*. In becoming Bishop of Argyll and the Isles he had come to "dwell among his own people." The oldest traditions, however, of that branch of the Ewene stock with which the bishop was more immediately connected relate, not to Loch Fyne, but to Loch Lomond, in Dumbartonshire. Loch Fyne stands midway between Loch Awe on the west and Loch Lomond on the east, and it is not a very "far cry" to either of the two. Accordingly, when the old Ewene territory became too strait for the needs of the increasing clan, it would appear that while some leaders of the tribe conducted a following into the land of the Macdougalls around Oban, others struck off eastward through the weird pass of Glencoe, with its famous "Rest and be thankful," and settled down on the fair and fertile slopes of the Lomond, the noblest of all the Scottish lakes. In this region some Ewenes, become Ewings now, established themselves, and of the House of Balloch Alexander Ewing was a lineal descendant.

In one of his journals he thus writes:—

"My great grandfather died in early life from an injury he received from a Captain Campbell, leaving a large family of sons and daughters; and my grandfather, having to rely on his own exertions for an honourable position in life, betook himself to the north of Scotland, and died a burgess of Old Aberdeen. He was buried in the churchyard of the cathedral there. I have heard him spoken of as a somewhat stern, but always righteous man, outwardly handsome, and as attaining to a mellow old age. My grandmother was a native of Banffshire, a pious, much loved, and gifted woman, but probably with Jacobite proclivities, as two of her brothers were executed at Carlisle for being found in arms in the cause of Prince Charles Edward Stuart—one of them being apprehended disguised in female attire, in the streets of Banff. This lady seems to have won for herself an enthusiastic devotion from her two sons, who were her only children, John and Alexander, the former of whom was my own father."

It is not improbable that the tragic ending at Carlisle of the lives of his grand-uncles may have constituted between Bishop Ewing, loyal Protestant though he was, and the Highlanders of his diocese whose ancestors had been "out in the '45," a special bond of sympathy. Indeed the touching eloquence with which he speaks in one of his charges to his clergy of the chivalrous self-sacrifice of the adherents of the Stuarts, seems to proclaim that that bond existed—while his language acquires greatly increased significance when we remember that relations of his own had suffered in the Stuarts' cause.

Bishop Ewing continues:—

"My father himself I have heard described as a bright-looking, high-spirited boy, who was the champion and favourite of his school companions. He was educated at

the high school and university of Old Aberdeen, and showed a considerable capacity for mathematical studies; but I suspect he had in still greater vigour the capacity for fishing, shooting, and horsemanship. One of my earliest recollections of childhood is that of his riding a large bay horse called 'Toper,' on which it was my privilege at times to be mounted, and seated on the saddle in front of him. My father embraced the profession of law, and passed as an advocate in Aberdeen. He married, in his twenty-third year, Miss Elspet Aitken, who became the mother of his three children—myself, my brother John, and my sister Christian, who died in her fourteenth year."

During the years of Bishop Ewing's infancy and early boyhood his father was an eminently prosperous man, uniting as he did manners of remarkable urbanity with high integrity and thorough knowledge of business. His health, however, began to fail in 1824—his thirty-fourth year—when he went to London to consult the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who prescribed for him a tour in France. In 1826 he journeyed again to London to obtain the advice of Dr. Paris, by whom he was ordered to Southend, in Essex, to make experiment of the milder sea air of the English coast. For a brief period he seemed to be convalescent, but in the summer of 1827 he was attacked by the illness which proved fatal to him.

"I never can forget," the Bishop writes, "the day when one of our servants came to announce to my brother and myself that our father was dangerously unwell. We were, at that time, attending school during the day near Aberdeen, and were on our way to bathe after school-hours. We hurried home with all speed, and were taken into our father's room. He was still a young man, only thirty-seven years of age, but I remember being struck by his worn appearance as he lay in bed—the long beard, the

shrunken look. I recall, however, very vividly the sight of a little Bible which lay on his pillow, from which my mother constantly read to him, chiefly from St. John's Gospel, and especially from the chapter beginning with the words, 'Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me.' He was much affected, as was my mother, at the interview. Indeed he seemed quite unable to speak to us, but as we were leaving the room, he addressed to us the following remarkable words:—'If I live, life will be easy for you, but if not, you must work.' Our father knew that, through his watchful care and providence, we should not start weighted with secular anxieties in the race of life; but he spoke as he did partly to relieve the fulness of his own mind, and partly to turn the edge of our grief. But that the last words he addressed to us, and amid such surroundings, related to work, was a lesson we could never forget. We never saw him again. He died on the 15th of June, 1827."

Mr. Ewing, though young, had largely secured for himself, not only the respect, but the affection of his fellow-citizens, and as he had lived much beloved he died much lamented. He was buried by the grave of his father and mother in the churchyard of the cathedral of Old Aberdeen, and his funeral was attended by a very large number of his fellow-citizens. The sight of his two boys as they stood by their father's grave—the elder, Alexander, in his fourteenth year, and John, in his twelfth—touched the hearts of all present with profound sympathy, but the lads themselves seem on the occasion to have been conscious only of their own great loss; and with a stroke of pathetic realism the Bishop speaks thus in his journal:—"Although it was the month of June, and the weather was hot, I can recollect how both my brother and myself trembled with cold as James

Pyper, the coachman, put us into the carriage that was standing by the churchyard gate."

Before her children their mother bore up bravely, but in the night season, when she little suspected that there were any listeners in the house, her bitter sobbing, her stricken cries, and wrestling prayers were only too audible in the adjoining room; "and to hear them," writes Alexander, "nearly broke our hearts." And thus it was that in his fourteenth year Bishop Ewing was brought face to face with the three great elements of our human discipline—labour, sorrow, and death—but at the same time the words read by his mother from that little Bible which lay on his father's pillow were heard by him. We are what the past has made us; and looking back over the whole of Bishop Ewing's life, probably the secret of it is to be found in that hour when he last looked on the face of his earthly father, and when the little Bible on that pillow spoke to him of a Father in heaven, in whose great providence there are many mansions, or stages of discipline, for His children, but who is Himself their eternal home.

In the summer of this same year, Mrs. Ewing, striving nobly for her children's sake against the sorrow that was secretly undermining her strength, found a temporary home for them at Invercanny, about twenty miles from Aberdeen, and in itself one of the most lovely spots of the valley of the Dee, that fairy-land of river and picturesquely undulating banks, from which noble forests stretch away towards Balmoral, in Braemar. In the autumn the family returned to Aberdeen, but not to the old house. The

new one, however, was destined ere long to be the scene of a fresh sorrow. There is no record of the home life of Mrs. Ewing and her children during the next fifteen months, but for all that period it would seem that the mother's health was gradually sinking, and in the following spring—that of 1829—she too passed away. Devoutly pious and of profound affections, Alexander Ewing's mother was a woman of many tears, of many prayers, and one longing fervent desire of her heart was that both her sons should become clergymen of the Church of England. Her wish was fulfilled substantially, but she had passed away long before the day of fulfilment came.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS. 1829—1835.

ALEXANDER EWING, it may be said with truth, was at school all his life. Though never a scholar in the profounder sense of the word, he was to the last, and especially at the very last, an eager inquirer; but the first school, usually so called, that he attended, was at Bark Mill, in the immediate neighbourhood of Aberdeen, and his first schoolmaster was a Mr. George Melvin.

Mr. Melvin, like so many other of even the humbler Scottish schoolmasters, had a very good knowledge of Latin, and was an effective teacher. In school he was a somewhat stern disciplinarian, but in play hours he seems rather to have been the beloved companion than the authoritative master, while his work-room, as he was very ready-handed in the use of carpenters' tools, was a source of great interest and of some practical benefit to his pupils. Alexander Ewing and his brother remained under the tuition of Mr. Melvin for about five years, going to school during the day, and returning home at night. From the school of Mr. Melvin the brothers went straight to the Marischal College of Aberdeen, where they spent two sessions.

The Bishop suspects that he did not, in Scottish phraseology, "make a great figure" in either the Greek class or the Mathematical one, but the lectures on Natural History had very great attractions for him, and for the Professor, Dr. Davidson, a man of very gentle bearing, he always cherished a grateful and affectionate regard. This circumstance is one of very considerable moment to the student of Bishop Ewing's life. His instinctive love of nature received from Dr. Davidson its first scientific culture, and supplied the young student with directions and methods which stood him in good stead in later days; for wherever we shall find Dr. Ewing we shall learn whether any, or what, birds are singing, what flowers or trees are in bloom or in leaf, as well as the form and structure of the plains or mountains around him.

On the death of their mother the three children found a temporary home with a much-beloved uncle and guardian—Dr. Ewing. He had studied surgery and medicine in Edinburgh and Paris, and on his return to his native town devoted himself with much ardour to his profession. For some years he held the office of Lecturer on Surgery at the Marischal College, and raised the Surgery class from a mere handful of students to a large attendance of eager listeners. The state of his health, however, which had never been very robust, necessitated the relinquishment of his professional duties in comparatively early life. He found a retreat in Tartowie, a small estate he had purchased some eight miles from Aberdeen, and there he gave himself to agricultural pursuits with scarcely less enthusiasm than had

formerly characterized him during his medical career. Dr. Ewing was a man of refined and cultivated tastes, an elegant Latin scholar, and discriminately appreciative in the arts of painting and music. One who knew him thus writes of him:—"I think he was the most affectionate human being I ever knew." A very deep attachment existed between himself and Bishop Ewing's father, and from the time of the death of the latter he would seem to have transferred the love he cherished for him to his children. When, at a later date, the nephews promised him a visit at Tartowie, on the day and at the time of their expected arrival he would be seen excitedly pacing up and down on the terrace, looking out for the travellers, and the moment they came in view at a particular turn of the road, he would flourish his walking-stick in the air and give welcome with wildest gesticulations.

In the spring of 1830 the two brothers were sent by their guardians to England, to a private school in Chelsea kept by the Rev. R. Roberts, of Merton College, Oxford, who, at the time, was serving the curacy of St. Matthew's Church, Friday Street, in the City. The duties of the curacy, however, were so entirely nominal, except on Sundays, as not to interfere with the claims of his pupils, who usually numbered about twenty. The Bishop writes of him as having been "in all respects an exemplary and excellent man, a Christian, and a gentleman."

Mr. Roberts was an Evangelical of the Moderate School, and no doubt his influence very considerably modified the earlier religious conceptions of Alexander Ewing. These conceptions were to be supplanted by

others of a profounder character, but the moral and spiritual benefits which he derived from the wise and earnest counsels of his teacher were gratefully acknowledged by him to the last.

Though by no means the oldest among his schoolfellows, Alexander in many respects held the chief place in the school. Eager, adventurous, high-spirited—almost, at times, extravagantly so—but with the most courteous manners, the sweetest of tempers, and the most stainless purity of life, he won for himself the loyal confidence of his companions and the special friendship of his master. He was selected by Mr. Roberts to be his amanuensis in the preparation of the Friday Street sermons—an honour, as it was reckoned, accorded to no other boy at the time. It was part of the Sunday evening task of the scholars to reproduce in writing from memory the substance of one of the sermons delivered in the course of the day by the Rev. Henry Blunt, of Chelsea, whose church they attended. On several occasions the reproduction by Alexander Ewing proved to be so full and accurate that Mr. Roberts had it read aloud to the whole school. It was during the period of his residence at Chelsea that he received Confirmation in St. Paul's Cathedral, at the hands of the Bishop of London, and Mr. Roberts had shown the most affectionate solicitude that the simple but venerable rite might touch the spirit of his pupil with all its impressive suggestiveness.

The brothers returned to Scotland in the summer of 1831, having been under the care of Mr. Roberts for fifteen months. This English schooltime, though brief in its duration, contributed to Alexander Ewing's

classical acquirements, and it widened materially the range of his interests and sympathies. It developed his literary and artistic tastes, and, among other memorials of his Chelsea days there remain many vignette drawings, and crowquill etchings of birds, evidently suggested by Bewick's woodcuts, and executed with much freedom and skilful handling.

But especially the claims of the Anglican communion had acquired a new significance for him. He had accepted from Episcopal hands his formal consecration to the service and self-sacrifice of Christian discipleship: and it might be supposed that at this stage of his history he had already elected the work of the Episcopalian ministry as his specific vocation.

His guardians left his life very much at his own disposal; but while he was cultivating habits and building up a character which would specially qualify him for the efficient and honourable discharge of the duties of the Christian ministry, he was simply educating himself, so far as his present consciousness was concerned, for the duties of every-day life. As yet he was not taking thought of any *professional* to-morrow; but to-day it was good for him to be cherishing within him the love and the practice of all that was true, and good, and beautiful. Though delicate in constitution from the first, in his eighteenth year he was tall, graceful, full of energy, singularly active and agile, and a fearless horseman. And then that face of his, with the dark violet eyes, the full forehead, the aquiline nose, the flowing masses of silken dark-brown hair, the sweet mouth with its curved lines, the well-developed chin, so significant of

inflexible purpose, while a blended look of subtle humour and expectancy of some sudden surprise in the events of life, suffusing the whole countenance, gave indication of a spiritual presence among us of rare courage, gentleness, freshness, many-sidedness, and originality. His theology flowered out, at last, as the beautiful outcome of a life lived from his childhood in wonder, admiration, hope, and love.

The summer of 1831 was spent by the three young people on Deeside, in the neighbourhood of the old quarters at Invercanny, their guardians having selected a home for them there in a cottage on the estate of Inchmarlo, in the hope that the salubrious air of the district might prove beneficial to them all, but especially to the sister, about whose health anxiety began to be entertained. Here Alexander and John renewed acquaintance with the old haunts. They walked and rode and fished to their hearts' content, and spent a time of idyllic enjoyment—abundance of healthful exercise out of doors, and a good deal of reading going on within. Relating to this period, a very characteristic memorandum of the Bishop's is to the following effect:—"It was the first time my brother and I had guns of our own, and I shall never forget a hare and a partridge which I *unfortunately shot.*"

At the close of the summer came a migration to Edinburgh. While the sister found a home at the school of Miss Lee, the brothers matriculated in the University, and attended there the Classes of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Natural History, taught respectively by Dr. Hope, Sir John Leslie, and Professor Jameson.

In the lectures of all the three Alexander Ewing took an unremitting interest, as the notes written down in the class-rooms, and afterwards carefully expanded, still exist to testify; and the harvest of knowledge he bore with him from this winter's session in Edinburgh supplied abundant proof that he was a very earnest and hardworking as well as intelligent student. But if the brothers were fortunate in the professors whose lectures they listened to, they were not less so in the domestic arrangements which their guardians had made for them during their sojourn in Edinburgh. They were placed under the care of Mr. Charles Chalmers, a brother of the noble-hearted Dr. Thomas Chalmers. Charles Chalmers had apparently but little of the fervid temperament of the author of the "Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation," but he was a man of most kindly disposition, and of very considerable attainments in chemistry, geology, botany, and other departments of Natural Science; and he was in the habit of delivering lectures on certain evenings in the week to his boarders, illustrating them with experiments, or with specimens of the various objects of the mineral or vegetable kingdom to which his lectures referred; while on Saturdays there were excursions to Arthur's Seat, and the Braid Hills, or the Pentlands, specially undertaken for geological or botanical purposes.

These days were what the Germans call "the golden time of increase." But in the midst of his joyous existence and eager quest of knowledge a new sorrow was beginning to overshadow Alexander Ewing.

Christian, his sister, seems always to have been very delicate, and her health seriously broke down in the early days of 1832. Her medical advisers recommended that she should "try the effects of her native air," but the change was only a change of place for the young sufferer. She was taken to the old house, Belvedere, which was now in the occupation of a near relative, and there all that loving care could suggest was done for her; but soon the end came. She possessed a wonderfully sweet temper, and her whole life bore the impress of love, intelligence, and piety. To both her brothers she was deeply attached, especially to the elder, by whom her affection was as ardently returned. Both the brothers, when the intelligence of her death reached them, felt the blow bitterly; but her last words were a message to them, wonderfully touching in its simplicity and thoughtfulness, as it was strong in faith: "*Tell the boys that I die happy, and that I shall see them again.*" Once more they found themselves in the churchyard of the old Cathedral of Aberdeen, and there was laid the body of their loved young sister and companion, by the side of her father and mother.

During the summer on which we are now entering Alexander's guardians, apprehensive as to the state of his health, insisted on an entire cessation from study on his part, and recommended an open-air life in some bracing Highland climate. Accordingly, Braemar was fixed upon; and at the now well-known inn of Castleton, "the Invercauld Arms," in that glorious district of wild forest, and foaming cascade, and magnificent mountains, the brothers established

their headquarters. They were left entirely their own masters—a somewhat perilous experiment, it might seem, but never was an honourable trust more honourably responded to. All systematic studious reading was forbidden to Alexander, but a goodly supply of books was laid in for perusal or reference, while ponies, guns, and fishing-rods were fully called into requisition, and the long summer days had no bitter memories at their close. On the excursions Alexander generally carried his sketch-book with him. Along with the sketches a good deal of botanizing was also accomplished, and a considerable number of the plants of the district were collected and dried. But all this while Alexander was "devouring books," and books of all kinds. He read History, Travels, Poetry, Prose Fiction, Theology, and works which treated more directly of the spiritual life. One afternoon, as he was quietly reading a number of *Blackwood*, which contained an article on the English Lakes, he suddenly turned to his brother and a young friend who was staying with them at the time, and proposed to them an immediate excursion on their ponies to Windermere. Characteristically swift in his decisions, his own mind was made up in a moment, and the delightful proposal was eagerly welcomed by the two others. The necessary arrangements were accordingly made at once, and the three travellers, having sent forward their heavier bags by coach, to await their arrival at a certain stage of their journey, started on their ponies for the South. All were in high spirits, and a rather noticeable and picturesque group they must have formed, each rider

having a fishing-rod buckled on his back, a tartan plaid thrown over his shoulders, and a knapsack fastened on his saddle; while at the saddle-bow of one of their number hung a horse-pistol in a holster, which, however, was not intended for active service. A favourite black Newfoundland dog, called Juno, accompanied the excursionists. At Kinross a grievous trouble befell them. As they rode down the High Street of the town, a crowd of boys and older idlers surrounded them, mobbed them, and hooted at them, and poor Juno was assailed with such barbaric shouts, and was so pelted with stones and other missiles, that she fled in abject terror down a side street, and was never more seen by her masters. All that evening and next morning most earnest search was made, but no traces of their valued and faithful companion could be discovered, and with very sad hearts they had to resume their journey. The Bishop never could account for the rude reception which was given them at Kinross. He had a slight suspicion that the equipments of the travellers, especially their bright red Highland plaids, might furnish a good deal of merriment to a crowd of thoughtless men and boys in a Lowland town, but the altogether unprovoked and tumultuous insolence towards themselves, and the savage treatment of the noble and unoffending dog, perplexed and pained him not a little.

From Kinross the travellers journeyed to Edinburgh, crossing the Forth at Queensferry, and in the course of the transit one of the sailors, with whom they entered into conversation, suggested that perhaps it would be better if the horse-pistol were less con-

spicuous among their accoutrements. The suggestion was adopted, and the formidable-looking weapon stowed away out of sight. But why it was ever brought at all none of the party could exactly tell. Perhaps it was suspended at the saddle-bow to intimate that, in the event of their being peremptorily summoned to "stand and deliver," they would not yield without a struggle, or perhaps it was only intended, in a boyish, half-humorous way, to impress the spectators with a becoming sense of their dignity. In any case the pistol was withdrawn from the notice of the public, nor was it ever brought into use, except once, and that in a quite innocent fashion. On their return journey from Windermere, they reached Ecclefechan on the day of a great fair, and the inn where they slept was so crowded that they had to be contented with one bedroom amongst the three. Even that, however, was so frequently threatened with invasion by vague or tipsy attendants at the fair knocking violently at their door and loudly demanding admission, that there seemed no prospect of their getting any sleep during the whole of the night. For a time these disturbances were submitted to with tolerable patience, but at last Alexander got up determined to put a stop to them. He armed himself with the pistol, which, however, was unloaded, and going to the door, gave the outsiders to understand that the very next man who attempted to enter the room would be shot on the spot; and to give proof that he could carry the threat into execution, he repeatedly pulled the trigger and clicked the lock.

All the romantic and classic neighbourhood of Melrose was eagerly explored by the travellers; and Alexander Ewing especially was only looking with his bodily eye on scenes which the "Border Minstrelsy," the "Lay," and the "Monastery" had already made familiar to his imagination. Abbotsford, of course, was visited, but just in the days that Alexander Ewing stood by the fatal mansion the great master of it—the worn-out giant—while still comparatively young, had lain down to take his last earthly sleep.

Sir Walter had now returned from that journey to the South of Europe which had been undertaken in the hope of restoring his shattered health, but all in vain.

One can scarcely help reflecting that while the great minstrel and magician was drawing to the close of his days, a youth was at his gates who, all unsuspecting of his mission, was destined to give utterance in due time to the enlightened theology, the moderation, the wisdom, the charity of his great compatriot, blended with the piety of Leighton and Rutherford.

At Hawick came the next halt in the journey, and then through the green, but in winter bleak and snow-clad undulations of Moss Paul, the party moved down to Langholm, in the lovely valley of the Esk, picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Esk and Ewes. From Langholm the travellers followed the richly wooded banks of the Esk, through Canobie, here passing a fine old tower belonging to "Johnnie Armstrong," and as they came near the Border immensely enjoying the views which opened all around

them. The Cheviots lay behind to the left; in front, on the same hand, were the woods and mansion of Netherby; the Solway stretched away to the west, and the English hills rose in the south—especially that "top of Blackcomb" from which, in Wordsworth's noble language, "the amplest range of unobstructed prospect may be seen, that British ground commands." At last, the first English town, Longtown, was entered, and, after a night spent there, Carlisle was reached on the following day.

The route from Carlisle led them through the level but beautifully wooded country in which Low Hesketh lies, till they reached Penrith. The next day's ride carried them by Brougham Castle, past Arthur's Round Table, and several ruined castles, till they gained the summit of Shapfell in all its bleak desolation. For ten or twelve miles below Shap the road lay through a kind of waste howling wilderness, but suddenly Windermere was beheld; and having seen it, the friends made their way with thankful hearts to Kendal. Windermere was the goal of their pilgrimage, and, with Bowness as their head-quarters, they remained several days, boating, fishing, and roaming by sunlight and moonlight, with ever-increasing enjoyment, amid the varied scenery of mountain and mere. As one would expect, the travellers struck away up by Grasmere to Keswick, passing the perilous "Swan" of Wordsworth's waggoner; and so journeyed back to Carlisle. Thence, however, they elected a different route homewards. They chose the road which passes by Gretna, Ecclefechan—Carlyle's native village—and Beattock, and which, traversing first the long and

wild green moor on which one coming from the South first strikes the waters of the Clyde, and then the fair valley in which lies the village of Crawford amid its pastoral hills with old Celtic names, and a Roman road climbing invincibly up one of the steepest of them, leads on by Douglas Mill and the lower straths of Lanarkshire to the capital of the Scottish West. Having reached Glasgow, the youthful adventurers now set their faces towards the North, and journeyed by Stirling, Perth, Dunkeld, and Amulree. At this last lonely halting-place—at the southern entrance of Glen Quoich, and not far from the "sma' glen" in which, according to tradition, Ossian sleeps, and which Wordsworth has made known to all the world for its impressive solitude and tranquillity—Alexander Ewing fell ill, and the party were detained there for several days before he was well enough to mount his pony again. His spirits were so buoyant, that he was always in peril of doing or undertaking more than a prudent regard for his health would justify.

The party lost their way on the moor which lies between Amulree and Aberfeldy. For here there are bogs, there breast-high heather; here paths that promise much, but in the end lead no whither; while the lights and shadows and glorious colouring, with hares starting out at every turn, a heron sailing high over head, the cry of the curlew, a covey of grouse rising whirring on the wing, only make one feel how delightful this glimpse of nature would be if one only knew where one was going. A path, however, was at length descried, and after a long weary day's ride

the excursionists found themselves once more at the Spittal of Glenshee. Here Alexander Ewing was again compelled to rest, and his brother and friend endeavoured to find a conveyance which might carry him to Braemar. Their endeavours were unsuccessful; but after resting awhile Alexander was sufficiently recovered to be able to resume the saddle, and finally he finished his journey on the black pony which had carried him in safety over so many miles. His companions were happy indeed when the Invercauld Arms came in sight.

The brothers remained at the Invercauld Arms till the end of autumn, and were only driven away from their mountain home by the falling snows, which, while they revealed the surrounding Grampians in a new aspect of beauty, terminated most of their out-of-doors amusements, and made it desirable for them to seek a winter residence elsewhere.

Alexander Ewing's health at this time, although comparatively good, was still of so uncertain a character that it was deemed best by his guardians that he should not go back to the University of Edinburgh, but should spend the winter in the country. Accordingly he was placed under the care of Mr. Walker, of Suttee, near Kintore, in Aberdeenshire, a large and successful farmer who was in the habit of receiving young gentlemen as boarders, and of giving them personal instruction in the various branches of agriculture. But the Georgics of Virgil were more to Alexander's taste than practical husbandry, and the habits of animals were of greater interest to him than the price they would fetch in the market.

As the winter was drawing to a close, the brothers one day saw in a local paper an advertisement of a place to be let in Morayshire—Inverugie House—on the sea-coast, about six miles from Elgin. It was described as combining the attractions of a pleasant residence with the right of shooting over a considerable estate, abounding with game of all sorts; and as Morayshire was a county remarkable for the geniality of its climate, and for its many objects of historical and antiquarian interest, as well as for the beauty of its scenery, they were captivated with the thought of taking up their abode there. They mounted their horses, rode into Aberdeen, saw the agent, and entered at once into an arrangement with him to take possession of Inverugie and its fascinations. The manner of life which was lived there was very much the same in its general characteristics with that of Braemar. Only it surprised their neighbours somewhat that two youths, without a tutor or other senior, should be left so entirely without any visible control over their actions. However, they were all most kind and hospitable and friendly to them.

So far, accordingly, as social intercourse and the opportunities of amusement were concerned, Inverugie was furnished with all that could make outward life pleasant to Alexander Ewing. He relished heartily every species of innocent recreation—innocent because his whole nature shrank from what was coarse and impure. He delighted in society, and from the wide range of his information, the joyousness of his spirits, and his great conversational powers, remarkable even at that period of life, he was everywhere a welcome

guest. He was a fair shot and fisherman. Slight of figure, and possessed, moreover, by a courage that knew no fear, he followed the hounds anywhere with immense enjoyment. But while all this was true, he did not give himself up entirely to the pursuit of miscellaneous amusements. His old studies were never abandoned. Horace and Virgil were again carefully gone over, and many copious notes still exist to show how diligently he must have applied himself to the thorough mastering of the works of these poets, and of other classical writers. At the same time there are equally ample evidences to attest how regularly and intelligently his Bible was perused by him, and with what anxiety he must have studied it to ascertain the meaning of passages of which the sense was obscure. Many manuscript prayers written at this period of his life remain also to bear witness to his devotional habits.

It was during the course of this first winter at Inverugie that Alexander Ewing became acquainted with Katherine Stewart, the lady whose name and fortunes were ultimately to be linked with his own. She was the eldest daughter of Major Ludovic Stewart, of Pittyvaich, in Banffshire, the representative of the ancient family of the Stewarts of Drummin Castle in that county, while her mother was a daughter of Thomas Fraser, Esq., of Newton, in Inverness-shire. Miss Stewart was then in her eighteenth year, and is described as a young lady whose presence was fair to see, and who united with the charm of the sweetest manners a genuine love of music and a voice of great melody and compass.

Though never himself an accomplished musician, Alexander Ewing was passionately fond of music, while he had a voice which delighted the listeners by its sweetness and power. It was only natural if the musical tastes of the two young people established a sympathy between them, and in the circumstances it is not very surprising if this sympathy deepened into friendship and love. An engagement shortly followed, and the usual routine of Inverugie habits was frequently broken by visits to Pittyvaich. They were both, however, rather too young to marry, and Alexander, instead of merely dreaming away his time, resolved to pass the ensuing winter in Edinburgh, and prosecute there at the University, in a more systematic way, some of those studies which, from consideration for the state of his health, his guardians had advised him to postpone for a season. Accordingly to Edinburgh he repaired, and attended there the classes of Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry, then presided over by Dr. Lowe; and of Moral Philosophy, taught by that glorious son of Anak, Christopher North. The student's health, however, broke down before the session came to a close, and by the month of April he had again returned to Inverugie.

With his attendance at the Edinburgh classes during the session of 1834—5, Alexander Ewing's formal education was concluded.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE AND ORDINATION. 1835—1838.

FROM the date of Mr. Ewing's return to Inverugie from Edinburgh, he began to keep a private journal, which was continued for several years with extreme regularity. This journal enters too minutely into the details of his daily doings, and touches too closely the secrets of his inner life, to be given to the world; and, indeed, the entries themselves, at least the majority of them, while of value to the biographer, are so inartistically jotted down as to render them unfit for public inspection. But they reveal a wide range of reading and a passionate delight in the various aspects of nature; they contain humoristic touches in reference to both men and things, while a spirit of elevated piety is felt to be pervasive in every page of his manuscript.

For instance, he was making a thorough study of Shakspere; he was occupying himself with the question as to the origin of the existing Homeric Poems; Edmund Burke was one of the companions of his solitude; Jeremy Taylor and Bossuet were read and commented on; and, in addition to the perusal of the lighter and more rhetorical endeavourings of Dugald

Stewart, in his "Philosophy of the Human Mind," and of Alison "On Taste," he had struck a deeper vein of speculation in Coleridge. "Pelham" has its place among the works of fiction to which occasional hours of relaxation were devoted, while his notes on the habits of birds might lead one to imagine that Natural History was almost the only subject which engaged his interest.

In his later days Wordsworth was his chosen poet-teacher; but at the period of which we now write, as is not very wonderful, the impassioned rhetoric of Byron had special attractions for him, while at the same time the songs of Burns lived in his heart. To his dying hour the pathos of some of them, especially when sung, touched him with keen emotion; while the prophetic humanity of the words, "It's coming yet, for a' that, that man to man, the warld o'er, shall brothers be for a' that," silently sank into his inmost being.

Three months after coming of age, on the 11th of June, 1835, Mr. Ewing's marriage with Miss Stewart was celebrated in Scottish fashion at Pittyvaich, the house of the bride's father.

Mr. Ewing carried his young wife to Inverugie, but not with the intention of settling down permanently there; and very soon after his marriage he was much occupied in making inquiries after a new home. One place in Aberdeenshire had special attractions for him, and he thus describes it:—

"A most beautiful, quiet old Scottish baronial house, now half covered with ivy, but still holding out its conical towers and its square courtyard. It has abundance of

fine old beech and elm and birch, with masses of grand old holly, and some cedars and walnuts, making altogether one of the most beautiful places on a small scale I ever saw. It has no Byron about it—no 'cloud-capped towers,' but a great deal of poetry and Washington Irving-sort of feeling."

A few days later on, the journal is dated from Deeside, and it abundantly testifies that the old charm of the fair river had returned upon him. Of Inchmarlo Cottage, two miles above Upper Banchory, which was then for sale, he thus writes:—

"Here I should like to live all my life with Katherine and John, and my books and the river. The situation is most lovely—every tree is a finished picture, and the beautiful birches, the holly and oaks, the ivy and roses, with the bright pure stream rushing on in the foreground, render the place more like fairyland than anything I have ever beheld. The cottage is falling into ruin, but we could soon build up another, and have, besides, the great pleasure of planning it."

As the 12th of August drew near, there was eager preparation going on at Invercugie for a campaign on the moors, but neither in the course of that season nor at any future period was Mr. Ewing to draw a trigger on the heather hills. When he was ready to start for Inverness-shire, his brother was seized with an attack of bronchitis, and he was afterwards himself prostrated by a complicated form of the same illness. For several days he lay in so low and distressful a condition that his life was despaired of; and from the effects of this seizure he never quite recovered. His convalescence embraced a period of many months; but that he was restored to life at all

was owing, he writes, under God, to the unremitting watchfulness and tenderness of Katharine Elliot, a young widowed daughter of Mr. Fraser of Newton.

After August 15th there is a break in Mr. Ewing's journal extending to November 15th, and then occurs the following entry:—

"My long illness:—A great gap in my memoir, no doubt, but since the day of my last jotting down any reminiscences, until to-day, I have been very ill. Thank God! I am able to see the earth again, and another trial is given me, before that sickness comes from which there is no recovery. It was bright and beautiful weather when I made my last entry, with abundance of swallows, dahlias, pinks, peaches, pears, gooseberries, apples, &c.; but the winter has now fairly set in, and we have had snow on the ground for a long time."

It was far on in the month of March before Mr. Ewing was allowed to go out of doors—a long and trying imprisonment to one with his active habits and rare enjoyment of open-air recreations; but all the same it was not to him a "winter of discontent." There is not to be met with in his diary one single expression of self-compassion, or of anything bordering on *ennui*, and during the whole period of his illness and convalescence there never was heard from his lips the faintest whisper of impatience—the sweetness of his temper, his loving thoughtfulness for those around him, and the childlike submissiveness of his heart and will revealing themselves more beautifully day by day. As he regained strength, his books and drawing absorbed the hours of daylight, and in the evenings he would read aloud, or be read to, while his vivacious comments and queries bore witness that

the keen and vigilant apprehensiveness of his intellect and the playfulness of his humour had suffered no loss of edge or freshness by his long discipline.

It does not appear that any special change was noticeable in what may be called the religious aspects of his character when Mr. Ewing began to link up again the broken threads of his active pursuits. Religion was never with him so much the *object* of life as rather the inspiration and elevation of it. There is, in scientific language, no solution of continuity in his history—no great epoch of revolution—but a gradual advancement in the recognition of the claims of Christ over his heart and will; a deepening sense of his own unworthiness to be called a son of God, and an augmenting yearning after nearer conformity to that image of perfect graciousness and trueness which our Lord and Elder Brother unveiled to the world.

But from this date works specially devoted to the consideration and culture of the hidden life formed a larger element in his private reading, and there occur more frequently than heretofore, amid the brief chronicles of his daily surroundings and activities, snatches of meditation, of penitence, and of fervent prayer. Among the books which engaged his thoughts at this time there is mention of the Lives of Henry Martyn and of Oberlin, of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," and Abbott's "Corner Stone;" while from the last two he has made very copious extracts. But at the same time—and, should one not say, as a matter of course?—he was interesting himself not a little in the highest

welfare of his domestic servants—ordering good works, chiefly biographies, which he reckoned the best reading, for their spiritual improvement; and he was also projecting a little publication entitled "Hints for Poor Householders," which was to contain a series of simple practical suggestions for the domestic economy of the poor, with some plain directions for their guidance in the ways of godliness and Christian living.

As the spring of 1836 drew on with its ampler light and lengthening days, and whispers and stirrings of new life in garden, field, and woodland, Mr. Ewing began to anticipate the arrival of the hour which would set him free from his long imprisonment. He waited, however, with uncomplaining patience; but he notes with obvious gladness the pairing of the wild pigeons as one among other signs of the coming brighter skies; and he writes:-

"*Feb.* 22*nd.*—I heard almost with rapture the song of a mavis perched on a branch near the house, not very loud, but quite audible, and I caught the notes of another bird, too, but could not quite distinguish them. Oh, what a lovely world it is, if we were only good! What will not God give to those who love Him when He permits even us, the evil and unthankful, to see all this?

"*Feb.* 23*rd.*—All the earth glad and welcoming in the spring. . . . The external earth is very, very good—most wonderful, incomprehensible. I shall study Nature more and more, for everything we see in Nature, the more it is examined, the more it leads to God. The more of man we study, the less we are led to God. Some of the actions which are recorded in history seem more like the works of devils, but *the analogy of Nature* shows us *Who* is supreme—that it is an all-powerful and good Being. . . . Though we

have misery and evil in the world now, they will certainly be finally destroyed, as *warring* against the theory of infinite power and unity of purpose."

The extract just quoted is of special interest; because it is, so to speak, the first utterance which has been discovered in Mr. Ewing's papers of his own; independent speculation as to the destinies of the human family. It would seem that thus early there rose before his inner eye that vision of the ultimate triumph of good in the hearts of all God's children, which it was his joy to publish to the world in his parting words. But he did not as yet dream that the message of redeeming love which Christ the Lord brought down from heaven confirms the philosophical conclusions which the analogy of Nature suggested for his acceptance, and that nothing less than this, but rather something infinitely more, is implied in the idea of the Fatherhood of God. In an entry of this time it is mentioned that Mr. Ewing had lent to a friend Mr. Erskine's treatise entitled, "The Brazen Serpent;" but there is no hint supplied that the peculiar teaching of that volume had been as yet recognised by himself.

On the 13th of March, 1836, his first child was born, and the event is thus chronicled:—"A day of great joy and thankfulness—a living son has been given to us. The child is vigorous and healthy. God has been good to dear Katherine. Why should we not believe He heard our prayers, and that He will hear us still, and perfect her recovery?"

In the winter and spring of this year Mr. Ewing carried on a very considerable correspondence respect-

ing various residences in the neighbourhood, hoping to find in one of them a home of his own in which he could settle down permanently. His various inquiries, however, had failed to lead to any satisfactory issue, when at last a house was discovered, with very delightful surroundings, in the immediate neighbourhood of Elgin, on the banks of the river Lossie, bearing the name of "the College." In former days it had been the residence of one of the chief dignitaries of the noble Elgin Cathedral, under whose shadow it stands, while close at hand is the dismantled palace of the pre-Reformation Bishops of Moray.

From the 2nd of May, 1836, until the summer of 1838 the College was the home of Mr. Ewing, and the days that were spent there were days of great industry and happiness. In addition to his other endeavourings, it was at this time that he made his first attempts in oil-painting, an art which he afterwards cultivated with great enthusiasm, and with some remarkable results, in Italy. But it was in water-colour drawing that the Bishop excelled, and one of his paintings in this medium, of which Florence is the subject, is a masterpiece of vivid and suggestive representation.

But whilst working hard indoors, Mr. Ewing was as keenly alive as ever to the delights of open-air existence. What Shakspere makes Duncan say of the air of Macbeth's castle—that it is "delicate," and "nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses"—is, perhaps, more truly applicable to the climate of Elgin and its neighbourhood than to that of "Inverness;" and few days passed by

in which Mr. Ewing was not to be found on horseback, enjoying the "heaven's breath that smells so wooingly" all round the neighbourhood, visiting in turn the "pleasant seats" with which the district is studded, or making pilgrimage to one or other of the many places of historical note which are to be found within easy access from Elgin—such as Pluscardine Abbey, a Cistercian foundation of the thirteenth century, situated in a charming and secluded valley, surrounded by wood-clad hills; or still nearer, on the shores of the Loch of Spynie, the magnificent ruins of Spynie Palace, at one time a stronghold of the Bishops of Moray; or the old porch at Duffus Church, near to which the "gracious Duncan" was alleged to have been killed by Macbeth.

One great advantage which the College possessed over Inverugie was that in its immediate neighbourhood there was a considerable number of cultivated people whom Mr. Ewing was able to gather together of an evening under his own roof; and it may especially be noted, as marking his catholicity of feeling at this early period of his history, that he heartily cultivated intercourse with the ministers of Churches of different denominations, while these were drawn to him by the obvious sincerity and depth of his religious convictions, his great conversational gifts, and his rare power of sustaining a lengthened argument on religious topics with uniform courtesy and candour.

It was during the first winter of his occupancy of the College that the thought occurred to Mr. Ewing that possibly the work of the Christian ministry was to be the outward calling of his life; and from

that time his reading became more systematic, if not professional. With his characteristic ardour he sat down to the study of Hooker, Leighton, several works on Ecclesiastical History, and, above all, to that of the New Testament in the original. As time wore on, it seemed to him that by taking orders in the Church of England he could better hope to be instrumental in furthering the spiritual interests of his fellow-men than by his association with any other body of Christians. It would, on the whole, have been more in accordance with his wishes if he had obtained ordination in England, and first graduated at Oxford or Cambridge; and accordingly he mentions in his diary of this year that he had written on the subject to the Bishop of Winchester—Sumner—who, though eventually one of his most intimate friends, was at that time an entire stranger to him. Bishop Sumner's answer appears to have been entirely encouraging, but the University scheme was abandoned. It was still his hope, however, that he might ultimately receive orders in the English Church, if in a less regular way, for already he had discovered and been attracted by the comprehensiveness of many of her great affirmations on the subject of the redemption of humanity, while life in an English country parsonage seemed to him the ideal of quiet beauty and secluded usefulness. This dream, however, was never to be fulfilled. He was led by a special combination of circumstances seriously to entertain the thought of applying for orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church. For there were those, and they too Episcopalians, who seemed to have been of opinion that Mr. Ewing was possessed

of ministerial gifts which no ordination by human hands could insure, and on the 9th of March, 1837, a formal proposal was made to him to undertake the charge of the Episcopalian congregation at Elgin. This proposal he declined, chiefly on the ground of his own inexperience, but that it should have been addressed to him while still a layman, and only in his twenty-third year, by his own immediate neighbours, must be regarded as the highest testimony that could be borne by them to his religious character and intellectual endowment; and there is no doubt that this entirely unexpected manifestation of feeling on the part of the Elgin congregation first suggested the question whether there might not be special work for him to do in the Scottish Episcopal Church.

It seemed, however, as if any such work must for the present be indefinitely postponed. Mr. Ewing's health was far from satisfactory, and, as he was always more or less a sufferer during the winter and spring months, he was strongly urged by his medical advisers and other friends to pass a year or two in the more genial latitudes of the South of Europe. The suggestion was one which had often occurred to his own mind; and besides the hoped-for benefit to his health, his general culture and artistic sympathies all tended in the direction of its adoption. To find himself under the Italian skies, to see with his own eyes the historical monuments and art-treasures of Italy, and to become familiar with the language of Dante, and Petrarch, and Tasso had been a cherished day-dream for years.

When the possibility of visiting Italy looked close at hand, he eagerly availed himself of a fortunate

opportunity for studying the Italian language which the residence in Elgin of an Italian gentleman, a refugee from his country, afforded. Mr. Ewing himself had a remarkable facility for acquiring languages, associated, however, with a ludicrous indifference to the niceties of grammar. When once he felt himself strong in the possession of words, the difficulties of conversing with a foreigner in his own language had for him practically disappeared. His collocations might be quaint, his genders, moods, and tenses doubtful, but he spoke with great fluency, and so as to be generally understood by his auditors. And here, as an illustration, it may be mentioned that Mr. Ewing had scarcely been a week in Pisa when he gave an evening party, inviting, among other residents in the city, two professors of the University. One member of Mr. Ewing's household owns to having experienced considerable shyness and awkwardness in his first attempts in the "lingua Toscana," but Mr. Ewing himself was quite master of the situation, and his conversation flowed on uninterruptedly the whole evening.

Mr. Ewing had no sooner finally decided on spending one or two years abroad than he formed the resolution of applying for admission to the ministry of the Scottish Episcopal Church. He had already, as the reader knows, surrendered the scheme of a residence at Oxford or Cambridge as preparatory to obtaining ordination in the Church of England; and to men of less self-consecrating habit than his was, the summons to foreign travel might have been reason enough for deferring to a future day the deliberate answer to the

question, what was the best thing to do with his life? But Mr. Ewing was never given to let things drift; he longed to have some definite work before him, the hope of returning to which with renewed energy would impart an elevation of its own to the quest of health, and would make this not the end, but the means to a greater end. Besides, his artistic sympathies were so engrossing that he seems to have felt it prudent, before visiting one of the lands of classic art, to take a pledge, so to speak, that, should his exile be attended by the physical benefits which were hoped for, Art should not be the chief sphere of his thought and activity. In his case, no doubt, a life devoted to Art must have been fruitful in high and enduring results, and, as every good gift —every gift which enables a man to contribute to the higher and purer delectation of his brethren—comes direct from "the Father of lights," Alexander Ewing as artist, faithful to his trust and talents, would have been doing sacred work; but the deeper calling in him was to be directly a prophet of love and duty rather than a mediator of the beautiful, and, true to himself, he made his calling and election to the Christian ministry sure before he left Scotland. Accordingly Mr. Ewing communicated his wishes to the venerable Diocesan of Ross and Moray, David Low, D.C.L., who was also Bishop of the united sees of Argyll and the Isles; and, as Dr. Low received his application with the greatest cordiality, arrangements were soon made for his admission into the order of Deacons in the course of the following autumn.

Mr. Ewing's life in the College was brought to

a close in this summer—1838; but not without many profound regrets. A thousand delightful associations were gathered round this home, in which the days had flown on laden with much indoor happiness and social pleasantness. While resident here a second son was born to him; he had formed many abiding friendships; and he had secured, without seeking it, the honourable regard of the neighbourhood. All through Mr. Ewing's journals of this period are found ever-recurring expressions of devoutest thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies for the great and manifold blessings which he was from day to day receiving at His hands.

It was in September, 1838, in the church of St. John, in Inverness, that Mr. Ewing was admitted into Deacon's orders by Bishop Low, and received "authority to read the Gospel in the Church of God, and to preach the same"—that Gospel which, in due time, it was to be his glory and reward to proclaim as the good news of a Father's eternal love to the whole family of man.

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN ITALY. PISA, 1838—1839.

ON the 2nd of October, 1838, Mr. Ewing left Inverness for London in the *North Star* steamer, accompanied by his wife and his eldest boy. Miss Wilhelmina Fraser, of Newton, his wife's aunt; but only her senior by a very few years, his brother, and Mr. Æneas Mackintosh, younger, of Raigmore, were also of the party. From London the travellers proceeded by steamer to Havre, and, both man and boy as he was, Mr. Ewing did not try to hide the rapturous delight which he experienced on first setting foot on the continent of Europe.

Although Italy was to be ultimately the land of his foreign sojourn, Mr. Ewing had intended to pass his first winter abroad under the shadow of the Pyrenees, at Pau, and accordingly a few days were spent in Havre, waiting the departure of a steamer for Bordeaux.

This projected voyage, however, was never accomplished, for the steamer in which Mr. Ewing and his fellow-travellers embarked fouled an American vessel in leaving the harbour, and sustained serious injury. The captain, nevertheless, held on his way.

But towards midnight a storm, which had been brewing for some hours, blew up into a gale so furious that orders were at last given to return to Havre, and it was only after finding themselves safe on shore that the passengers learned what a narrow escape they had had. Mr. Ewing himself was quite prostrated by physical suffering during the storm, but his unfailing sense of the humorous—all unconscious as he was at the time of any real danger being imminent—found for him some considerable relief from his discomfort in the person of the Highland nurse who had the charge of his little boy. This Celt was less upset than the majority of her fellow-passengers by the rolling and plunging of the steamer, but she was greatly moved by the howling of the hurricane, and came to the conclusion that all must soon be over. Her anxiety, however, was not about herself or her charge, or any one on board the vessel; it was all concentrated on a new trunk, on which she was seated, and which she had purchased in Inverness; and, with a ludicrous forgetfulness of all other interests, she moaned aloud, "Oh, if my sister had my trunk! oh, if my sister had my trunk!"

This night's experience at sea led to an entire change of plan for the winter.

Paris, accordingly, was chosen as the first resting-place in the new route, and after spending a few days there, Mr. Ewing engaged a *voiturier* to carry his party to Chalons-sur-Saône. This journey occupied some ten days, and was altogether delightful.

From Chalons the travellers were carried by steamer to Lyons, and thence, by a Rhone steamer, to Arles.

Sunday was spent at Pont St. Esprit, and then, in gliding down the river, Mr. Ewing caught the first glimpse of the snowy Alps, gleaming like clear cut marble cliffs in the far distance—a vision which, as it made his heart leap up when he first beheld it, seemed never to pass away from his imagination.

From Arles the party proceeded to Marseilles, which, however, was not reached until a late hour in the night. But all sense of fatigue seems to have passed away under the fascination of hearing, for the first time, the waves of the Mediterranean beating on the shore.

On arriving at Leghorn, it would seem that Mr. Ewing had been overtaxing his strength, for he was seized with an alarming illness, and the first care of his relations was to obtain the services of an English physician. So soon as travelling was again deemed prudent, Mr. Ewing undertook the short journey to Pisa, and there he engaged a house for the winter.

Once established in his new home in Pisa, Mr. Ewing writes, "Thank God, we are all very comfortable, with all our books about us, and daily expecting letters from Rome." For when Mr. Ewing left Paris his intention was to go on to Rome and winter there. What especially led to a change of plan does not transpire; but possibly his severe illness at Leghorn, combined with the many historical and artistic allurements of the first Italian town in which he had leisure to look about him, fixed his determination. From a single visit to the Campo Santo or to the Duomo, or from a single ascent to the summit of the Leaning Tower, with the spacious view thence

of the plain watered by the Arno, while as yet the attractions of Rome and Florence were personally unknown to him, Mr. Ewing might suddenly come to the resolution of remaining for a season in Pisa. The quiet, too, of the neighbourhood, with its endless facilities for walks or drives, or excursions on horseback, were great recommendations of the place to him. Here he could master more of the Italian language; here he had undisturbed leisure for quiet, fruitful reading; and the climate, from the first, entirely suited him, and seemed to give him a new sense of physical enjoyment.

In Mr. Ewing's journals the name of the Rev. George Robbins, of Magdalen College, Oxford, continually reappears. Mr. Robbins at that time performed the duties of English chaplain both at Pisa and at the Baths of Lucca, and, to his great happiness, Mr. Ewing both assisted him in the Sunday services and occasionally preached for him in the hired room which was at that time the only place of public worship available for the English residents and visitors at Pisa, and which was shared by them with the French Protestants.

The English congregation numbered about a hundred, and nearly all of them were people of education and culture, in whom the young preacher found a very genial audience. Among these, not a few, like Mr. Ewing himself, were more or less invalids; but able, and, from similarity of taste and interest, always ready to join him in his excursions on horseback to the Baths of Pisa, the Cascine, or other notable places in the neighbourhood.

Italian literature, and especially the writings of those authors who have made the annals of Tuscany and the works of her many-gifted children the subjects of their researches, formed now a large portion of Mr. Ewing's reading, while, as his familiarity with the sound of the spoken language increased, he found great pleasure, and benefit too, in occasional attendance at the lectures in the University. Of all the lectures the most attractive to him were those of Professor Rossini, who occupied the chair of Italian Literature, and who was at that time giving a course of readings in the works of Tasso.

Amongst other matters which were at that time new to Mr. Ewing, the ritual of the Roman Church naturally became a subject of earnest and thoughtful observation. He frequently attended the services of the magnificent cathedral; but, as a rule, with the exception of the music, including the Gregorian chants with which he now became acquainted for the first time, the impression produced was entirely disappointing.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ewing anticipated, with considerable eagerness, the celebration of the Christmas midnight mass. Since his health gave way he had not ventured to be out of doors late at night, and, when Christmas Eve arrived, the weather proved to be bitterly cold: still he resolved to visit the Duomo. But the ceremonial again failed to touch his spirit with any special sense of devotion. Later on, however, he records that the solemn rites of the Passion Week, and the weird-like character of the music of the "Miserere," appealed with great impressiveness to his imagination.

No one was a more loyal son of the Reformation than Bishop Ewing; but there was no taint of bigotry in him—that is, of unreasoning prejudice and fanatical claim to personal infallibility. He studied the whole phenomena of Roman Catholicism, as these came under his observation in the head-quarters of its development, with reverence, with sympathy for his brethren; never faltering for a moment, it is true, in his belief that Christ and the Holy Scriptures are the supreme and ultimate authorities for the soul in all questions which pertain to life and godliness, but seeking to enter into the modes of thought, and to weigh with candour the educational and various other influences which culminate in the acceptance by honest and good men of the Roman obedience.

This winter in Pisa was for Mr. Ewing a time of growthful development. He was happy under the Italian sky; he was learning and living. "It is very good to be here," was an expression which often escaped his lips.

One incident occurred which touched him very deeply at the time. A daughter of Louis Philippe had come down from Germany to Italy for her health. In the month of January she sank under her malady, and Mr. Ewing has given the following record of the circumstances which preceded her interment:—

"There was a grand mass said for her soul in the Duomo. Her brother, the Duke of Nemours, was present, and was much affected. Underneath the dome a handsome canopy was erected, and there was a vast profusion of

candles both there and in other parts of the cathedral. A small wax taper was given to every one within the aisle. A body of military and a frightful row of the 'Misericordia,' principally gentlemen, as their gloves and boots betokened, lined the passage from the great bronze door to the canopy, and the grand organ was played.

"A paper speaking in touching terms of her youth, rank, and gentleness was freely distributed amongst the large assembly present. Her body was afterwards laid in state in the chapel of a palace in the Lung' Arno. The features were not visible, but the coffin was exposed to view in the midst of a forest of lighted candles. A most touching feature in the ceremonial was when the Duc de Nemours laid a chaplet of flowers upon the coffin, saying, 'Adieu pour moi;' and then, placing a second one, repeated the words, 'Adieu pour Joinville!'"

In an entry in his journal of February he thus writes:—

"About a fortnight ago Mr. Robbins, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Berthon, and I started at nine A.M. for the Baths of Lucca. The day was most delightful, though cold and frosty, and, being well mounted, a gallant ride we had. The country is very beautiful as you approach the Serchio. This river is scarcely as broad as the Dee at Braemar, but wonderfully clear. At Ripa Fratta—a border-land between the Pisans and Lucchese, and the scene of so many combats—we encountered three old castles, one of considerable pretensions. After an exhilarating ride of twelve miles we halted at Lucca, and fed our horses.

"The country lying beyond Lucca itself and the Baths of Lucca, a distance of more than twelve miles, is very hilly and romantic. Although the hills are not very high, and are generally clothed to their summits with Spanish chestnuts and olive-trees, yet the apparent distance from the limpid river, and the villages perched upon elevations very difficult of access, render the scene exceedingly striking, if not sublime. We passed several handsome bridges

which stretch across the Serchio, and I especially noted one of a quite extraordinary span, called the Ponte Diavolo, very narrow and high, and evidently of great antiquity. From another bridge I looked down and saw some very fine trout. The Baths are situated between two ranges of hills with a variety of exquisite views, while between the hills runs the Serchio, which is there joined by the Lima. We spent a most uncomfortable night in a wretched inn, the Minerva, not aware, till afterwards, that there were several of much better character half a mile farther on. The night was bitterly cold, and, as there was no fire-place in our sitting-room, we set fire to the contents of a bottle of brandy which Mr. Nugent had accidentally broken. The landlord coming in, stood aghast in presence of the spirit flames; but Mr. Nugent quietly said to him, 'It is a way the Inglese have of warming themselves when they are cold.'"

'Next morning the whole party started for the summit of one of the surrounding hills, but the steepness of the ascent and the keen cold of the air proved too much for Mr. Ewing, and he was seized with severe pain in the chest. The same day, however, he returned on horseback to Pisa with his friends. The long ride, while he was suffering not a little pain, taxed severely Mr. Ewing's powers of endurance; but he alighted at his Pisan home with apparently his wonted buoyancy of spirits, giving expression to his thankfulness for his safe return, and striving as best he could to conceal that anything untoward had occurred.

The expedition, however, prostrated him for many days, and an inflammatory attack supervened, which occasioned his friends the most serious apprehension.

When able to resume his journal, Mr. Ewing thus writes :—

"Katherine wore herself out in attending on me; she became seriously unwell, and had herself to be nursed while confined to a sofa in my room.

"The kindness of our friends was something quite extraordinary. Robbins, Nugent, Berthon, and the excellent Dr. Macartney, whom we found most attentive and friendly, did everything for us, and, as we had all been ill in turn, they suspected that the comparatively sunless situation of our house was mainly the cause of our ailments. Accordingly, with great thoughtfulness for our welfare, they took another house for us in the Lung' Arno, where we had all the sunshine that was to be had—the Casa Leoli, with a statue of Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, in front. Thither they carried us as soon as we were able to bear the removal. They packed our properties, looked over our inventories, arranged our pecuniary matters, and finally packed ourselves into Mr. Berthon's carriage, and landed us in our new home."

On receiving intelligence of his brother's illness, Mr. John Ewing started at once for Pisa from Naples. By the time of his arrival the more dangerous symptoms had passed away, and before many days he had the happiness of seeing his brother sufficiently recovered to resume many of his usual pursuits.

Under date March 14th Mr. Ewing writes :—

"A delightful day, without much sun. John and I rode to the Cascine, and met some dozens of camels laden with earth. The sides of the fields were almost blue with wild violets, and the air was fragrant with their perfume. The ilex-trees are here remarkably fine, and, with their dark green foliage, form very picturesque objects amid the large leafless masses of forest timber.

"We caught the notes of blackbirds perched on the

trees or flying amid them; we saw, besides, flocks of wood-pigeons, hooded crows, jays, and other birds, which, at the time, we did not seem to recognise. On the road home we roused many fallow deer, some in herds, some in pairs; and a dream-like vision it was to see them disappearing among the underwood of heath, briers, and dwarf ilices.

"The sea was wonderfully calm, just sending on a few ripples over the very smooth sand beach to our feet, a little to our left was a battery, far away on our right lay the Gulf of Spezzia, and in front of us was the island of Gorgona. But here was the Mediterranean itself before us, unchanged and smiling as of yore. Beneath that still surface, Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek and Roman, Spaniard and Genoese, Turk and Christian, Barbary Corsairs and Knights of Rhodes, of San Stefano, and of Jerusalem, with many thousands of all nations and of all times, are now sleeping their last sleep. There they sank, noble and ignoble alike. But thou hast still the same look and the same voice—the very shells which lie upon thy marge may be those with which the children played two thousand years ago. I descended and picked up a few cardiums, turbines, and Venus bivalves, and the skeleton of a cuttle-fish. The spring purple crocus was in abundance."

A little later on Mr. Ewing writes:—

"Our ride last evening in the Cascine woods was most agreeable—the woods themselves were very beautiful. The oak-trees are well in leaf, as are the alder, ash, and poplar, and the long shoots of the pine all indicate the approach of summer. We heard the cuckoo for the first time, whereupon Mrs. Nugent borrowed a dollar from me, and we held the piece between us to make sure of having plenty of money in our pockets all the year round."

DIARY continued:—

"Our own plans are these: to leave Pisa about the 10th of May for *i Bagni di Lucca*, move on to Naples in October, winter there, be in Rome for Easter, in Florence

in April, and finally to travel home by the Rhine in May and June. But blessed be the Lord, our rock in all things. May we ever go forward in Thy faith, fear, and love! Aid us in all our perils. Give us happiness as a family, and make us more desirous of living to thy glory."

The plans just mentioned, which, however, were not carried out, were occasioned by a request from the Bishop of Moray, to which many influential residents in the neighbourhood lent their support, that Mr. Ewing would undertake the formation of an Episcopal congregation at Forres. He accepted the invitation; but in consequence, apparently, of some unexpected delay in building the church, he did not enter upon his new duties until more than two years afterwards.

DIARY continued:—

"*April* 1*st*.—In the last three weeks the weather has been most beautiful—too much sunshine, perhaps, for sitting out of doors in the daytime, but the evenings most refreshing and delightful. I saw some fields of grain in ear on the road to Leghorn; and peach-trees and almonds are fully in blossom. The caper plant is putting out its long blue shoots on the city walks, lupines are beginning to blossom in the fields, and the green of the lizard is to be seen on every wall; the wild violets and grape-hyacinth are nearly open—on all sandy places I find a very pretty purple flower like a crocus which is new to me.

"Many of our good friends have already gone, and others are preparing for summer quarters.

"*May* 1*st*.—Last Sunday the services in the chapel came to an end. I preached in the evening, and now Mr. Robbins has left us for Elba."

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE IN ITALY — BATHS OF LUCCA — JOURNEY TO ROME. 1839.

THE residence in Pisa drew to a close, and by the 21st of May Mr. Ewing had migrated to the Baths of Lucca, and established a new home there. Of his present surroundings he thus writes:—

"On all sides the hills are rising, covered either with chestnut-trees or vineyards; and while houses and churches are scattered on their slopes, on the summit of each is a little village with its characteristic tower. But from the narrowness of the glens the whole landscape, except the view down the Lima, is confined, I should think, within a space of three miles on either hand. Truly it is very lovely." "The Baths themselves are more beautiful than I should have imagined them to be from my winter visit. The hills around are not high, but clothed at present with the delicate green of the fresh young leaves of the chestnut-trees; the Serchio and Lima clear and rapid as before; the sky blue and cloudless; the quaint little valleys, scarcely more than one hundred yards across, each possessing its purifying and dividing stream; the picturesque villages with their respective churches perched up among the heights; while in the dusk of the evening the bells of the churches send down their music, and sound like the angel voices over the plains of Bethlehem, proclaiming *peace on earth and good-will to men.*"

Several times Mr. Ewing visited Monte Fiorito, and of one of the expeditions he thus writes:—

"It is called five miles from this, but I should think it was nearer ten. The roads are so villainous—if roads they can be called which are one moment the bed of a torrent, the next a rock, so that the ponies were not, I am sure, twenty yards at a time in level form, but kept hopping from stone to stone in a manner exceedingly uncomfortable for the rider. The views, however, are exquisite and most varied. The hill, on which up to the top are found the flowers which give it its name, is, on the south-west side, a sheer precipice, and so bare that the beautiful undulations of the strata can be distinctly seen a long way off. The formation is a fine, delicate-coloured, greenish limestone, and the strata dip from S.W. to N.E. Monte Fiorito is cleft in twain by a chasm, up which we clambered for, I suppose, two miles. On certain slopes of the hill, and on the summit, there is a fine short, springy turf, eaten down by sheep, whose guardian, an Italian wolf-dog wearing an iron spiked collar, attacked us. No harm, however, ensued. We were a little too early in the season, and few flowers were out; but the blue gentian was abundant and beautiful, and there were, besides, the cowslip, some saxifrages, and the *Narcissus poeticus*. I did not see any others. The ponies of my fellow-excursionists were led by their owners to the summit of the hill; I, however, rode, and the view was really grand—such wealth of mountains and hills, stretching away upon all sides, one behind another until one could see no farther—some bare, some cragged, some green, and some covered with snow, but mostly clothed to their very summits with chestnut-trees. To the right were the great peaks of the Carrara Hills, and at their base the river Serchio; just barely visible before us the Lima and the road to the Baths, like little lines drawn in sand; and farther on, the Arno; and, still beyond, the Mediterranean, while nearer, but hid from us by a little haze, Pisa, Florence, and possibly Leghorn. Near the town of Lucca we saw a lake of

some considerable magnitude. Add to all this the villages, some hanging, as it were, in the very air, some sheltered in clefts, and others nestled in the hollows—some beautiful, and all picturesque—with here and there towers of old castles still on guard, when all that there was to guard has gone. These, and the sun, and a thunder-storm which hung in the distance, but afterwards came upon us, made up a picture which, in glory and extent, was second to few, I believe, in this world.

"N.B.—There are trout, some of seven pounds, in the little streams in this country. I tried one evening lately the Serchio with fly, but saw nothing. I believe there are more pike and barbel than trout. Fireflies are very abundant. We had some brought into the house by the little Gurneys one evening lately; they are exactly like the flies with black cases to their wings, red body and head, found on gooseberry-bushes in Scotland, and called 'soldiers,' only the tail end of the abdomen is luminous always—at least while the insect is alive. I observed, however, that on every stroke of the creature's wings, or on every second when the wings are not moved, a bright phosphorescent light is emitted; also, that when the fly is dead the point of luminous emission becomes dull white.

"What a lovely country this is! How often, when alone and on its hill-tops, have I been constrained to magnify the Lord, and my spirit to rejoice in God my Saviour! How still from these heights are the hundred hills around, and below you, how quiet the thousand, thousand leaves of the green chestnut woods in the sun on all sides, or the bare, steep sides of the Monte Fiorito! How glorious the unclouded sky and the little streams—little, at least, in appearance from where we stand—running as silvery messengers with their substance to the sea!

"O Lord Jesu Christ, who art the same to-night as Thou wert that night when, first born into Time—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—Thou didst unite us to Thyself for ever, hear Thy humble servants, make them cry to Thee, make them holy as Thou art, and like Thee; may they know that their and Thy Father's will is meat indeed

and drink indeed, and may they hate all sin as exceeding sinful! Assist us amid all changes and chances, and bring us to see Thee as Thou art, O Lord Christ!"

Mr. Ewing pursued his botanical studies under Dr. Deakin, who also gave him some valuable instruction in oil-painting, while in the society of Mr. Berthon the fascination of the art of sketching from nature became greater week by week.

But other occupations were not neglected, and the following reference to a work of some celebrity at the time of its periodical issue will recall a period of intense excitement to older readers, while it can hardly fail to prove interesting to those who have become acquainted with the "Tracts for the Times" as an element of modern ecclesiastical history:—

"*June 26th.*—I have just borrowed from Mr. Bowyer the first part of a work to be published in numbers by Mr. Isaac Taylor, author of 'The Natural History of Enthusiasm.' Its intention is to check the influence of the 'Oxford Tracts,' which are at present creating such an extraordinary sensation in England that the clergy are described as ranging themselves into two great parties for and against their teaching, while all the Protestant world seems roused by the movement. The 'Oxford Tract' writers are always appealing to what they call pure and primitive Christianity. The Christian antiquity, to which they profess to defer absolutely, Mr. Taylor wishes to exhibit in its actual development, and he affirms that as early as the days of Tertullian and Cyprian, and even earlier, the Church was infected with the most grievous errors and fancies, and that the earliest times were by no means the golden times of perfection claimed for them, but perhaps inferior to the present in purity. I think Mr. Taylor very clearly proves that on the question of celibacy a doctrine wholly at variance with the teaching of Christ

and the apostles was authoritatively and universally taught, and led to the most painful results both in faith and practice."

The diary of June 26th contains also the following entry:—

"I had a letter from Bishop Low two days ago—very pleasant, and mentioning my election to the Forres Chapel, the great increase of Episcopal congregations, and also the fact that the English bishops were about to petition Parliament for the removal of the restriction attached to our clergy preaching in England. We thank Thee, O God!"

On the 20th of July Mr. Ewing records with much thankfulness that a daughter was born, Margaret Stewart, so named after her maternal grandmother. The speedy convalescence of Mrs. Ewing, and the return of his brother from Oxford, gladdened the closing days of this month.

In September an expedition, lasting two days, was undertaken to Florence—"merely to catch a glimpse of it."

"*Florence, September 11th,* 1839.—Well, I have seen the Venus de' Medici, and it is the most beautiful thing in art, if it is a thing; for it is so excellent, it does not seem man's work. Yet how dare we call it *alive?* for man among mortals never saw such in real life. The softness, the grace, and quietness are exquisite beyond expression. No copy is like it; no cast is like it. All lack the tournure and the delicacy. The colour is also extremely sweet, neither light nor dark, neither yellow nor white. The joinings of the arms and neck and legs, the mendings of the body, and all repairings, are perfectly visible, if looked for; but a little way off, or even close at hand, they do not in the least impair the ideal impression of the statue. It is really indescribable, and I shall remember it for ever. The swell and

bend of the back, and the sides, are extremely beautiful; the front face is perhaps not so perfect, but only perhaps. There is no voluptuousness, no evident modesty, no straining. It is not *a Venus*, though the perfection of beauty. It is an original, hardly earth, yet not spirit. Its pedestal is of a quiet greenish bronze, with rich marbles on the four sides, and about three feet high, and surrounded with a rail of about the same height.

"Canova's 'Venus' is in one of the distant rooms of the Pitti Palace; but, remarkable thing as it is as a piece of modern art, it should perhaps have found a home elsewhere than in Florence. It lacks the indescribable halo, the poetry of its Grecian sister. The figure is too large, and the drapery is surely a mistake. The neck is a trifle too thick, and, though this is not exactly the artist's fault, the illusion of the pure impression which perfect marble produces is disturbed by some bluish veins across the back and shoulders. Again, the statue as a single figure is not sufficient unto itself; it looks part of a group, as if others were around, or looking at it. So does not she of Medici. She stands alone, as if utterly unconscious of the presence or absence of any others in the world. At the same time, who will venture to say that Canova's work, as a whole, is not admirable? Certainly the head is beautiful, and the sweep of the lateral outlines and of the back seems to me almost perfect."

While his fellow-visitors to Florence went home, Mr. Ewing proceeded alone to the Church of St. Lorenzo—a visit of which he gives the following graphic account:—

"It was shut: I sent for the keys, and I entered, after going through a long portico in a semi-garden at the base of the Laurentian Library. I asked for Lorenzo's tomb; the sacristan did not know where it was! Perhaps I misunderstood him, perhaps he misunderstood me, perhaps we were both in a hurry. He showed me Cosmo's, the 'Pater Patriæ.' I was standing on it ere I was aware. It is but a simple slab. 'Cosimo—*decreto*—Pater Patriæ.'

I stooped and touched it. The verde antique is not so much worn as the marble. I stood and looked about; the sacristan did the same. The Chapel of the Medici was behind us; I saw the glitter of its marbles, but 'the Magnificent' was not there. No! Lorenzo not known in Florence? I looked at the sacristan; he was a heavy work-a-day man; he looked puzzled at me. I looked at Mrs. Starke's book—nothing there about Lorenzo. The guide said there was a chapel here, pointing with the key: he opened it, we entered. 'There is a porphyry sarcophagus,' said he, 'containing the bones of di Quatro Medici, Pietro, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Juliano, and Giovanni.' 'Il Magnifico?' I said. 'Si, signore.' 'Lorenzo il Magnifico?'—'Si, si, signore.' That was what I wanted. 'Bene, bene, ecco, signore!' There he was, and there, close by, the most rich and glorious burying-place on earth, erected to nonentities, to nothing, although his descendants. Here, mixed with others—here, crowded into a box with four—not even alone—was he whom not Italy could contain, but whose balls, the 'palle' of the house of Medici, were a guarantee of reliability throughout all Europe and the East. I put my fingers in the letters of the sarcophagus, but Lorenzo's name was not there. I knew he was there only from a tablet in the wall above, a late erection, slightly to the left. I gave the sacristan two pauls, and went back to my carriage. St. Lorenzo is a large chapel, with a large dome, seen from all parts. Adieu, Magnificent! O earth, earth, earth!"

After this hasty visit, so rich to Mr. Ewing in lasting impressions, the travellers left Florence at six o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September. As they approached Lucca the roads became filled with groups in full holiday costume, passing on to the "Festa della Croce," one of the greatest festivals of Italy, but kept with unusual demonstrations in this town on account of its possession of the famous *Santo Volto* or Sacred Countenance.

"In the evening we passed on through dense crowds to the cathedral, and, by dint of elbowing, reached the magnificent yet horrible house of the Santo Volto—a gilded fabric placed in one of the side aisles. There around and around pressed the crowds about the Juggernaut of Italy—for the thing is ugly beyond anything—black as ebony, and coarsely done, but most true and devout worship seemed to be paid to it by all. The story is that after the Crucifixion Nicodemus went into a wood, and began to cut in cedar a likeness of our Saviour on the cross, but that, leaving the carving of the head to the last, he fell asleep, and, on his awaking, found the present one—the work of an angel, and an exact representation of our Lord. It is a shocking-looking thing, quite black with age, and dressed in black velvet, crowned and covered with jewels, gold trinkets, and riches of every portable shape. The feet are of solid silver, and the shrine or house in which it is placed is open iron-work highly gilded, and under it is an altar. It is shown only on very great occasions, such as this, and at all other times is covered up, and a fac-simile put before it. Around it are many lamps burning, and before it a most beautiful one of gold, presented as a thank-offering for its keeping away the cholera from Lucca. If what we saw were fairly written down and sent to England, it would not be believed; it would be called exaggeration, falsehood, coloured, garbled, and I don't know what all; yet in no idolatrous temple in any barbarous island, nor in any heathen age, more gross, downright debasing worship could not be paid than was in our sight and hearing paid to this awful figure by thousands and thousands of miserable Italians for a whole week in the middle of September, 1839. Lamp upon lamp around showed the glitter of its gems. At its feet on its right side stood a priest in full dress, and on its left another in black. There is a silver bowl under the right foot, and as the people crushed in at one small door, passing out at the other, on the altar they threw their rosaries and beads, which the right-hand priest, having rubbed on the foot of the image, returned, while he put into the bowl the offerings which were thrown down with the beads. Some rosaries were placed upon the altar

which were not returned to the people—why I know not; and above all was this head—this black image—stooping down as it were, and with its dull stare and wooden eyes surveying the groups that closed around it. It was awful—most painful to witness."

By September 20th many of the visitors had left the Baths of Lucca, but the Ewings remained for some time longer, until, on October 14th, Mr. Ewing writes:—

"We are now just on the eve of setting off for Rome. To-morrow, I fear, dies the last of the Baths of Lucca, and how we have enjoyed ourselves God knows. Day after day nothing but unclouded happiness—many great blessings and deliverances—the baby's birth, Katherine's recovery, John's arrival, our continued health—God alone knows how many things He has given us. We go—we shall probably never see this home—this country again, but if there are green spots in memory, this land, these hills, these streams, our friends—our many friends—and thy walls, O Casa Tolomei!—thy servants, thy master, all, every one, ye shall never be forgotten. Farewell."

CHAPTER VI.

ROME. 1839—1840.

AS might have been anticipated, Mr. Ewing, on the first night of his arrival in Rome, drove to the Coliseum to see it by moonlight. Of this visit, and of sundry others, he thus writes:—

"The ruin certainly looked very grand, and it is still grander by its associations; but these depending solely on the beholder, are, of course, different in every individual. The ruin itself—the round old house where thousands of Romans sat in silence, or in uproarious and savage mirth—the great rotundity where so many Christians died, and in the centre of which the cross now stands triumphant, looked weirdly grand by moonlight. We had a man with a torch, who lighted us through the galleries, and showed us the seats and entrances of the different orders. But, oh! where are the thousands who built, who crowded it, who triumphed in it? Dead more than a thousand years ago—all gone to their account, and most of them as ignorant as the rude creatures who made grim sport in this arena.

"We went one night to the spectacle in the Cappuccini Chapel, when the vaults below are decorated with evergreens and lighted up. Unfortunately the evening service was over when we arrived. However, we entered, and a monk lighted a taper and preceded us through the sacristy, chapel, &c., to the vaults, in which we found the signs of order and care everywhere. We met several brethren,

who relighted many of the extinguished lamps in the different cells. They are about twelve feet square, opening all on the right from a long passage, with an altar at the extreme end. All the available space in front of the altar is raised in little hillocks, which are the graves of the brethren; while around and above, in all fantastic forms, though none exactly painful to look at, are arranged the bones of the dead Franciscans—skulls, legs, arms, teeth, jaws, tibiæ, spines, ribs, fingers. Including the lamps, everything one sees is made of human bones;, the ceiling is curiously ornamented with them, like what one has seen in an armoury; if I may say so, they are frescoed on the walls, and the whole place is ridiculously solemn with bones. Here and there, moreover, in little niches on the wall, or kneeling on the floor, are the actual bodies, with habit and cowl, of the poor monks of St. Francis, grinning at you, laughing or scowling, as time and decay have done their work on the countenance. Some of them had only been dead three years, and yet there was scarce anything left of the human face but bones. 'This,' said our conductor, pointing to a head jutting out with the jaw-bone hanging down, 'was our predicatore.' 'Preacher,' thought I, 'thou never preachedst like this.' Laying his hand on a little skull, 'This,' said he, 'was un piccinino cosi,' marking his height in the air, 'a nobleman, a very nice little fellow, a Roman; that was the librarian, a very old man—he was a gentleman from Leghorn.' 'It must be curious,' said I, 'to see your old friends in this guise.' 'Si,' he said quietly and apparently unaffected. When all the cell graves are completely filled with dead brethren, they dig up those that were interred first, and stack their bones, and when the cell they had occupied gets replenished, they open a second, and proceed with its contents in like manner. 'We expected that old man,' said a monk, pointing to another figure, 'to make a fine subject for the dress when he was taken up, but we were much disappointed in finding that he would not hold together.'

"'One of our first rides was almost all round the old walls, which are tolerably entire—about fifty feet, I should suppose, in height, built of the long, thin bricks which

mark a peculiar era in Roman architecture, although sometimes showing reticulated work, as at the corner near the Borghese Gardens, before coming to the Muro Torto, where the wall is of this description, and hollowed into huge niches. The Muro Torto overhangs the road almost alarmingly, and near this the wall is very irregular, showing many remains of ancient buildings; and here, indeed, it is said, were situated the gardens of Domitian. There is an unpaved road all round the walls, and always lonely; in wet weather rather muddy, but always good cantering ground compared with the streets of Rome, which are paved in such a detestable manner, that unless the horses are shod in a particular way, or have no shoes at all, they are in continual danger of falling—a contingency one sees every day. With all appliances it is quite impossible to go fast or to canter over them. The gates are very interesting, particularly the Porta del Popolo, the Maggiore, Pia, Sebastiano, and San Lorenzo. The last but one is on the old Appian Way; the first, the one by which I entered Rome, on the Flaminian. The Salara affords the nearest exit to the Campagna from our present residence.

"Another early ride we took was crossing the Ponte Molle, and going on to the right about three miles. There, on flanking a small ruin to the left, and quite close upon the road, we discover the little farm of Cincinnatus, from which he was taken to be made dictator of Rome. It is a pretty little basin of land, of about fifty acres, surrounded on three sides by swelling hillocks, and a small stream of water runs through it. Farther on is the tomb of the Nasos, although the poet Ovid is not buried there. It is in a cliff close to the road, and now a mere hole, although originally, and not very long ago, adorned with frescoes.

"Another ride we had was passing out at the Maggiore Gate. Turning to the left, we came upon some extraordinary towers in the Campagna, evidently built in the time of the decline of the arts; for, to judge from one specimen, the architect, while endeavouring to construct a dome, after building up and up, had only succeeded in elaborating a

helpless point, as the whole fabric had to be propped up by a huge clumsy pillar in the centre. We crossed some fine grass fields, had some capital jumps over palings on our return home.

"Another ride was down the road to Albano, and crossing the Campagna to what is called Old Rome. Ere you approach the ruins, for perhaps half a mile, you stumble amongst small sharp-pointed stones, evidently the remains of former buildings. There are many weather-beaten, weather-worn, bent and bowed fragments standing in what is called Roma Vecchia—as if there could be even a profounder depth than that to which New Rome has fallen! From this situation there is a glorious view of Rome, with St. Peter's and the Coliseum, and nearer of the aqueducts, stretching away till they meet the beautiful Alban Hills, with Albano on their breast, and a declivity at their eastern extremity allowing a pass between them and the Sabine range, while immediately before us was the Campagna itself, lying like a mighty giant in his huge unwieldiness extinct before you.

It was bitterly cold in Rome during the month of January, 1840, quite as cold as in Scotland—ice in all quarters not exposed to the sun, and a piercing tramontane wind usually blowing. Mr. Ewing felt the cold exceedingly.

But a month later he writes:—

"*Roma, February*, 1840.—The weather since I last wrote has been most lovely, one fine day succeeding another without intermission—no rain nor wind. The crocuses are coming out in the Campagna, and fairy snapdragon and some veronicas are on the walls. Anemones, violets, and hyacinths are out in the fields, as also the iris and narcissus and cyclamen, I hear, though I have seen none of the latter. The birds are also beginning to sing, and some white bird-cherry and laurustinus are out in the hedges.

"Berthon and I rode to-day to those beautiful tombs found this year a little beyond the Pian Gate. Following the walls to the right, the first thing visible is

a large square house of immense blocks of marble about forty feet long by thirty wide and twenty high. It is below the present level of the earth, which is almost entirely composed of broken pottery mixed up with fragments of glass of the most beautiful prismatic opalic iridescence, crumbling to powder in the hand. Iron nails and bits of rare marble and coarse mosaic are thrown up every now and then by the workmen continuing the excavations. These excavations show that the building containing the sarcophagi was surrounded by brick walls of the old reticular work, and these, when dug behind, are seen to be bits of walls of rooms, either part of some large villa or house in which these tombs were contained, or that these tombs were in the middle of a very densely inhabited portion of the Roman suburbs. The door was gone, and the earth partly fallen into the chamber; but, except this, the sarcophagi and their chambers are exactly as they were discovered. It was light, and we descended about twelve wooden steps, accompanied by an old woman, who had the key, and who opened for us the door, which was about six feet high, but modern. Although it was tolerably light inside, yet she lighted her tapers when we entered, and there, on three sides, were the three white marble sarcophagi, about eight feet long and four high, and four over. The subjects cut on them in relievo are very well done; one is the story of Orestes, another of Niobe and her children. The coperćles, or lids, are very heavy, and one is pushed aside, showing a sad, though interesting spectacle within; for there are the bones of a Roman family all lying together, and almost as they were deposited, the vertebræ lying longitudinally in their places. There are the full-grown skulls of the parents, and the smaller ones of their children, all in their long last home. But what were their names? who were they? when did they live? when did they die? All, all unknown; but there they lie, the proud old Romans, probably of the fierce Republic, with their bones and skulls covered by the dripping of wax from the inserted candle of the Italian crone exhibiting them to the eyes of barbarians nurtured beyond the Alps."

Under date of the 10th of March Mr. Ewing gives an elaborate account of the "multiform grotesque sights and sounds of the Carnival," which he witnessed from a balcony in the Corso; but it would be quite superfluous to publish it in these pages.

Amidst all his graver occupations, enthusiastic sight-seeing, or plunges into the surrounding Campagna, the one great desire of Mr. Ewing's heart was to get back to Scotland, and the fulfilment of that desire was, he hoped, on the eve of being granted him. It was the main subject of his aspirations, of his many prayers. And here it must be said, once for all, that every more conscious interval of his life was inaugurated with the words "sursum corda." It was not so much that, as one Hebrew psalmist put it, he gave himself unto prayer. Prayer seems always to have been giving him more entirely to God. He lived and moved and had his inmost being in communion with the Father of his spirit, and this was beautifully true long before he knew that all our deepest aspirations are the result of His inspiration, and that He is always "seeking" us and besieging us with the importunities of His eternal and inexorable love.

On March 12th Mr. Ewing has to write:—

"A change has come, or is likely to come, over the spirit of my dream. About a month or three weeks ago I had written a letter to Mr. Forsyth, of Forres, about a house there. Dr. Deakin, on seeing it, said, 'You had much better take a house in Italy.' In answer to a question as to the grounds of his opinion, he said that though I was convalescent, yet, from the present state of my chest, preaching would simply be fatal to health—nay, to life—and that I ought to reside in a warm climate for

some years to come; he added, however, that he would be much better able to judge if I would allow him to stethoscope me. His opinion was more than confirmed by the examination; the right lung was discovered to be in a very precarious condition, and accordingly, he assured me, I must give up public speaking, and for some years, if possible, live abroad. This advice astounded me; but Dr. Gloag, whom I consulted by Dr. Deakin's desire when the latter left for England, and another, who also sounded me, pronounced the same verdict."

Utterly unprepared as Mr. Ewing was for this thrice-repeated opinion, the absence indeed of any uncomfortable symptoms rather encouraging the indulgence of the hope that he was on the lines of renewed health and vigour, it cost him ten days of anxious deliberation before he could finally decide in which direction the path of duty lay—always the one predominant thought with him. He elected to remain abroad; and, having made his election, the alternative of returning home never troubled him more.

This residence in Rome was in many respects a school of discipline for Mr. Ewing; he saw much, he learned much, he suffered much; for here he was again prostrated by severe bronchial affection. This fresh trouble, however, seems only to have wrought in him a more profound communing with his own heart, a more childlike acquiescence in the appointments of the Divine Providence. No murmur escapes his lips, and he notes apparently every passing phase of feeling in his journal. All must be for the best is his constant expression; while, on the other hand, his unsparing censure of his own shortcomings only indicates how strenuous and persistent

was his aim after a life of unfeigned submission to the ideal which always haunted his consciousness. It is quite a sanctuary of communion with the Father of our spirits into which we are admitted at this page of Mr. Ewing's journal. He lies low under the mighty hand of God and waits, repeating his favourite words, "Domine refugium nostrum."

CHAPTER VII.

BATHS OF LUCCA—SECOND WINTER IN ROME—RETURN TO SCOTLAND. 1840—1841.

ON May 18th Mr. Ewing and his family, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Berthon, left Rome. Under this date Mr. Ewing writes:—

"We found ourselves about eleven o'clock beyond the walls of Rome and on the way to Civita Vecchia before we at all realised what we were doing or where we were going. But gradually we found the lofty city was fading from our view, piece by piece, dome by dome, all but one sole spot—the cupola of St. Peter's, which, with Monte Mario, long remained in sight, like a monument marking the ground where lay buried beneath the scarce dead body of the old mother of nations and of religions. At last St. Peter's, too, disappeared, and then came our leave-taking of the seven-hilled city—*vale*—Farewell!"

At Civita Vecchia the travellers found a steamer which conveyed them to Leghorn.

On the 3rd of June Mr. Ewing left Leghorn and took up his abode in the Casa Pierini, at the Bagni Caldi of Lucca. The baths were crowded with English, more than 1,300 being there, besides many representatives of other nations.

But amid the copious details which his journal

supplies at this date of delightful intercourse with his friends, old and new, he did not suffer the claims of social life to interfere with his more serious pursuits and studies, and, as bearing specially on his spiritual development, we find for the third time in these early journals the name of Thomas Erskine.

On the 26th of October Mr. Ewing again took farewell of the Baths of Lucca; and, after a carriage journey of six days' duration, found himself entering Rome once more by the Porta del Popolo. The Berthons were again his fellow-travellers, and contributed, in a variety of ways, to the comfort of the transit.

In the first two months of his second Roman winter Mr. Ewing's own health was fairly good, and the following circumstances will in part account for the fact. The house he occupied was delightfully situated (63, Via San Niccolo di Tolentino), and he had no steep stairs to climb. His friends had succeeded in inducing him to be a little more mindful about himself, and as "the stone pavement, difficult as it is to trot over," ceased almost at his own door, he could slip out on horseback into the country without any intermediate discomfort or perils.

Like most other people who have been in Rome, Mr. Ewing felt that his first visit was merely an introduction to the enormous treasures of art and antiquity which the city contains, and that a second one would only augment the fascination to which he had been previously subject whilst wandering amid its ruins, its churches, its galleries, its palaces, or surveying its salient features from the dome of St. Peter's or

the summit of the Capitol. Accordingly he had scarcely settled down in his new quarters, before he began eagerly to renew his acquaintance with the scenes and subjects of which we possess such ample accounts in his earlier journals; but there was much besides which as yet he had not seen. Under date the 23rd of December a visit is recorded to the great Basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura—St. Paul's outside the walls.

The new church was but partially completed when Mr. Ewing saw it: the transept and high altar alone were finished, the noble nave and aisles with their eighty columns of granite crowned with capitals of white marble having been added under the reign of the present Pontiff. Mr. Ewing writes:—

"Dr. Deakin and I returned from a delightful ride in the Campagna, by the new church of St. Paul. It is a magnificent structure; and, though not half finished yet, from its solid richness I think it more impressive than St. Peter's. The vespers were being played as we entered; and what with the music and the lights burning around the Apostle's tomb, the effect was more imposing than had been produced by anything I had seen or heard for a long time."

Long years afterwards that vision of sweetness and light and strength, with its marbled glories and row of burning lights, was still fresh in the memory of Mr. Ewing; but not less vivid was his sense of the significance of the fact that while the Apostle of the Circumcision held the chief place of honour in the capital of Roman Catholic Christendom, the mortal remains of the great world-benefactor, who had first

carried Christianity into Europe, were left outside in the wilderness, as if his doctrine like his body were buried beyond the walls. Mr. Ewing's own words on this matter must here be quoted. They are taken from one of his latest sermons, in which, no doubt, his first impressions, as he listened to the vespers in St. Paul's, are reproduced. The subject of the sermon is Christ the Revealer, and the text is, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21).

"Outside the gates of Rome, three miles down the Tiber, is the church of the great Apostle of the Gentiles; where he still speaks to the Romans from *beyond the walls.* Some fond hand has put above his tomb his own words, "Vas Electionis," and below it, "Mihi vivere Christus est, et mori lucrum." Outside, Paul; within, Peter! Peter, who probably was never in Rome at all; who, to judge by the silence of the Epistle to the Romans respecting him, had not been there before it was written, who certainly was not there at the time of its composition, and who could scarcely have been there at a later time. Peter, who, perhaps, never would have been thought of as connected with the place, had not the *Super hanc petrum* required his presence! All modern research points more and more, with regard to the Apostle of the Circumcision, that it is the Euphrates and not the Tiber by which he sleeps; and that the whole superstructure of the great mediæval church is built on a false foundation. To us, however, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' has come through the Apostle who dwelt two years at Rome in his own hired house, and who now lies beside its stream; thence still speaking to us to-day, as for eighteen hundred years he has spoken:—'Mihi vivere Christus est, et mori lucrum;' for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

"I remember one night sitting with the Père Hyacinthe in Rome, in the midst of his troubles, at a time when there seemed to him an end of all perfection; and his

heart failed and flesh fainted. But when one said, 'Mihi vivere Christus est, et mori lucrum,' he exclaimed with joy, 'Yes, it is enough—it is all.' And now he too—the beloved brother Hyacinthe—is outside the gates of Rome.

"For eighteen hundred years that voice has issued from that tomb saying the same words. And how great has been the effect! How many sons and daughters of Adam have they not consoled and strengthened! Nay, have they not changed the face of Europe? Eighteen hundred years is long in human history; but in the history of the earth it is but a day: yet in that day how much has been accomplished! When these words were uttered our Britain was inhabited by painted savages; the Cæsars reigned on the Palatine; the Ptolemies in Egypt; the East had still a great king; Jupiter and the gods still dwelt on Olympus; bloody sacrifices were offered daily in Jerusalem; Mahomet was unborn; the Pope unheard of. But who now reigns? 'Who cries "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to me or Hannibal now,' said the first Napoleon, 'though all cried so when we crossed the Alps?' A Jew is king—who died as a malefactor."

Towards the close of the year, notwithstanding all the care which, with difficulty, he was learning to take of himself, Mr. Ewing had a serious attack of indisposition, which led Dr. Deakin to recommend a change of scene and air. To Naples accordingly he went, setting out on the 23rd of December. But before beginning the record of his journey, Mr. Ewing informs us, that among other friends who had been a comfort to him during his illness, he had turned to an old one "with huge relish," and that was Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Ewing had intended travelling to Naples in his own carriage with a pair of greys which he had purchased in Rome. On the morning of his departure, how-

ever, the coachman drove up to Mr. Ewing's door with a "four-in-hand"—the greys as wheelers, and a pair of strange leaders. The "turn out" was rather effective, but slightly puzzling; and on Mr. Ewing's inquiry why he was so honoured, the driver, with that suavity of tone which is found only among Italians, replied that the signor would have the benefit of the leaders all the way for nothing, if only he would feed them on the road; while he hoped to be able to sell them at Naples. Mr. Ewing was too much overcome by the humour of the situation and the wit of the Italian to offer any objection, and accordingly he acquiesced in the proposal.

Mr. Ewing remained fully three weeks in Naples, where he found his brother and many of his Italian friends, but the weather while he was there "was, generally speaking, terrible." It rained almost incessantly, and there were accompaniments of high winds, which lashed the waves of the Mediterranean into "quite Atlantic life," and shook the windows of his hotel with such fierceness as to make speech all but inaudible, and sleep altogether hopeless; until he succeeded in making them tolerably fast with wedges. There were, however, intervals now and then, during which, riding or driving, he managed to see Parthenope and its neighbourhood.

Mr. Ewing returned to Rome on the 30th of January, and remained there for about three months, during which period his health seems to have been wonderfully good; and for a considerable portion of it the weather was altogether delightful and reviving.

The spring brought a considerable influx of English

visitors to Rome, among whom Mr. Ewing found some very pleasant acquaintances; but the chief interest of this part of his journal is associated with the name of the Rev. Henry Blunt, with whom he had many conversations, though not so many as he could have wished, about Thomas Erskine.

The element, however, of Mr. Erskine's teaching which now formed the subject of their talk was no longer that of the repudiation of the Calvinistic dogma of favouritism, but the idea of Reconciliation which the subsoil ploughshare of Erskine's subtle and driving intellect had turned up beneath the traditionary doctrine of the Atonement. The notion to which Erskine took emphatic exception was that the sufferings and death of Christ were presented as an offering to Man's Creator and Judge, in virtue of which He was either induced or enabled to bestow His favour and forgiveness on at least a section of the human family.

In direct antagonism to this conception of the mission of Christ, Erskine thus expressed himself:—

"No man hath seen God at any time. No man could look into his own heart and see a ground of confidence there. But the only begotten Son which was in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him. The bosom of God opened, and the Son came forth, to show us what the heart of the Father was." And again: "God so loved the world that, when the world by sin had raised a barrier to stop the flowing forth of his love, which is eternal life unto them, He sent his only begotten Son to take on Him the nature of man, and in that nature to make propitiation for the sins of the world, and thus to put away the barrier, and to become Himself the channel through which the love and life of God might flow forth unto men. And

now that love and life are flowing forth in fulness unto and upon men, when this love is not believed the heart remains shut, and the life cannot enter; and thus, he that believeth not the Son hath not life. But wherever this love is believed, the heart opens, and the life flows in; and thus, he that believeth on the Son hath life. There is no charm which can open the heart but the voice of a believed love, and thus it is that until this voice of love and forgiveness is heard and believed, the heart never opens and the life cannot enter.

"The love of God which gave Christ is the immense ocean of the water of life, and men's souls are as ponds dug upon the shore, connected each of them, in virtue of Christ's work, with that ocean by a sluice. Unbelief is the blocking up of that sluice; belief is the allowing the water to flow in, so that the pond becomes one with the ocean, and man becomes partaker of the Divine nature, and has one life with the Father and the Son."

This was revolutionary teaching indeed. It was, in the language of Bunsen, a metastasis, or entire change of the centre of gravity of prevailing theological theory.

The Rector of Chelsea seems to have regarded with unqualified dislike Mr. Erskine's representation of the teaching of the New Testament respecting the significance and aim of the death of Christ; and Mr. Ewing does not tell us how far, if at all, he ventured to dispute the conclusions of the excellent man from whose sermons he had derived so much spiritual benefit in his boyhood; nor does he inform us respecting his own sympathy with, or antipathy to, the great leading affirmations of the Scottish layman.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the theology of Alexander Ewing, from the very first indications of it which we possess, was based upon the *idea of the*

Divine philanthropy; that for him the glory of God chiefly consisted in the glory of His character, while he held that every fresh manifestation of the Divine Will was intended to be a means of the highest culture for the reason and heart and conscience of man.

As Mr. Ewing was from time to time apprehensive that the state of his health might forbid his honestly undertaking any pastoral work in the North of Scotland which would necessitate his residence there during the winter, the alternative occurred to him of settling down as a parish clergyman for a longer or shorter time in the South of England; and for the furtherance of this object Mr. Blunt proffered his assistance. But Mr. Ewing's profounder thoughts, in contemplation of the future on which he might have to enter, are contained in the following words:—

"I would like to try a winter in Devonshire, if God will; but unto Him I commend my cause. He, and He alone, knows how very unfit I am to be His minister. I am not indeed worthy to preach His gospel at all, but I hope that He will so renew me, and *qualify me inwardly*, that out of the abundance of my heart my mouth may speak, in whatever sphere of the ministry my services may be called for."

However, as it turned out, Mr. Blunt's services were not called into requisition; but Mr. Ewing to the last retained a very grateful sense of the aid which the revered teacher of his boyhood was ready to lend him.

Mr. Ewing finally left Rome on the 24th of April, and once more accompanied by the Berthons.

His destination was home, and it was in the

hope of being nerved for home-work that he had remained abroad so long; but it was like tearing up his sympathies by the roots to leave Rome now. There was nothing superficial in Bishop Ewing's character; mere opinions were replaced in his ardent nature by passionate beliefs, and he could not tolerate having only a passing acquaintance with any human being, high or low; he early believed that it was God's will that man should be dear to man, and he was never happy unless, "as face answereth to face in a glass," he could see his best self, which was not himself but the Divine nature which is in us all, reflected in the characters and affections of the men and women with whom he associated. His friends were Divine gifts and assurances to him; nay, more, they seemed to become a portion of his own life, and to part from any one of these was always great pain.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCUMBENCY AT FORRES—BRODIE COTTAGE—LOGIE HOUSE.

1841—1844.

OF the events of the next three years we have no record from his own pen.

In 1844, however, Mr. Ewing began to keep a specially private diary in a locked volume, the contents of which were rarely looked on by any eye save his own during his lifetime. In one of the pages of it occurs a remarkable passage, which must be quoted here, as it tells us of nothing less than the circumstances which finally determined his choice of a profession.

"*Exodus* xviii. 20.—After hesitating for many years as to what profession or mode of public life I should adopt, the above verse led to my making choice of the ministry. One morning in Elgin, when I was confined to my bed, I had prayed earnestly for direction, and, taking up my Bible, I made up my mind to regard as decisive the first passage I should light on. I opened the book, and found the words, 'And thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt shew them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do.' Amen. Even so. Thy will be done, O Lord!—*Logie, February 4th*, 1844."

Of course Mr. Ewing did not in the least mean to

say that we were at liberty to abnegate our reason at any period of our lives, and cast ourselves down blindfold before a supposed oracle, whether called Virgilian or Biblical. But at the time to which he here refers he had not as yet any prevision of the profound questions which would knock at the door of his heart and conscience, and would haunt him until he gave them his best and deepest answer. The Bible was still to him, not a literature of successive epochs, but a homogeneous heaven-descended volume, in each portion of which alike the true seeker would find doctrine, correction, and instruction in righteousness. And that while thus believing in its character and origin, a young man with his life, so to say, at his own disposal, should go to it with humility and reverence and self-surrender for counsel as to the whole future of his career, was very natural, nay, surely, very noble. He had asked God for light, and the light he needed was at hand in God's book, and He might through it say to him, "This is the way, walk thou therein." At any rate, it was a childlike way of spelling out the old truth that God does call men to certain work and fit them for it; and if, in later days, as we know, Bishop Ewing both entertained a grander conception of the value of the Bible, and believed in a much more direct impartation of light to the human spirit by Him who made it than he could at that time even suspect as possible, yet the words themselves which spoke to his heart and fixed his resolution that morning in Elgin were truly prophetic.

The summer of 1841 passed away amid a succession of visits to his own or to Mrs. Ewing's relations,

and Mr. Ewing used to tell that on arriving at the residence of Major Stewart, his little boy, who had spent the greater part of his days in hotels or hired houses, naïvely remarked, "This seems a good house, papa, doesn't it?"

Soon after his return Mr. Ewing was again requested to undertake the charge of the Episcopal congregation at Forres. No perceptible progress, it is true, had been made during his absence in the erection of a church. There had only been occasional services in a hired room, which were supplied by the Rev. W. Maclaurin, the able and excellent, but somewhat eccentric, Episcopalian minister of Elgin. There was, moreover, no suitable house to be obtained nearer than Brodie Cottage, about four miles from Forres. However, Mr. Ewing accepted the charge; and having been ordained a presbyter in the autumn of this year by Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen, he threw himself with his accustomed ardour and energy into the discharge of his new duties, and soon gathered a considerable congregation round him, but one which, like too many other Episcopalian congregations in that part of the country, consisted almost exclusively of the representatives of the wealth and rank of the surrounding neighbourhood. It was, however, a source of great and constant regret to him that there were so very few of the less wealthy and cultivated class of society in attendance on his ministry. He felt then, he felt still more profoundly in after days, what a deliverance it would be to the piety which exists in the humbler ranks of Scottish life with a pervasiveness and intensity such as is not to be met with among the pea-

santry of any other Christian country, if it were brought into a freer atmosphere than that which is found within the Calvinistic horizon. But his sermons of this period, though written mainly for one class, could easily have been comprehended by all. Three of these were published soon after their delivery in 1842, and are chiefly remarkable for their piety, earnestness, and simplicity. They have now a special additional interest as revelations of the author's theological convictions when he first became a public teacher. And, first of all, they give emphatic expression—especially the one on "Justification by Faith"—to the preacher's cordial acceptance of the great affirmation contained in the Church of England Catechism that *Christ has redeemed me and all mankind*—an affirmation which, as already noted, was one of the main reasons which led to his electing the Episcopal ministry in preference to that of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. He never faltered in his utterances on this momentous element of the teaching of the Church. Nay more, even in this very sermon an expression is met with which reads like one of his later announcements touching the future which he believed to be in store for *all* God's children, while it also enables us to perceive that even at this early stage of his spiritual progress his conception of *the end* for which the Divine mercy stooped down to our human needs was not a material but an eminently moral one. Indeed it might be said that from the very first the theology of Alexander Ewing was moral theology. His vivid sense of the beauties of holiness, his consciousness of the direct claims of the love of

God upon the human heart, and his early recognition that that love can only seek, can only be satisfied with its very own in us, would seem to have enabled him to clear as at a single bound the dismal abstractions of modern systems, and to substitute spiritual relations in the place of mere "forensic arrangements." And thus he writes in 1842:—

"My brethren, we should all remember, in answer to all the suggestions by which we may be assaulted, that Christ died for all men; that if God is not mocked, neither does He mock us; that salvation is offered to all; that on the cross hung Jesus, the only Son of God, beloved, and with God ere the world was, and that from this cross flowed mercy enough for all the sins of all the universe; and that God who spared not for us His only Son, but gave Him up to the death for us all, will surely with Him give us all things. This is the answer to devils and worlds and men, and an answer full and complete, and enough for every man, although he knew that three or four only would accept God's salvation out of the millions of creation."

But Mr. Ewing continues:—

"Jesus Christ came *not to save us from the punishment of sin*, but from sin itself, which is a state of enmity to God, and instead of this state to implant in us a state of grace, or *love to God*. He knew, and we know, that unreconciled to God, or without God, we can do nothing nobly; that His Spirit is the sap which alone produces leaves and makes us fruitful; that the Law of God given to man, although a schoolmaster to teach us what was right and wrong, had no power to *make* us do the right or keep us from the wrong; and so He found out that more excellent way of writing the law on our hearts, by giving us a will to perform its injunctions, and that He did on that sad day of His power when, lifted up upon the cross, He drew all men unto Him. Then Jesus from the cross in the spiritual world, as at the creation in the ma-

terial world, cried, 'Let there be light;' and man, who had never seen his Creator since Eden, saw Him bleeding and dying for him, and *a new world began in a baptism of tears and blood, which eventually was to wipe away tears and pains from every one for ever.*"

As the reader will have seen from the two extracts in this sermon, there is no leaven of the doctrine which would set the Divine mind at variance with itself, and which ofttimes speaks as if the mission of Christ had been the amazing endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between its conflicting attributes. On the contrary, Mr. Ewing writes:—

"Christ came and declared that God was reconciling a guilty world unto Himself; and as soon as the good news of pardon is accepted, it produces a new creature. The sinner who sees *in Jesus the assurance of his pardon* begins to live by faith in Jesus, and walks no more alone in the world. Faith working from *love to God manifested in Jesus* produces a new existence. New thoughts, new words, new works, flow naturally out of the reconciled sinner, as new fruit and new flowers out of a new stem engrafted on an old stock, or as the flowers spring up after the rain from heaven."

But there are one or two other observations demanded by this sermon. To his latest day Mr. Ewing was never a polemic divine according to the popular standard. Indeed, his toleration, which seemed originally to have been a portion of his unwilled instincts, became charged upon his reason and conscience as a special and abiding duty. All the same, his Italian experience and his readings in history would not allow him to shut his eyes to the fact that the chief offender in leavening the simplicity of the gospel of

Christ was the Church of Rome, and in addressing his congregation in Forres he was constrained thus to speak:—

"The great office of the Church is to proclaim the forgiveness of sins. By the proclamation of this forgiveness without money and without price she has stood or fallen. She fell in Rome because she sold the Lord's forgiveness, the sin and simony of Rome not being so glaringly transubstantiation, relic or image worship, &c., as that she proclaimed not the free forgiveness of man for Christ's sake, but, as if to complete the perfect pardon, she added purgatory, and sold the merits of Christ by indulgences for silver and gold.

And at the close, with great earnestness, Mr. Ewing says:—

"Let the Church see the signs of your life, and quit yourselves like men. God requires it, the Church calls for it. Be not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it alone gives life, happiness, prosperity to nations and individuals. While it stands, the kingdom stands, the Church stands, individuals stand; and when the gospel falls, all things go with it, for Christ is Lord of all, and the gospel is His own."

Of the same date with this sermon two others have been preserved, one on "The Visible Church," and the other on "The Order of the Ministry;" but there is nothing so specially Mr. Ewing's own in either of them, nothing so distinctly prophetic of his later convictions, as to justify in this place more than a passing notice.

In the sermon on "The Visible Church," after a very clear and temperate statement of the light which history sheds on the subject, and of the reasons which, as he believed, are to be found at once in human

nature and in the teaching of our Lord and His apostles for the existence of a visible organization as a perpetual witness to the world of the great facts of our redemption, he urges the large moral and spiritual benefit that must flow from the recognition of the truth that we are all one body—not in a sense, as people say, but really one in Christ; and he adds:—

"It is time that this fact—that Christ is not divided—should be prominently brought forth and insisted on, that we may lay down our own individuality, and hunger and thirst no more for our own personal exaltation, but for glory as a united body—'as Jerusalem at peace within herself;' that we may no longer contemplate each other as bad, or good, or indifferent stones, scattered here and there through the wilderness of the world, but as stones built up and arranged century after century, and forming unitedly one whole glorious temple of God. Dear brethren, as we stand within the temple, and look around on the names of those in Christ before us, who, dead to us, are alive unto God, does not the whole temple become alive? Do not those who were dead 'sit up and begin to speak'? Hear how these sons of God shout together and sing for joy! How delightful the voices of brethren at unity! May all of us seek, yea strive, after such unity—to be one of the Holy Family, that so when we depart hence our memories be not solitary voices crying in the wilderness, but portions of that chorus with which the house of God, the Church of God, continually resounds. For *Christ himself* is the beginning and the end of every Christian Church. With His spirit we are in our Father's house, at a continual feast. Without His spirit, *we are in but empty walls.*"

The chapel of St. John, in which these sermons were delivered, was opened for divine service in the second year of Mr. Ewing's incumbency. Though small, it is a graceful building of the Italian order,

with a campanile; and the original design of the fabric, though afterwards slightly modified by a professional architect, was furnished by Mr. Ewing himself. The accommodation, however, which it supplied was not sufficient for the numbers who attended his ministry, and it was enlarged by the addition of a transept and apse. This addition necessitated the removal of the communion table, but after this was accomplished the two tables of the Decalogue were left by a mistake of the builder in their old position on the wall. The effect of the oversight was rather ornamental than otherwise, though not in accordance with use and wont; and on one occasion, when the question was mooted whether the tables should be retained where they were or placed within the apse, Miss Cumming of Moy, a lady noted for her wit, and a very characteristic representative of the old school of Scottish gentlewomen, quaintly remarked, "If you take my advice, you will keep the commandments."

In this same year—1842—Mr. Ewing removed from Brodie Cottage to Logie House, which, stands on the banks of the Findhorn, a river course which is marked throughout its length by the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. Across the river is Darnaway Forest, noted for the great variety of its indigenous trees, of which it is alleged to contain some three-and-twenty distinct specimens, while in some places the abundant hollies form deep glades of singular beauty, which are even more picturesque in winter than in summer. Between the old-fashioned house of Logie and the Findhorn lies an

equally old-fashioned garden, with turf walks and numerous gean and other fruit trees, and beyond the garden, close upon the banks of the river, there is a natural arcade formed by the interlacing branches of some noble beech-trees, beneath which one finds the most delicious shade in the hottest sunshine.

Two miles lower down the Findhorn, and following the course of a most romantic path on the same bank,

LOGIE HOUSE.

a spot is reached on the Altyre property which overlooks the famous heronry of Sluie, situated on the Darnaway side of the river, and from which also is to be seen at about a mile's distance the castle of Darnaway, the residence of Earl Moray and his family, with the ancient hall of Randolph rising behind it. Tracing the course of the river upwards from Logie, and by a route not less attractive than the descending one, we come upon a narrow gorge

formed by overhanging rocks, covered with birch and pine trees, named the Rannoch, or Randolph's Leap, which the great earl is reported by tradition to have cleared with a bound when pursued by his enemies. In the immediate neighbourhood there is another most exquisite piece of river scenery which is formed by the junction of the Divie and Findhorn, and is known by the name of "the meeting of the waters." Mr. Ewing used often to say that the district only wanted the climate of Italy to make it an earthly paradise. But even in respect of climate Morayshire enjoys an amenity which is almost unique, and the people of the county say that the sun shines twenty days more upon them than upon any others in Scotland.

Mr. Ewing spent three years at Logie; and if these were not the most eventful years of his life, he would often speak of them as forming a period which it gave him the greatest delight to recall. His health was fairly good, and, though occasionally ailing, he was always equal to his work. His pastoral and pulpit duties occupied a very considerable portion of his time, but he read a great deal, and found leisure besides to cultivate his love of art, to write verses, Italian as well as English, and to share in the relaxations and hospitalities of social intercourse.

"Plain living and high thinking" were, from his earliest youth, characteristics of Mr. Ewing. As in the case of Chaucer's Franklin, his entertainment of his guests was a "snow" of generous providing; but whilst so liberally mindful in ministering to others, his own personal wants were of the most moderate character.

But in addition to the material elements of his hospitality, he possessed eminently the faculty of *entertaining his guests* in the highest sense of the word. His stores of knowledge were always at command; his sketches, especially his pen-and-ink sketches, some very beautiful, others of the most grotesque description, were an unfailing source of interest to his friends; and a very special treat it was, while Mrs. Ewing accompanied him on the piano, to listen to his rendering, with his rich mellow voice, of some of his favourite Scottish songs.

He retained, as he retained to the last, his early liking for fishing, and he had abundant opportunities of proving his skill on the Findhorn; but though he would sometimes accompany others in their angling expeditions, he rarely handled a rod himself.

Few either of the subjects of his pencil or of his compositions in verse of this period remain; but the following specimen of the latter, found in his journal, is at the least worth publishing as indicative of the author's inner life, and also of a certain creative quality of imagination, which enabled him to figure forth with more or less distinctness certain aspirations and hopes which in the most of us exist only as in a state of solution, and never are precipitated into any definite form:—

'Jesus Master, Jesus dear,
I am safe if Thou art near;
Jesus Master, Jesus Lord,
I am lost without Thy word.

'Jesus, Thou art risen now—
No more woe or pain for Thee;
On Thy meek and holy brow
Life is lit eternally.

"Jesus, I am still below,
Feebly toiling after Thee,
Darkly groping as I go,
Striving still Thy form to see.

"I have yet my cup to drink,
I have yet the grave to cross;
Save Thy servant at its brink,
Suffer not a sparrow's loss.

"Thou art health and Thou art peace,
Wealth and joy undimmed and whole;
When my woes and fears increase
Thy remembrance cheers my soul.

"But the sweets in earthly bowers,
Sights of rapture, wonder sounds,
Music and the breath of flowers,
Glory which all sense confounds,

"They are of the world which is,
Things which sin has ne'er entice
They are ours when we are His,
For they are the mind of Christ.

"All our fresh springs are in Thee,
And the good we find below,
Power to walk and light to see,
Shall go with us where we go.

"In the silence of the night,
On the hills of Italy,
When the stars were twinkling bright
On the surface of the sea,

"Jesus, I have thought of Thee,
I have prayed my silent prayer;
Still, O still, remember me,
Still my sins and sorrows bear.

"Jesus Master, Jesus, dear,
Jesus Master, Jesus Lord,
I am strong if Thou art near,
I am weak without thy word."

Admiral Duff's, Braemoriston, Feb. 25th, 1844.

On turning over a leaf in his journal, there is discovered a very graceful pen-and-ink sketch of Petrarch's house at Arqua, and above it, in Italian, the following passage from Maffei's "Storia d'Italia:"—

"Not willing to live at too great a distance from my benefice in Padua, I have built for myself, on one of the Euganean hills, a small house, but sufficiently commodious for a limited and unambitious household; and moderately attractive-looking too, as it stands amid slopes covered with olives and vines. Here I pass my day ('traggo la mia vita'), and although infirm in body, yet am I tranquil in soul, free from noise, distractions, and care, always reading or writing, and the while praising God, and thanking Him for all that He sends to me, the pleasures as well as the pains of life, believing as I do that these last are not punishments, but only a means of discipline."

Just at this period, January, 1844, Mr. Ewing occupied a good many of his leisure hours in preparing designs for a residence which he thought of erecting within a moderate distance from his chapel in Forres. The basis of all these was the sketch of Petrarch's house in his journal, and the words from Maffei sufficiently indicate the manner of the life which he would have endeavoured to cultivate beneath the new roof if his project had ever been carried into execution. It never was; but the life flowed on elsewhere.

Mr. Ewing read on nearly all subjects, and he wrote about many, as his diary of this date abundantly testifies. But as his calling was that of a theologian, and not that of a critic or literary man, the few extracts given from his journal will be chiefly those which relate to theology, or to the great end which all theology is meant to subserve, the growth of the soul in inwardness, in recognition of the Divine claims, in trueness and goodness. Of some of these entries it might be thought, on first perusing them, that they speak of matters too sacred for the public eye; but in

reply it can with truth be affirmed that they do not betray more of the ongoings of the soul than is *implied* in all preaching which touches on the deeper experiences or needs of human life, and that they are indicative not of any morbid action, but of the healthy, if sometimes wrestling, energies of the human spirit. If ever an experience furnished a living commentary on the words, "Thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall *Himself* reward thee," it was that of Bishop Ewing. It was the growing purity of his heart which more and more enabled him to see God. His theology was the reflex of his life.

"*Tuesday night, March 19th*, 1844.—Last night I suffered greatly. It was a night of trial and anguish of spirit, of the valley of the shadow of death. I do not remember experiencing such another. But I was heard in that I feared. Katherine had been affected for some time back with pains and palpitation in the region of the heart; and, notwithstanding medical aid, they had been getting worse, and were so violent yesterday that towards evening I could not resist the conclusion that some organic disease existed. All the blessedness of our wedded life, of our happy home, and sojournings in divers lands rushed into my memory, and the thought of her leaving me seemed more than I could bear. The night came on, and was one of utter bitterness, in which she participated to the full. I feared a return of her attacks every moment—my dear lamb laying her head upon my shoulder, sobbing in great agony; but the Lord was our light, and we prayed. She prayed first, I afterwards, and we were heard in that we feared. I was enabled to speak confidently, and I told my patient and faithful darling that the danger was over, that she would recover, that she would awake well in the morning, and that that would be the sign of her recovery. We lay down and slept in the faith thereof. We awoke well and glad. It was Thou, O Lord, who madest my

house so strong. In Thee, O Lord, do we put our trust for ever.

"*Logie, February 14th,* 1844.—I made this day a covenant or renunciation to God of all my own cares and anxious thought concerning what He gave me, and what He alone can protect. He bids us do so; when it is said, 'Casting all your care upon Him,' or 'Come unto me all ye that travail.' Thus only can we cease to 'be careful and troubled about many things.' And so, O most mighty Saviour, I resign all to thee, to undertake and provide for me, and manage better than I can—my wife, my children, my brother, my congregation, my church, my house, my wealth, my prospects—my whole concerns for time and eternity. Amen.

"God is discerned in everything by the faithful, in nothing by the faithless. By their faithlessness, however, God is not removed away from his own world.

"A book is only so many black lines to a savage, but it is the spiritual presence of another to him who can read and understand it."

"UPON A FLOWER FOUND WITHERED IN THE LEAVES OF A GUIDE TO FLORENCE.

'Dolce fiore, morte ed asciutto
Colto su collini ove fosti nato
Felice la vita ch'é compresa tutta
Nel vedere sola la patria beata.

'Colli miei che sempre son fissanti,
La bella città che non è più per mei,
Le dolci case ogni di guardando,
E sentendo sempre il mormorar di lei,

"Colli d'Artimini
Guardando ora
Guardando sempre
La città di Fiora.
Colli Fiorentini."

"1 Sam. iv.—'Let us fetch the ark of the covenant,' &c.

"The merely natural man ever seeks to invest the accessories of religion with an *opus operatum*, or charm-character, to work, as medicines do, by their own virtue. It is manifest that the soul cannot be wrought upon thus; outward things, unless taken up into the soul by a *mental act*, cannot otherwise affect it. The soul cannot be affected, except reflexly, by any application to the body, or by any external material thing taken after the manner of medicine. It stands alone and distinct, and cannot be operated on by such agencies, unless they are accompanied with a specific and mental operation. They are but outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace, without which they are nought. The flesh profiteth nothing."

"*May 15th.*—Heard cuckoos in the Logie Woods on the 2nd and to-day; when driving home from church caught three young woodcocks on the road, their mother keeping near, but out of reach."

CHAPTER IX.

AL RIPOSO—RESIDENCE AT SANQUHAR HOUSE. 1844—1846.

AFTER working for a period of three years at Forres, almost without any interval of relaxation, Mr. Ewing found that rest and change were very desirable, if not absolutely necessary; and accordingly, in the summer of this year, he undertook a tour in search of health and quiet.

"*Al Riposo, July,* 1844.—Having sent the three children with the governess to Newton on the 2nd instant, Katherine and I started on the following day in the pony-carriage. We left Logie at noon, and drove to Nairn, where we lunched with Mrs. Nugent, who had asked Catherine Mackintosh, of Geddes,* to meet us. From thence, at four o'clock, we started for Kilravoch Castle, where we were received by Mrs. Campbell with her usual kindness and quaintness. Next morning we set off for Inverness, where I had to attend the synod of Moray, Ross, and Argyll. I was very glad to rejoin the Bishop, whom I had last seen at Darnaway. Mr. Greig, of Skye, read prayers, Mr. Lockhart Ross, the Bishop's chaplain, preached a very able sermon, and the Bishop gave us a good charge. The clergy all dined with the Bishop in the evening, at the Caledonian Hotel, and a very pleasant and harmonious meeting it was. Next day

* Now widow of Dr. Norman Macleod.

we proceeded to Newton, where we found the children and all the Newtons well and glad to see us. The place was looking very sweet; but, alas! he* who used to be so much the life and light of it was not here to welcome us. Dear Hugh! the last time I was at Newton was in December, when thy mortal remains were taken thence to their long home.

"We left with much regret the following morning, at ten A.M. for Drumnadrochet and Invermoriston. We started in a 'Scotch mist.' The first glimpse we got of Loch Ness was from a hill about four miles from Inverness, and maugre the rain and mist it looked well. The hills slope suddenly into the water, and are of that scarped, stony redness which looks so well in water-colour drawing—an effect which in the latter is produced by scraping and washing out the colouring first laid on, and touching in a little here and there with stronger tints.

"Before coming to Drumnadrochet, an arm of the lake runs inland into a glen. This is Glen Urquhart. On the opposite side you see Castle Urquhart, a place of great antiquity and formerly of great strength. It is situated on a low promontory running into the loch, and consists of a square tower and some detached ruins, covering a very considerable space of ground. After dining at Drumnadrochet, we drove through thirteen miles of the same kind of scenery as before, until we reached the inn at Invermoriston—a very quiet and retired spot, among fine trees, and close to the house of Invermoriston, which, though occupying a very pretty situation, has not the commanding appearance one expects in the residence of a chief who, if I remember rightly, brought five hundred men to the standard of Prince Charlie. From Invermoriston we had still seven miles before reaching Fort Augustus, where we concluded our day's work—thirty-four miles—a good stretch for the ponies.

"*Ballachulish, July 9th*, 1844.—We left Fort Augustus

* Hugh Fraser, of Newton, who had died very suddenly at his shooting quarters at Craggie, near Loch Moy.

this morning. The country continued wild and bleak for the first four miles, when we got a view of Loch Oich, with a fine hill beyond, at the base of which stands Invergarry Castle—the ancient seat of Glengarry, called in Gaelic 'Craig an Phithich'—the rock of the raven—the motto as well as the gathering place of the clan. Poor Glengarry! Every sin brings its own punishment, and the proud extravagance of the seventeenth Mac-Mic-Alastair, as the late chief called himself, has brought his wide domains to the hammer, and sent his heir as an exile to Australia. The drive along Loch Oich is very beautiful, the loch being fringed with rocks and trees on this side, and having a steep, high, green hill on the other shore, till we came to another loch, Loch Lochy, about four miles from the commencement of which stands the solitary and wretched Inn of Letterfinlay, opposite to a most picturesque green hill, called the Hill of Lochiel. Here we had but a sorry repast, which reminded me of a similar one at Passignano on the Lake of Thrasymene, the situation of the two places being, moreover, somewhat like. Ben Nevis appears to great advantage after leaving High Bridge. It is a majestic and massive mountain, stony and hard looking, with green basement hills and grey upper elevation, with patches of snow towards its summit. We reached Fort William at seven o'clock. The town has a bustling continental look; for which it is, no doubt, indebted to some extent to the walls of the Fort and a certain military air which they give it. Although Katherine was fatigued, and it was rather late, we thought it best to push on to Ballachulish, as the service there at which I was to assist would necessitate an early start in the morning. We consequently had a pair of post-horses attached to the carriage, and left Peter McKenzie to bring on the ponies next day. The drive—a distance of about fourteen miles—was along the side of Loch Linnhe, an arm of the sea, and exceedingly beautiful it was. The road lay through a well-wooded country, with fine hills on the other side of the loch, and the sea stretching out to the southwards. The approach to Ballachulish is extremely striking; the sea running up away among the mountains,

and intermingling with them. The feeling is one almost of oppressiveness from the towering masses being so close upon one.

"We drove to the inn on the Lochaber side of the Ballachulish Ferry, and found it a very tolerable one, with a very civil landlord. After a somewhat restless night, Katherine was no better in the morning, and I had to make up my mind to go alone to the consecration of the new church at Ballachulish. This was a great disappointment, as we had travelled into this part of the country mainly from the wish to be present on the occasion. As soon as I had dressed I went down-stairs, and from the door of our inn I could make out the Bishop and Mr. Ross on the opposite shore. I immediately crossed over, and it was then arranged that I should read prayers at the service. Returned to the inn and had breakfast, and, after making Katherine as comfortable as was possible in the circumstances, having secured a boat, I was rowed down the loch about a mile and a half, and landed on the beach immediately under the new chapel, a plain, simple but pleasing building of a Gothic character. The situation is singularly beautiful, being at the opening of two very lovely green wooded corries running up into the mountains, which seem to be covered with trees almost to the summits, from which the mists were whirling away as I drew near the shore. The bell had been ringing, but had ceased ere I entered the vestry, where I found the Bishop already robed. The Laird of Ballachulish—Charles Stuart—a gentleman of remarkably fine appearance, soon after came in and presented the petition for consecration. On receipt of this the usual ceremonial was proceeded with, and when that was completed I entered the reading-desk and commenced the usual morning service, with special psalms and lessons appropriate to the occasion. The church was full, the congregation consisting almost entirely of labouring people; indeed the workmen employed at the slate quarries have themselves contributed a great part of the fund for the building expenses.

"I remained for part of the evening service, which was in Gaelic. The prayers, and particularly the responses, in

Gaelic, produced quite a new sensation, and made me think myself afar off, as indeed I was, in the islands of the Gentiles. Mr. Stuart very kindly asked me to go to Ballachulish House, but owing to Katherine's illness I returned to her by boat as I had come.

"*July* 11*th*.—The Bishop and Mr. Ross called upon us, and I returned with them to call at Ballachulish House, which I found to be, in many respects, not unlike Newton in its quiet and peaceful character. The situation, however, is greatly superior. It stands between two fine hills, and is backed by another of very striking aspect. The hill to the west is green to the very top, and beautifully wooded with clumps of birch-trees. Dr. Pocock, the well-known traveller, saw in it a great resemblance to Mount Tabor."

The next entry is in the handwriting of Mrs. Ewing:—

"*July* 13*th*, 1844.—My birthday: a day of continued rain, a day of clouds and thick darkness, but these only externally, for we have spent it most happily... I give Thee thanks, O heavenly Father, for having preserved us to each other in health and love to this day. May it please Thee to continue to us the gifts Thou hast bestowed, and to give us thankful hearts for Thy manifold and great mercies. All my resolutions made this day, do Thou enable me, through Thy strength, to keep, and more, yea, far more than I can either ask or think, wilt Thou do for us.

"We intended to have gone to Mr. Stuart's to-day, but the weather and the Doctor prevented us. The Bishop did not come to see us either, but when we were at dinner some one rushed in in a great hurry, wet and muffled up in a great coat. I did not know him, but it proved to be Mr. Lyttelton,* who had taken the Forres duties two Sundays ago. The only thing that has disturbed my peace to-day is the feeling that I am the cause of our being still here instead of at Ballachulish with a pleasant party, where

* The Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton.

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my husband would have enjoyed himself; but he has been quite happy here alone. And I am sure I have been much more so than in any other society.—K. E."

"*July 14th, Sunday.*—A fine day. I was rowed down to chapel. There was a large congregation, and eighty young people were confirmed; but most of them very young. Mr. Lyttelton read prayers, but part of the confirmation service was in Gaelic, and I preached the sermon. After service we had Katherine ferried over in the carriage, in which she drove to the Stuarts, where we spent a delightful evening. Next morning, to our very great regret, we bade our friends, old and new, good-bye, and started for Glencoe. To King's House the journey is bleak and uninteresting. We lunched there, gathered some wild flowers, and got a few pebbles from the 'sounding Cona.' From King's House to Tyndrum is another equally unattractive stage. At Inverouran we came upon a country of fine swelling mountains, clothed in part with birch, oak, beech, hazel, and bracken, with bits of green grass at intervals, where cattle and sheep were grazing; while waterfalls and torrents in endless variety of width and volume were rippling or rushing down to join the Falloch, which was flowing beneath us. We had a glorious picture, and a cloudless sky over all. The first peep of Loch Lomond was splendid—the hills very majestic, with fine, broken, prominent, and protuberant outlines, copse and timber on every side, and a clear, bright, glorious sky above, and the loch reflecting it. 'So much for Dumbartonshire,' thought I; '*Monseigneur mon grandpère*, what could have induced you to leave such a fatherland as this?'.

"As we approached Balloch, I grew very anxious to see the abode of my fathers. Peter McKenzie, who assured me that he knew all this country well, was to point out the place; but he drove us past it without making any sign, and the succession of blunders he perpetrated, such as pointing out the village of Alexandria as Dumbarton, caused us to abandon our confidence in his geographical acquirements. We had not gone very far, however, when, to the delight of Katherine, a gig which was nearing us

was discovered to have my brother as one of its occupants. 'Mr. John,' called out Peter in amazement; and so it was 'Mr. John,' straight from London *viâ* Edinburgh. We were very glad to meet, as we had not seen each other since January.

"We went to Levenside next day, and were most kindly and courteously received by Mr. and Mrs. Ewing. Mr. Ewing's elder brother, Mr. Ewing Maclea, of Cathkin, and his wife, and some others, had been invited to meet us. Next day we went to visit the churchyard of Bonhill, but found little to interest us, all the graves of the Ewings of Balloch having been built over when the new parish church was erected, with the exception of an Alexander Ewing, on whose tombstone the family arms were sculptured, and who must, from letters in my uncle's possession, have been a first cousin of my grandfather.

"We then drove to Balloch, catching our first glimpse of it from the bridge across the Leven. The old house is gone, and a handsome new one, in castellated form, has been erected on its site. The situation is beautiful; standing, as it does, on a wooded hill, sloping down to the west, where it meets Loch Lomond, and to the south, where it is bounded by the river Leven.

"After passing a few days very pleasantly at Levenside, we left it for Cathkin, proceeding by the banks of the Clyde; and from the number of ships passing up and down the river, the views, as we drove along its banks, were very animated as well as beautiful.

"Cathkin, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ewing Maclae, is an old-fashioned building, but has all the appearance of comfort and quiet; and standing upon the slope of one of the hills which bear the same name, it commands a very extensive view of the rich valley of the Clyde, bounded on one side by the Campsie hills, and with Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi and the Perthshire Grampians in the distance. At night the outlook is weirdly sublime; the vast flames issuing from the many blazing furnaces in the vicinity of Glasgow and towards the east, giving you the sensation as if you were in the neighbourhood of a veritable *Tierra del Fuego*. Mr. Ewing Maclae is a most genial, agreeable, and

cultivated man, a good scholar, and well versed in several modern languages; advanced in years, and of a most unassuming demeanour. Mrs. Maclae has a countenance of singular benignancy. Like her husband, she is a person of unmistakable but most unobtrusive piety, as well as possessed of considerable natural intellect, with a keen sense of humour. I was glad to find that the piety of both rested upon the broad foundation of God being a God of love, and of *Christ being the Saviour of all men.* All their family have predeceased them; and Mrs. Maclae said to me that if it should please God to take her husband *first*, she would then count it a glad day when summoned hence to join their children. On Sunday (a drenching day of rain), Mr. Maclae, John, and I drove to Glasgow, where I preached in St. Mary's Church—a large church, but, owing to the badness of the weather, and the circumstance that most of the usual congregation are now in the country, it was not well filled. I preached from "One thing is needful," that is, *God to the human soul.* In the evening we had some very interesting conversation relative to Edward Irving, Isabella Campbell, and Mr. John Macleod Campbell, of the parish of the Row, and others who had been cast out of the Established Church for maintaining the fulness of the Gospel in the redeeming work of Christ.

"On the following day Mr. Maclae accompanied us to Glasgow to see the cathedral, which astonished and delighted us, its size and preservation being much beyond what we had expected. In the crypt there are some large stone coffins of early bishops and others, St. Mungo's Well, the grave of the founder, and other very interesting relics. Then we went to the university, after visiting which we got ready to start for Edinburgh by the train. On leaving Glasgow we entered into a long tunnel, and were rather appalled by the sudden darkness, the increased noise, and the seeming acceleration of the speed of the train. It was a very valley of the shadow of death. We commended ourselves to God in it; and I seemed raised by faith so completely out of the body, and into such perfect communion with God, that had we met

another train in the thick darkness and perished in the shock, I could not but believe that I should have found myself in Him."

It was in the course of this brief stay in Edinburgh that Mr. Ewing became acquainted for the first time with the late excellent Bishop of Edinburgh, Bishop Terrot. By his sagacity, his scholarship, the quiet consistency and integrity of his character, and the chaste, vigorous, and incisive qualities of his pulpit compositions, Bishop Terrot secured for himself the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He died in 1873, and though, for several years, he had been unable to discharge the duties of his episcopate, and required the services of a coadjutor, the crowded congregation which met in his church, St. Paul's, on the day of his funeral, and on the Sunday following, bore witness by their attendance and obvious interest to the fact, that though for long he had been rather a name than a visible presence amongst his flock, the memory of his personal worth and of his valuable instructions had not passed away.

Mr. Ewing, after listening to a "very able and powerful sermon" from the Bishop, but not knowing at the time who the preacher was, made himself known to him after service in the vestry. Bishop Terrot, though by habit undemonstrative, received him most cordially, and immediately asked him to dine with him that evening. From a previous engagement he was unable to accept the invitation; but, as in so many other cases, the hurried interview in the vestry left its impression on the Bishop of Edinburgh, as we shall presently see.

A few months after this delightful expedition, Mr. Ewing, finding the distance from Forres inconveniently great, removed from Logie to Sanquhar House, the property, and recently in the occupation, of one of his greatest friends in those parts, Mr. William Fraser-Tytler. Sanquhar House, with its beautiful wood and water, is a charming residence, within a mile of the picturesque little town of Forres, which it overlooks, while it commands a spacious view of the country beyond, including the remarkable sand-hills of Culbin, which, some three centuries ago, were blown up from the shore by a violent gale of wind from the north, and overwhelmed the greater portion of the estate from which they take their name. In addition, one obtains from Sanquhar House a very fine view of the Moray Frith, and of the two conspicuous detached rocks at the entrance of the harbour of Cromarty on the opposite coast, and well known as the "soutars of Cromarty."

Under date the 19th of August of this year, Mr. Ewing chronicles the birth of his fourth child, Louisa Katherine Jane Elspet, in the following words:—

"Blessed be the name of the Lord... My soul doth magnify the Lord. A new voice on earth. I hear thy cry, my daughter. On a bright and quiet evening hast thou appeared on earth—bright earth, and glad blue sky, calm white sea, calm blue hills, still green trees, the boat in which thy mother herself has found a childlike pleasure, quiet on the lake—a bell—mysterious silence. Be with us, O Lord! Bless mother and child—the other children—all friends. Amen. To the Lord belong mercies."

The remainder of 1845 appears to have passed away in a quiet succession of uneventful days in the

Sanquhar home; but it was in the course of this period that Alexander Ewing's name became known beyond the limits of Morayshire, and his brethren of the Episcopal Church, by the publication of an essay bearing the title "Episcopacy in Scotland."

The publication itself is only a small pamphlet of fifteen pages, but it is entitled to more than a passing reference, because it was occasioned by events in the Scottish Episcopal Church which attracted considerable notice outside the pale in which they occurred, because it is a curious revelation of the author's ecclesiastical convictions at the time of its composition, and, lastly, because in the preparation of it he was brought into communication with several conspicuous members of the Anglican episcopate.

At the time of which we are now speaking, the somewhat anomalous phenomenon of English Episcopalian chapels in Scotland not directly under local episcopal suspervision had almost disappeared, and, as Mr. Grub says in his "Scottish Ecclesiastical History," it was hoped that the existence of a body professing to be in communion with the Church of England while rejecting the authority of the Scottish bishops would soon be at an end.

But the hope was not just yet to be realised. The Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, formerly of Trinity Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, a clergyman possessing considerable ability as a popular preacher, having come down to Edinburgh with English orders, and under the supposition that he would, on the whole, be free to do as he liked, had been extravagating a little here and there beyond the lines of rubrical and

canonical prescription. He went so far, it seems, as to transgress "the 28th Canon of the Synod of Edinburgh," by officiating publicly "without using the Liturgy at all;" and though for a season "left to the freedom of his own will," as, according to the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, the first Adam was, at last even Bishop Terrot, whose proclivities were all in the direction of toleration, was constrained to admonish him in canonical terms. Mr. Drummond, however, who had a considerable congregational following, was not moved to amendment by the admonition of his ecclesiastical superior, and resolved to resign his incumbency, and to set up an independent meeting-house of his own. He was followed in his insubordination, as it was termed, by another clergyman in English orders, Sir William Dunbar, who had recently been admitted to the charge of an Episcopal congregation in Aberdeen, and against him the Bishop of Aberdeen took up arms ecclesiastical.

"A man," writes Mr. Ewing, "need not be an Episcopalian unless he chooses, but if he chooses to be such, he must comply with the conditions requisite in the case. And one of these conditions is simply subjection to diocesan authority, not in the abstract, which might mean anything or nothing, but in the concrete form of obedience to one's Ordinary while he is administering the law to which he himself as well as his clergy has vowed submission."

In this appeal in behalf of unity, as in an earlier publication, Mr. Ewing maintains Episcopacy to be divine only because it possessed the true doctrine of the "redemption of the world;" and though he held that, "as is the soul without the body, so is true

doctrine without the Church," yet he was careful to remark, at the same time, that "as is the body without the soul, so is the Church without true doctrine."

Accordingly on this latter affirmation he laid the strain of his argumentation against the schismatics.

"Were they Episcopalians? So, as implied in their ecclesiastical designation, were the bishops and clergy of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Did they abide by the Prayer Book, Articles, Creeds, and Catechism of the Church of England as their standards of faith and morals? So did the Church in Scotland. While on the fact of her *identity in doctrine* with the Southern Episcopacy, an Act of Parliament in 1840 practically incorporated her with the Anglican Establishment." *

But, it will be asked here by the reader, what need for all this argumentation on high questions of doctrine and identity, when the separatists appear to have been guilty only of non-observance of rubrics which relate to the use of the Liturgy when clergymen officiate in public? The answer in plain English is, that finding his position indefensible on the merely rubrical ground, Mr. Drummond introduced a new element of controversy, that of the *Scottish Communion Office*. So far from regarding this office with any special veneration, Mr. Ewing, two years before this date, had incurred the wrath of the High Church party in the North by a proposal in the synod of Moray that it should be altogether excluded from the services of the Church. But he felt, nevertheless, free to maintain that the mere existence or occasional use of this office

* The Scottish Episcopal Church was still subject to special disabilities, but of these, and of their ultimate removal, mention will be made at a later stage of this memoir.

in the Scottish Episcopal Church did not in the least compromise either her Episcopal status or her substantial oneness with the Church of England.

This was Mr. Ewing's argument, in which he was supported by Anglican dignitaries of all shades of opinion. But it may seem to the reader that too great a prominence has been assigned to an ephemeral essay in these pages. On the contrary, in addition to what has been already advanced, the assertion is here ventured upon that, next to the sagacious action of Dean Ramsay in this crisis, it was Mr. Ewing's compact and luminous advocacy of the cause of the Scottish Episcopal Church which saved it from disruption, and secured for the bishops the adherence of the influential Episcopal laity. For that adherence was seriously imperilled. The excommunication of Sir William Dunbar for refusing to use the Scottish Communion Office spread alarm throughout the Episcopal congregations, and in a letter to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, written some twenty-eight years after this date, Bishop Ewing affirms that the situation was one of such gravity that a single approving word from Dean Ramsay would have thrown well-nigh the whole of the Episcopal laity into the Drummond movement!

Mr. Ewing at this time had been reading, amongst other books, "Newman on Development." Development, or, to use the term he preferred, Evolution, was one of the subjects which specially occupied his thoughts in the latest days of his life; but the evolution in the successive stages of which he seemed to read, with great gladness of heart, the law of progress, was a triumphal procession in the course of

which the earthly and material was gradually being subjected to spiritual influence. In the world-story at large, and especially in the eighteen centuries during which the element of Christianity has been in operation, he could detect a sure, if not always salient, factor of advancement in the direction of order, freedom, self-responsibility, and the culture of humanity as a whole. All events he believed had been conspiring together in order that "the mind of Christ" might become dominant in man. The evolution he believed in was an evolution from ignorance and injustice and superstition and fear, to a reverent but intelligent fellowship with the Father of Spirits. Christ was growing, was ordained to grow, in humanity. The childish things were gradually to pass away before the consciousness of a manhood which knew itself to be the creation of a Perfect Will, which could have had no other end in the launching into existence of helpless dependants except their moral and everlasting blessedness. But even at this stage he could only regard Newman's Development as one which substituted servitude for sonship.

CHAPTER X.

ELECTION AS BISHOP. 1846—1847. HISTORY OF THE SEES OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES.

AS the sees of Argyll and of the Isles were originally distinct, and each has a history of its own, a brief statement seems called for here relative, first of all, to the period of their separate and independent existence; and then, secondly, to the circumstances which led to their being united.

The vast and ancient diocese of Dunkeld embraced an immense district, in the western portion of which only Gaelic was spoken. John the Scot succeeded to the bishopric of Dunkeld in 1188, in the reign of William the Lion, and some time after his consecration, being ignorant of the Celtic language, he requested the Pope to sever the western part of his diocese from the Church of Dunkeld, and to erect it into a separate see under the name of *Argyll*, intimating at the same time that the revenues he now enjoyed were amply sufficient for the maintenance of two bishops. John despatched his petitionary letter to Rome by his chaplain, Harold, who was master of Gaelic as well as English, and whom he recommended to the Pope as being in other respects the fit and proper person to entrust with the guidance of the new see. The Pope

complied with the prayer of John, expressing his admiration of his great self-denial, and, having consecrated Harold as first Bishop of Argyll, sent him back to Scotland. The new diocese of Argyll comprehended the whole of the mainland portion of the county of Argyll, the district of Lochaber, with the island of Lismore, and probably one or two of the smaller islands. The cathedral was erected in Lismore, and hence the Bishops of Argyll were designated *Episcopi Lismorenses* as well as *Ergadienses.** On the erection of Glasgow into an archbishopric in 1492, Argyll became one of its suffragan sees, and continued in this relation subsequently to the Reformation. The last bishop who presided over Argyll as a separate diocese was Hector Maclean, who died in 1687. A *congé d'elire* was indeed directed to the Dean and Chapter of Argyll in 1688 in favour of the learned principal of the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Munro; but whether he was ever elected is uncertain, and at all events before his consecration took place the reign of James II. had come to an end, and a new order of affairs in Church and State—a revolution settlement indeed—was at the door.

Accordingly, between the death of Hector Maclean and the consecration of Alexander Ewing as Bishop of Argyll, one hundred and sixty years elapsed.

The Scottish diocese of the Isles embraced Arran, Bute, and all the Hebrides, excepting the few smaller islands which were attached to that of Argyll; but while the geography of the see is known, its early history is involved in great obscurity. The primitive

* Grub's "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," vol. i. p. 301.

seat of the Bishops of the Isles was in the Isle of Man, and these were designated *Sodorenses*—a title which probably, but by no means certainly, was conferred on the southern insular prelates by their Norwegian superiors, and which was retained by both the English and Scottish lines into which the episcopate was ultimately divided. By the latter half of the thirteenth century, however, the story of the bishopric of the Isles emerges into daylight. In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, descended like a storm-blast from the north upon Scotland; but a fierce tempest of the elements shattered his fleet, and his army met with a tremendous punishment at Largs on the 2nd of October in that year. No doubt Norsemen and Scotsmen give different versions of the antecedents and results of Haco's expedition; but, at all events, after the battle of Largs, the Hebrides and some portions of the mainland acknowledged no longer the domination of Norway. They could quite well afford to allow their Norwegian foemen to cherish the fancy that victory means leaving your opponents masters of the situation; for, after the wreck of his ships and the Largs passage of arms, Haco sailed to Orkney, and died there; while, within three years after his death, a treaty was concluded between Magnus, his son and successor, and the Scottish king, in virtue of which Man, and all the isles of the western sea, were surrendered to Alexander III.

With the sovereignty of Man and the Hebrides, the right of patronage of the bishopric of Man was conveyed to Alexander and his successors, and there were only reserved to the Metropolitan Church of Drontheim

some vague rights, which nowise interfered with the independent action of the patron or of the Bishops of the Isles. In course of time Man was occupied by the English, and its ecclesiastical as well as civil relations in consequence underwent a change of centre. The bishops who, attached to England, remained in Man, became suffragans of York, and the Scottish branch of the episcopate, which ultimately established its seat in Iona, dropped all connection with the Norwegian metropolitans, and became an integral portion of the Scottish episcopate. Unlike Argyll, the diocese of the Isles was at first not converted into a suffragan see of Glasgow when the latter was invested with metropolitan authority, but it was attached to it in this relation at a later period. The last bishop who exercised jurisdiction over the Isles as a separate see was Archibald Graham, who had to vacate his episcopal functions in 1688.

At a later period, and in the midst of their struggling endeavours to secure at least a nominal supervision for the members of their communion, the authorities of the Scottish Episcopal Church assigned to one bishop the four dioceses of Ross, Moray, Argyll, and the Isles. But, a second time in the course of its history, the diocese of Argyll was to acquire an independent position through the liberality of a bishop, and the see of the Isles was to become incorporated with it.

The revived and united dioceses which now constitute the bishopric of Argyll and the Isles comprehend the shires of Argyll and Bute, a considerable portion of the county of Inverness, and the whole of the

Western Isles—extending for about two hundred and thirty miles from north to south, and about one hundred and twenty from east to west. This was a spacious territory for one bishop to have under his charge; but, alas! "Farewell to Finnery!" and "Lochaber no more!" had been the burden of the song of thousands of sad-hearted men and women who had had to leave their glens and islands, and find a home across the Atlantic, to make room for deer-forests and sheep-walks; so that of Celtic Episcopalians in this immense district, with the exceptions of Appin and Ballachulish, there were only to be found a scattered remnant under pastoral care when Alexander Ewing entered on his episcopate. What were the Bishop's own impressions as he journeyed amid the solitudes once teeming with busy life which were to be found in his diocese, the reader will learn from a future page. In the meanwhile the following extracts from his journal continue the narrative:—

"Some time (if I remember aright) in July, 1845, Bishop Low wrote to me to ask whether if the diocese of Argyll and the Isles should be severed from the diocese of Moray and Ross, and endowed by him, I would accept the nomination to the office of bishop. I replied that if duty called, I would. Some time afterwards the severance was effected, with the pecuniary arrangement that Bishop Low was to make over the episcopal income which he received from his united diocese during his lifetime to the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and settle on the latter the sum of £8,000 as an endowment on his death. Some doubts having been raised as to the legal validity of the arrangement, Bishops Skinner and Moir withheld their sanction to it. Previously, however, to any formal expression of their dissent, the Primus had issued a mandate

empowering the Dean of Argyll and the Isles to call a meeting of the clergy of the new diocese, to proceed to the election of a bishop. The meeting, accordingly, was held at Oban, in October, 1846, when the Dean proposed my name. The proposal was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Hood, of Rothesay. One rev. gentleman opposed the nomination, on the ground of my want of Gaelic; but the Dean wrote to me from Oban congratulating me on the result of the election, and inviting me to come speedily among them. In a short time afterwards, however, I was given to understand that three of the bishops declined to confirm the election, though for reasons which were not assigned, and that no consecration could take place, as the canons required the approval of a majority of bishops to render an election valid. Thus the matter stood, with endless correspondence—private and public—until the death of Bishop Moir in August, 1847, when the objecting bishops were found in a minority. Accordingly, at the annual episcopal synod in Edinburgh in the following month, my election was formally confirmed, with a protest from Bishop Skinner on the ground that there should be a new election, because the deed of endowment had not been made irrevocable before the election at Oban took place. Finding, however, that a completed deed had lain upon the table, Bishop Skinner withdrew his opposition, and intimated his desire to assist in my consecration, which was fixed to take place before the end of October. Certain of the presbyters of the diocese, being dissatisfied with the course and the result of the procedure at the general synod, and having heard of Bishop Skinner's protest, sent to him a memorial against my consecration. To their memorial Bishop Skinner returned for answer that he hoped they would have the good sense to concur in an appointment which they had themselves initiated by their own free choice. They, however, published their memorial in the *Morning Post*, whereupon Bishop Skinner wrote to me censuring their conduct in the most emphatic language. Not long after the meeting of the episcopal synod in Edinburgh, an election took place for the diocese of Brechin, rendered

vacant by the death of Bishop Moir, when the Rev. A. P. Forbes, second son of Lord Medwyn, was chosen bishop.

"On reviewing the above narrative, there is much which seems mysterious in the conduct of the presbyters. But some persons known to me went so far as to write letters to the clergy and laity of Argyll, with the intention of depreciating me in their estimation. Letters also had been received by the clergy of the diocese offering money and guaranteeing them against loss in any 'measures they should take to eject Mr. Ewing.' One of these was to the effect that a Gaelic-speaking clergyman was the only proper person for the episcopate of Argyll; and as the recipient both understood Gaelic and aspired to the office, it was obvious what effect the letter he received was intended to produce. Another was addressed to an elderly man, believed to be an aspirant also, in which it was stated that only a person of considerable experience was fit for that office, &c., &c. These letters, doubtless, suggested the idea of the memorial to Bishop Skinner. On the other hand, I was urged to abandon my position with reference to the Scotch Communion Office, and I was pressed to commit myself in various ways. Thus matters stand at this date, October 26th, 1847. O Lord, I acknowledge my faults in what I have done amiss, and my sin is ever before me. Deal not with me after my sins, nor reward me after my iniquities. Thou hast opened me a door which no man has been able to shut. If Thou wilt allow me to go in at that door, and take my seat in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles, strengthen, settle, enligliten me, O Lord my God.

"The joint-consecration takes place on Thursday next, the Festival of St. Simon and St. Jude. May He be present and assisting, without whom we labour in vain."

"*Vigil of St. Simon and Jude, Aberdeen, October 27th,* 1847.—The last evening, in all human probability, on which I shall sign myself *presbyter* of the Scotch Episcopal Church. O Lord God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, if it be Thy will that I should be to-morrow received into the Episcopate, grant me therein pureness of heart, earnestness of purpose, love to, and faith in, Thee. Grant me to

know nothing among my people but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. Grant me never to be weary of His service, and ever to seek His things, and not my own. Bless me in my various relationships—first, and as the root of usefulness without, with my wife, children, brother, and relatives; then with my clergy; finally, with my people. Give me true love for them, and singleness of purpose in dealing with them, that I may seek not my things, but theirs. And, O blessed and Almighty God, give me whatever is wanting in me, and take away whatever is contrary to the fulfilment of Thy will. Pardon me all my past sins, and grant that, hereafter, I may serve Thee in singleness and pureness of life. Bless my friends, forgive my enemies. May I be a blessing to all—to the Scotch Episcopal Church—and to all with whom I come in contact. O deal not with me after my sins. O bless all men—renew the world—confirm thy Church. To-morrow, pour down, O pour down upon all taking part in the services of the day, and especially on me, Thy servant, and on him who likewise awaits consecration, the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Such was the spirit in which Alexander Ewing awaited his formal appointment to the charge of the diocese with which his name will for many days be associated.

The festival of St. Simon and St. Jude was set apart for the double consecration of Mr. Ewing and Mr. Forbes in the church of St. Andrew, and on that day, the 28th of October, 1847, in his native city of Aberdeen, and in presence of a large congregation, Alexander Ewing was solemnly ordained to his "good work." The Scottish prelates who officiated on the occasion were the Primus, Dr. Skinner, Bishop of Aberdeen, Dr. Terrot, Bishop of Edinburgh, and Dr. Russell, Bishop of Glasgow, and the preacher was

Dr. Charles Wordsworth, the present Bishop of St. Andrews, at that time the warden of the new college of Trinity, Glenalmond.

The sermon (from 1 Tim. iii. 2) which the warden of Trinity College delivered on the day of Bishop Ewing's consecration was entirely characteristic of the preacher. It gave token of learning, piety, emphatic Anti-Romanism, and was, moreover, pervaded by a very high tone of spiritual sentiment. Mr. Ewing was so impressed by it that it called forth from him a letter to the preacher, requesting a private perusal and permission to make a copy, if the author was not going to publish it. The letter to Mr. Wordsworth proved to be the beginning of a friendship between the writer and receiver which only deepened year by year in sincerity and confidence and cordial affection, though the friends themselves entertained very considerably divergent views on questions both of theological and of ecclesiastical polity.

"*Festival of St. Simon and Jude*, 1847.—ABERDEEN.

"Grace to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; and thanks be to Thee, O Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for Thy goodness this day. Bless me personally. Bless my diocese. Bless my old congregation. Bless my wife, children, brother, and friends. Bless all who took part in the services of to-day, and those also who were detained by necessary causes; specially my late diocesan, Bishop Low, of Moray and Ross, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"ALEXANDER EWING,

"Episcopus de Ergadiâ et Insulis."

Bishop Ewing took up his residence in his new diocese in the spring of 1848, settling down in the first instance at Rothesay, whither he migrated after

taking affectionate leave of his congregation at Forres, winding up his affairs, paying some farewell visits to friends and relations, and seeing his boys happily domiciled in Trinity College. But before accompanying the Bishop to Rothesay the reader may care to read the following notes, which were jotted down on the fly-leaves of one of his pocket-books in the interval between his consecration and his entering on the scenes of his future labours in his diocese:—

"*Predestination.*—We know nothing of the invisible beyond what is revealed. *God is revealed* as the sender of Jesus Christ to save sinners. It was not His will they should be lost. But if they would have been lost had He not sent Jesus Christ, they would have been in a condition contrary to His will. Consequently He could not predestine the loss of any, for the predestination of such a condition would have set God at variance with His own will. No doubt, therefore, states of soul do exist, such as falling away, which God morally could not predestine; but these are *negative* states, which the Divine love divinely ignores, while it can only predestine positive states, which are all good and in accordance with its own nature. Of course the puzzle is how to reconcile the truth that the love of God could only predestine results which should permanently reflect its own character, and be a ground for its complacency, with the fact that for the time that now is, there are so "many inventions," not more hostile to the welfare of man himself who found them out than they are displeasing to man's Creator and Preserver. But, perhaps, in no other way could the creature learn, than by being temporarily left to itself, that only in submission to the Divine will is any true life possible for it.

"To serve God, and in this spirit, He has set me over so many Episcopalians in Argyll and the Isles, and said, 'These are yours, but they are Mine. Keep them for My glory and make them fit for it.' And I have humbly made answer, 'When I receive the congregation, oh help

me to judge according unto right; let me not be ashamed of the *Gospel* of Christ, for *it* is thy power unto salvation.'

"*March 25th.*—My birthday. Lord pardon my sins. Bless us all. I thank thee for all thy past and present mercies. Have mercy on my dear parents and my sister.

"*March 30th.*—Busy packing, and saying good-bye, and calling on all the old servants. Made sketches of Newton and Kingillie.

"*March 31st.*—Left Newton, a sad parting. Left Inverness 10·30 A.M., reached Dunkeld 10·30 P.M. Lord, I thank Thee for all Thy mercies.

"*Perth, April 2nd.*—All able to go to service. I preached and assisted at the Holy Communion; a very happy day. I felt, the Lord be praised, the comfort and blessed meaning of the Thanksgiving Prayer in the post-Communion Service —especially of the words, 'And dost thereby assure us of thy favour and goodness towards us,' as intimating our communion with God, and giving to us the assurance of His present favour and His acceptance of us, notwithstanding our many sins and shortcomings.

"*Perth, April 3rd.*—Dined with the boys at 1·30. All well and happy, and drove back with them to Glenalmond in time for evening chapel. Much pleased with the service. There is such a sincerity and holy reverence about it.

"*Glasgow, April 5th.*—Heard of Bishop Russell's death. We had a cold, blustering sail, but reached Rothesay at five, and took up our quarters at the Bute Arms Hotel."

CHAPTER XI.

ROTHESAY—SYNOD AT OBAN—VISIT TO IONA—1848.

THE Bishop had scarcely settled down in Rothesay when the exigencies of the diocese summoned him in all directions, and he was initiated into that locomotive amphibious kind of life which must be led by every Bishop of Argyll and the Isles who simply does his duty. In the course of a few days he had gained many friends, he had answered many letters from the North, and he had made the circuit of the "little Madeira of the West Highlands" nestled amid its environment of "shaggy mountains and moaning woods." On the 13th, however, of this month we find him in Glasgow, making arrangements for the printing of some Gaelic tracts. Two days after the Bishop is in Rothesay again, having read with renewed delight on the return voyage Scott's "Lord of the Isles," in which Sir Walter has given, so to speak, a second consecration to so many places in the diocese which had received their first one from the evangelistic labours of St. Columba.

The "seal" of the monastery of Iona, which is likewise that of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, is a very beautiful one and eminently symbolic. The

figuration of it represents a solitary navigator, ploughing his way over a rough sea in a little boat which carries a single sail, and lifting up straining eyes to one bright particular star which is shining above the masthead. One cannot look at the seal without being reminded of Dante's great words, "Si segui la tua stella," or without having the conviction that in Alexander Ewing's case, as in that of his great predecessor, notwithstanding the perplexing obscurity which legend has thrown around the person and labours of St. Columba, the secret of the influence which the two men in very varying measure shed around them in their day and generation—the one doing more *extensive* the other more *intensive* work—lay simply in this fact, that with a Celtic passionateness and hunger of spirit and something like "second sight," they both strove—"wrestled," Bishop Ewing would say—to be unreservedly true to, and unhesitatingly communicative of, such light as had shone into the sanctuaries of their own souls.

No doubt the contrast is very obvious between the circumstances of the two evangelists. It is one thing, while standing on the white shining sands of Iona when a storm is raging between the little island and the red granite coast opposite of the Ross of Mull, to picture to oneself the Hibernian Scot plunging with his coracle into the foaming waters, steering for Loch na Keal and landing there, having his boat borne across the narrow waste of the island to Salen, where, re-embarking, he would traverse the treacherous sound between Mull and Morven; and quite another thing to realise to ourselves Alexander

Ewing, with steamers and other modern modes of conveyance at his command, by means of which he could visit with tolerable ease and safety the different localities of his diocese. But when one considers the "journeyings often" which, amid always uncertain health, Bishop Ewing had to undertake, the endless correspondence which his episcopate involved, and the many burdens which he "on his heart did lay" for the material as well as spiritual benefit of the Highlanders and Islanders, and besides these the spiritual fight which he maintained for light and liberty, it will, perhaps, be evident that the later messenger of God's good news had a "Catach," or "Book of Battles," to write as well as the Irish saint.

Already, on the 27th of March, Bishop Ewing had sketched out, in a letter to his excellent friend Mr. Macgregor, the banker at Fort William, a programme of his intended operations in the diocese. This programme was of a very comprehensive character, but as the Bishop was "laid up by indisposition" at the time of writing it, it might have been regarded, by those who did not know the man, as the mere day-dream of a visionary Celt; but when Alexander Ewing began his ministrations amongst his beloved Highlanders, his actual undertakings greatly exceeded in amount and variety the projects he had submitted to Mr. Macgregor. Between April and the 8th of August, on which day Bishop Ewing presided over his first diocesan synod at Oban, each day has its record of journeys, or of letters, or of meetings, or of sermons, or confirmation addresses, or of plans he is meditating, or of tracts he is writing to be translated

into Gaelic. And in the midst of all his labours he is the light and joy of his own fireside, or the most entertaining of guests in the various houses in which he ever finds a welcome reception during his wanderings, or he is writing such letters as those of which the reader will presently have a sample. Perhaps there are few who have felt more strongly than Bishop Ewing did, that in sailing from Greenock to Dunoon, and then away up through the Kyles of Bute, amid alternate cloud and sunshine, calm and storm, with the sea birds flocking around the vessel's wake, and here and there no apparent outlet for farther progress, but charming visions of well-ordered homes studding at intervals, on either hand, the track he was pursuing, he was passing through a parable of life itself. The marvel and the mystery which baffle at times the eye, with the familiar sights of the birds of the air and of human habitations planted on the everlasting hills, spoke suggestively to Bishop Ewing's inner nature, and often he would forget the symbolic voyage and all its surroundings, while absorbed in the deeper meditation of the onwards and whither of the human soul and human history.

On the 7th of May the Bishop had returned to Rothesay, but on the morning after his return came the news of the death of Alexander Fraser, of Newton. When he learned the sad intelligence he wrote the following letter:—

ROTHESAY, *Sunday.*

"MY DEAR MRS. FRASER,—I need not tell you how deeply we sympathize with you in the lamentable news which has come to you from India, in the accounts of

the departure of him, so dear to us all, from that far-away land where he was to one still farther.

"In the great mystery of creation, we must rest in the belief that, as we did not bring ourselves into existence and did not ask for birth, but were brought hither by the desire of the Creator, who willed to have beings on whom He could bestow his affections, the same Love which ushered us into Time keeps us here for a season and then takes us away. This is hard to realise, no doubt, when we think only of the *taking away of one of our number*. But are we not all taken? Some one day, some another, but all at last.

"The world of the dead is far, far greater than the world of the living, mightier and more numerous. There are all the prophets, patriarchs, apostles—all, all the human beings who have left this world since Adam died. *He* has joined that wondrous army—one day *we* shall join him.

"But nothing will enable us and you to bear so grievous, sudden, and desolating a stroke as this, but the revelation of God in Christ, which assures us that Deity is not a destroyer, that He is a Father, that *death itself is part of a system of beneficence*, and that He afflicteth not willingly nor grieveth the children of men unnecessarily. He swears that he does not! and by the crown of thorns and pierced hands and feet, by His agony and bloody sweat, Christ calls on us to believe in God, and to yield our dead to Him, with the assurance that He loves them, and is a Father to us all. O righteous Father! that we could live with Thee and look on Thee as a Father, a holy and loving Father, our own Father, and our own father's Father, and our children's Father, the Father of all—from whom we all came, to whom we all go!

"Let us look out of ourselves unto Him, and to Him in Christ on the cross, where by means of death He destroyed him that hath the *power* of death, namely, its sting and terror. For by passing through the grave and flashing the torch of His love into all its dark and horrid parts; He hath showed us that there is nothing to fear, and given us increased boldness in saying, 'When I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear nothing. Thy rod and Thy staff'—the Saviour's having been there before—'they quicken me.' Ah, to know and lean on the Good Shepherd! But it is impossible to abstract our thoughts, and it would be wrong, were it even possible, to abstract them from our loss, from the greatness of the loss—for events like this are fraught with endless lessons for 'our profit,' and in a very proper sense are to be reverently regarded by us as chastisements for our unworthiness and ingratitude. *He* is to be ever mourned as taken from our earthly company. A more genial, loving, happy spirit never filled a human form—one more deserving of or capable of calling forth our best affections. His endeavour ever was to shed happiness around him. He bore every one's burden, and never laid his own on another, striving to make life more endurable or enjoyable to all with whom he came in contact. He was generous and open-handed and unselfish. Doubtless the removal of these rare qualities is a sad loss to us—to none so much as to you!

"One thing I may be allowed to add here: if age be any criterion of the likelihood of our time of departure from the body (though how oft it is not) you are nearer to him than any of us. Oh, may we all live as we ought, and then it does not matter where or when we die! Let us live 'looking unto Jesus,' and committing all things, even our dead, especially your son and our dear brother, unto Him. Pray excuse this very hurried line, it is late, but I do not like not to write to-night. It is not long since we got the sad intelligence. I am, as well as Katherine, much in Biscoe's debt for writing to us so promptly and fully. Pray remember us to him, and dear Williamie, and all your circle, for whom and with whom we equally grieve as for and with you. The Lord's will be done!

"Most affectionately yours,

"A. EWING."

Among other friends whom he found in Rothesay, the Bishop makes special mention of Lady Sandford,

the widow of the brilliant Sir Daniel, to whose enthusiasm and attractive tuition is probably to be attributed, in the first instance, the revival of the thorough study of the Greek language which has occurred in the Northern universities. Not a few notices scattered up and down the Bishop's diary relate to the delightful intercourse which he and Mrs. Ewing had with Lady Sandford and her daughters, not only at Rothesay, but later on, after he had settled down in his first home in Argyllshire. But the Bishop never seems to have been conscious of the trust with which he inspired other people, any more than he was of the atmosphere of light and sweetness which he shed around him—the *sense of room*, in which to breathe and expand, which he imparted to all capable persons with whom he was brought into converse. A man not at all given to enthusiasms, and who had no special reasons, personal or theological, for speaking as he did, volunteered the statement that in society Bishop Ewing was simply fascinating; that while apparently only anxious to draw out what was in the listener, or listeners, he kept pouring out the riches of his memory, his imagination, his spiritual experience, and at times of his quite *killing* humour, till, wholly undreamt of by himself, he was recognised as the presiding presence of the hour. But his true life was hid in God, and the outcome of it was so self-forgetful, so cordial, so ingenuous, so aggressive upon the confidence of all who craved for genuine sympathy, that good men and women trusted him as with an instinct which they felt sure could not mislead them. One lady who had

known him for many years remarked, "I could have told that man of God, who seemed to know me better far than I knew myself, things which I could not have spoken of to my own mother. He gave the sense of a strength of will, a nobleness of purpose purified, and hardened as by fire, and of a more than womanly sympathy such as I had never experienced before. To meet him always gave me occasion to say to myself, 'how Christ-like that man is!' After these words, the entry in the Bishop's diary for the 12th day of this month will be better understood: "I accompanied Lady Sandford to the grave of her husband."

The Bishop left Rothesay on the 17th of May, several friends "accompanying him to the ship," which was to carry him to Ardrishaig, situated at the south-eastern extremity of the Crinan Canal, and distant about two miles from Lochgilphead. From Ardrishaig, after preaching on two successive Sundays, and on the second one to a large congregation at Lochgilphead, working at "the Gaelic tracts," and making a number of calls at the homes of rich and poor, the Bishop started northwards by the Crinan Canal on the 29th, and at one A.M. next morning found himself in the lovely bay of Oban. It was in the sweetness and stillness of a delicious summer evening that Bishop Ewing embarked on board the *Cygnet* steamer, and began his journey through the Crinan Canal. Soon after leaving Ardrishaig he might notice on the right a clump of trees, amid which, one day, his future home of Bishopston, with its adjoining church, was to rise; and on issuing from the canal he passed the picturesque castle of Duntroon, also on

DUNTROON.

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the right hand of the northward voyager, which loomed dimly in the twilight, while the waves of the Crinan Bay broke in lines of silver foam at the foot of the jutting crag on which it stands, and the rugged hills which stretched away behind seemed to throw over it the shadow of their protection.

Duntroon Castle is one of the most exquisite centres of scenery in Argyllshire. To stand, for instance, on one of the heights in the neighbourhood at the close of a long summer day, when the sun is setting over Corryvrechan between the isles of Scarba and Jura, and a long level pathway of glorious light is stretching over a full flood-tide until it kisses the shore at your feet, is a dream-picture which photographs itself indelibly on the memory. However, Duntroon Castle, and the many other salient points of view which strike the traveller between Crinan and Oban, have been thus specially alluded to because the castle itself became the home of the Bishop for a time.

Bishop Ewing knew Tennyson's "In Memoriam" well-nigh by heart, and, perhaps, few of the readers of that wondrous song of the affections and of the faith which triumphs over sorrow and death, and lives on in the assurance that love never faileth, were so appreciative of the various qualities revealed in it—the subtlety, the suggestiveness, the humility, the philosophic grasp, the courage which grapples with all the problems which are knocking at the heart of humanity. But there is one line in it with which he could not sympathize—"More than my brothers are to me." Bishop Ewing's love for his brother was simply an essential element of his inmost life; and, like every true and

pure affection, instead of narrowing the range of his sympathies with the world at large, or weakening the strength of the attachment which bound him to the wife and children whom God had given him, it seemed only to enable him to be more liberal and cordial and true in all other relationships. With his brother his communion was that of heart to heart all through his life. His joys were only half-gladness until shared by him, and the assurance of his brother's sympathy was a strength in all times of trouble, and mitigated not a little even the severity of the great sorrow which, some eight years after this date, broke in upon "the dream of his life," and left his heart and home desolate. In this case "brothers were brothers evermore," and however high the estimate of the Bishop's varied excellencies, of his courageous trueness, his outflowing sympathy, and his habitual godliness may have been amongst his outside acquaintances, it fell far short of the impression which remains with him who was the companion of his boyhood, and to whom he was "the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes."

And here, before introducing the first of the many letters in this volume addressed by the Bishop to his brother, may appropriately be inserted the dedication of one of the volumes of the "Present Day Papers," published by Dr. Ewing in his later years:—

"Joanni Ewing, armigero,
Optimo fratrum et carissimo
Pietatis fraternæ et amoris
Testimonium, Heu parvum!
Hasce primitias studiorum

Consecrat
Auctor.

Sic scripserat
Annos abhinc quinquaginta quinque
Alexander Ewing.
Amore ductus erga Joannem
Fratrem unicum.
Ecce ἀντίδωρον!
Ejusdem Alexandri fratris filius
Joanni alteri optimo et carissimo
Hunce nunc dedicat libellum
Alexander alter et frater unicus;
Ne testimonium desit utcunque parvum,
Fraternæ caritatis exemplum,
Quod a prioribus acceperat,
Se non modo in præsens colère velle,
Sed etiam posteris tradere."

OBAN, *June 5th*, 1848.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Although I have a half sort of notion that you may come by the steamboat to-night, I write in case you do not come. We have just returned after a long day spent at Barcaldine. The weather was lovely, our friends very kind, sending their carriage to Connal Ferry to meet us; but, above all, the scenery is so splendid that I can only say I had no conception till now of the magnificence of Scotland. When we left Oban we had to drive over a ridge from which, in looking back, we had a beautiful view of the town, the bay, and islands, not very different from multitudes of the same kind of views we have all along the western coast; but after crossing a moor for a mile or two, a scene opened of quite a different character, for which we were quite unprepared. Below, on a peninsula running into Loch Etive, stood Dunstaffnage Castle, a finer and more imposing ruin than I had imagined. Around Loch Etive the Etive and the sea, and away in the distance, and far beyond anything of the sort I have seen out of Switzerland, rose and towered in heaps and masses of all sizes and colours the hills of Morven, Ben

Cruachan, and the Glen Creran Mountains, their bases covered with forests of greenwood, birch, hazel, oak, and alder, and their higher slopes with great masses of pine, which, however, gradually diminish to single clumps of solitary trees; and, above all, the mountain tops, bare, cold, and severe. Fit country and accessories for Caledonian monarchs. I do not wonder that people admire the west coast so much, or fix the ancient Scottish capital (Beregonium) on the shores of Loch Etive. I am afraid you will think I am mad about scenery, and so I am. I took my sketch-book, but could simply do nothing.

"We leave by Friday's boat for Ballachulish."

By the 18th of this month the Bishop, accompanied by Mrs. Ewing, had made his way to Ballachulish, and there he found the true home of his pastoral affection for all the period of his episcopate. The scenery of the neighbourhood had already aroused within him immense admiration, but the claims and character of the almost unique Episcopalian population of the district touched his heart still more profoundly. His intercourse with Mr. Stuart of Ballachulish and the ladies of the house, who all proved devoted friends, and with the slate quarrymen whom he met on the roads, or at whose houses he visited, supplied a great additional source of gratification.

By the 21st of July the Bishop had returned to Oban, and from that date until the 8th of August he was mainly occupied with preparations for the first synod of the revived diocese of Argyll and the Isles. On the 7th the clergy and laity had arrived, and among the latter were the present Earl of Glasgow, Sir James Riddell, Mr. Campbell of Auchindarroch, Mr. Stuart of Ardshiel, and others. On the 8th the service began

at eleven A.M. in the Masonic Hall, the Dean reading prayers in English, and Mr. Mackenzie, of Ballachulish, reading the lessons in Gaelic.

The Charge which the Bishop delivered on the occasion has been preserved, and is altogether admirable in its simplicity, fidelity, and charity, while the whole is pervaded by a profound piety which could not conceal itself. Bishop Ewing throughout the whole charge speaks straight home to the hearts and consciences of his clergy. He asks them, as long ago he had asked himself, whether meeting as they did for the work of God, "their objects and intentions in entering, or in continuing in, the ministry were the same as those of God," for "His purpose is the promotion of His own glory by the more abundant salvation of men," and such labourers only as are endeavouring to bring about the fulfilment of that purpose are really called or accepted by Him. The Bishop's language is quite pathetic as he pleads with his brethren on this great subject. The Church is ordained to be the witness and the agent of the salvation of the world out of its ignorance, its misery, its sin, and the man who has become one of her ministers without having solemnly consecrated himself to the futherance of these great ends "is where, simply, he ought not to be." No mere outward ordination, and no "particular instrumentality," however far back its antecedents may reach, can supply the place of intelligent and cordial devotion to the welfare of the human family whom Christ came to redeem. "We are hirelings," adds the Bishop, "unless we can say with Calvin, 'We

have the witness of a good conscience that neither from avarice, nor ambition, nor from any other carnal desire, but only from unfeigned reverence towards God, and zeal for the edifying of his Church, we have accepted the trust which was offered to us.'" That trust, according to the Bishop, is the message that "God is in Christ, reconciling a guilty world unto himself;" but if we do not know this blessed truth for ourselves, if we have had no experience of its power and nature, "if we have seen and heard nothing of its efficacy, then we cannot speak of what we have seen and heard."

Having treated of the inward calling to the ministry, and of the glorious message which the ministry had to announce to the world, the Bishop turns aside for a moment to consider the ecclesiastical and theological condition of Scotland at the time. He would neither "praise unconditionally the faith and labours of the Presbyterian communities, which regard for his views of the truth would prevent; nor would he censure them unconditionally, which respect for them and dread to sin against the Holy Ghost would equally forbid;" but he is persuaded that if the Scottish Episcopal Church "only knew the day of her visitation," she could "easily show herself to be a sanctuary within which shelter could be found from party quarrels and *causeless* strife," and might by her "holy doctrine," leading to "devout repose in the love of God," draw within her pale the great bulk of the population in the northern portion of the United Kingdom, a "devout consummation," to which the Scottish Episcopal Church has hitherto shown herself supremely indifferent.

Already Bishop Ewing had begun a fund, the "Highland and Island Episcopal Fund," for the procuring of the many instrumentalities which were required for his diocese. There were wanted additional pastors, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, churches, parsonages, school-houses, Gaelic Bibles and Prayer Books. But the clergy of Argyll and the Isles could scarcely fail to learn from the allusion he now made to this scheme, that their Bishop had come among them, not at all from merely fantastic or ornamental purposes, but for solid work—"the work of God"—had come with the burning desire and in the hope of "restoring and bringing back the sheep which had been scattered on the mountains in the dark and cloudy day."

Doubtless, if Alexander Ewing had only had leisure or health to acquire Gaelic as he mastered Italian, far richer spiritual results might have flowed from his life and labours among the Highlanders. Unacquainted with the Celtic language, except in a few phrases, as he was, he still succeeded in winning the sympathy, the confidence, the affection, and the reverence of the "common people" submitted to his care; had he been master of the Gaelic, the whole district of Argyll and the Isles would have "heard him gladly."

After the delivery of the charge the synod adjourned to the island of Iona. The Bishop made his way on the morrow in the steamer from Oban, amid "a crowd of tourists." In the course of the voyage he wrote the sermon which he preached on the memorable occasion. The majority of the clergy started on the pre-

vious evening at a very late hour in the yacht of the Hon. G. F. Boyle—with not too much room to spare, for some of the voyagers could only find accommodation under the table of the little cabin, and others had to remain on deck all night, making themselves as comfortable as they could in a roughish sea off the coast of Mull, seated on upturned buckets or other available appliances. However, all mustered in the morning, reverent in demeanour, if not looking exactly refreshed by the night's experience, for the service which was held before breakfast; and the voyage was accomplished so successfully that the yacht party landed in good time for the gathering in the cathedral. But what a place that was in which to hold a synod of Argyll and the Isles! It is true that the cathedral dates only from a time long posterior to that of St. Columba, but it probably occupies the site of the sanctuary before the altar of which the great apostle, "having risen from his couch at the sound of the midnight bell for the nocturnal office, yielded up his soul on the 9th of June, 597, and in the seventy-sixth year of his age, in presence of his bewildered and sorrow-stricken 'children.'" At all events the synod of the Isles had assembled now amid the *natural* surroundings which St. Columba had consecrated by his tears, his prayers, his charity, and his indomitable energy, and the Bishop, who had already made the marvellous story of Iona his own, had caught to the full the inspiration of the situation.

The text selected for the "subject of his discourse" was from St. John's Gospel i, 29: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

The earlier portion of the sermon would have been suitable for almost any occasion, but even in this section of it there occurs one of Bishop Ewing's unique modes of expression, and this is when he asks the question, "Does sin cover the universe as with a cloud because of your guiltiness?" and makes answer, "Behold the Lamb roll away that cloud, *keeping it back with his Cross*, and turning His face upon you, radiantly, gloriously, declaring your iniquities shall be no more remembered, and bidding you go and sin no more."

Towards the close the Bishop addresses himself to the consideration of the holy memories which clung round the scene of their present assembly, and of the lessons which Iona had to teach in her rise and progress, and not less in her decline and fall; and he thus speaks:—

"Here, my brethren, where for so long a time and from so remote a period the Gospel sounded forth, it is sad to hear but the wild bird's cry and the moan of the sullen wave. Preached and sung, the name of Jesus brought peoples and tongues and kings of foreign shores to worship on this distant isle; and other lands and people were brought nigh to Christ by emissaries from Iona. That time has passed. Doubtless the love which burned in the hearts of the first apostles here was replaced in their successors by a less worthy flame, till the candlestick was brought low and minished.

"Coming, as we do to-day, on a pilgrimage to the graves of our spiritual fathers, we cannot but mourn the silence and solitude of their tombs. We have come, my brethren, on a pilgrimage to Iona. A bishop of the ancient Church, yea, bishop of this diocese, a most unworthy and feeble successor of the great before him—grasping, however, the staff and using 'the seal' of Columba of the Isles—we have

come, a dean, clergy, and laity, to reverence here, at the fountain of Christianity in the West, the glory of God in His saints, humbly expecting that the same Divine power which was once so abundantly vouchsafed in this place may again be abundantly poured forth on those who are successors in the office of the glorious and mighty dead, now lying, unknown and undistinguishable, beneath our feet, but well known and, we hope and believe, gloriously manifest in the presence of God. We have come to honour God by visiting this Jerusalem which His own right hand had planted, and the vine He made so strong for Himself, to receive somewhat of the grace from above, so long, and once so abundantly, vouchsafed in this place. May we be blessed in our deed; and may the Holy Spirit, who saves not according to the works we have done, but according to His own mercy, vouchsafe to sanctify and bless us among the ruined sanctuaries of Iona.

"We are now in what was the cradle and nursing-mother of Christianity in the West. Here Columba preached and Adamnan presided. Hence Aidan, Finan, Colman, and Chad proceeded to restore and reinvigorate the apostolic line, which war had extinguished in the northern parts of England. Here the service of the Church went on, and the Word of God was heard, when the decline of the Roman Empire had all but buried both amid the ruins of civilisation. Here the flickering light of Christianity was kept alive, and faintly seen throughout the darkest ages; from whence, as from a beacon flame, the hills around became first illumined, and by them reflected, till the mainland of Europe caught the blaze, and Christianity, as it were, rekindled from Iona.

"God has removed her strength, and Iona, like her mother, Jerusalem, is in bondage with her children.

"Behold, O Lord! and visit this vine, the branch which Thou madest so strong for Thyself, and upon us, the successors and remnants of Israel, pour down of that Spirit from on high which made Israel so worthy and esteemed of old.

"Behold Iona, my brethren, and the causes which

exalted and which laid her low. She was exalted by exalting the truth, she was brought low by depressing it. She was raised from insignificance by holding forth the Lamb slain, she was restored to her natural condition by ceasing to do so—by holding forth, indeed, somewhat else. Let us ponder the cause of her exaltation, and avoid her fall.

"Secular as the words may be, world-wide as they are celebrated, we cannot conclude without repeating the so-famous words of one who was a giant in his generation, and, like ourselves, a pilgrim to Iona: 'We are now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose poetry would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.'

"And now, my brethren, farewell. Forgive the feebleness with which I have spoken—spoken where, if anywhere, a Christian and a bishop, and above all a Bishop of Iona, should scarcely have ventured to speak, save in words of inspiration. It may be that I have disturbed by my words thoughts more appropriate in the minds of those here present. If I have done so, forgive me; but it seemed to me that we could not have visited this place without some expression of our feelings as to the spot and our own relations to it. It may have been that, like Job's friends who came to him in his desolation, our true course, which was their first and best, would have been to sit down 'silent and astonied.'

"Forget what I have said, if my words disturbed more

worthy meditations, and remember Iona. Remember that He who gave to it its glory withdrew the light of His countenance, and Iona became a rock, and if He should withdraw it from ourselves we shall be left in nothingness and misery."

The service was held within the old abbey, and was the subject of a sketch in the *Illustrated Times* of the day; but so great was the bitterness displayed by certain Scotch papers, that the Duke of Argyll was moved to write to the Bishop a remonstrance on the invasion of his private property. The correspondence which ensued had an amicable conclusion, and was the commencement of an intercourse in which Bishop Ewing received many proofs of the Duke of Argyll's friendship.

After the very interesting service the Bishop returned to Oban in the steamer, passing on the voyage Staffa (which he now saw for the first time, with its wonderful caves and majestic basaltic columns), Ardnamurchan, Tobermory, Ardtornish, and Lismore, once the seat of his predecessors, and other memorable localities in the sound which separates Mull from Morven. The day, according to the Bishop, was altogether delightful.

In journeying to Iona, Bishop Ewing made the acquaintance of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, of "Essays and Reviews" celebrity; and on the return voyage of the steamer the latter, forgetful or unaware at the time of the relation of the Episcopal Church of Scotland to the great majority of the population, stood up and proposed at the crowded dinner-table a toast that he was sure would be specially acceptable to all pre-

sent, "The health of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles." The English tourists on board were, of course, ready to drink the Bishop's health; but the words of Mr. Wilson called forth from the Scottish passengers expressions and looks of utter astonishment, which for a brief space threatened to convert the dining saloon into an arena of ecclesiastical controversy, but in the end the good humour and good breeding of the majority of the voyagers prevailed.

On his return to Oban one of the Bishop's first cares was that of securing a site for a new church there. After many efforts and some disappointments a suitable site was obtained, and in due time the church was completed and consecrated; and although its dimensions are altogether inadequate to accommodate at one time the many tourists who crowd to its doors on a Sunday, it has been found to be a sanctuary of refreshment and Divine communion to hundreds, not to say thousands, and its incumbent, Mr. MacGeorge, the venerable Dean of Argyll and the Isles, has persistently endeavoured to proclaim within its walls the great truths which his loved and revered Bishop held to be of primary importance to the world—the Fatherhood of God and the redemption of mankind.

But the Bishop had been making rather too heavy demands on his health and strength, and on Sunday, the 20th of this month, he was "ill and not able to go to church." There was, however, no lack of clergymen in Oban at the time to take the duty which the Bishop had imposed on himself, and two of these, whose names are not likely to be soon forgotten in English ecclesiastical history, conducted the morn-

ing service—prayers being read by the present Master of Baliol, and the sermon being preached by the present Dean of Westminster.

The impression which Bishop Ewing left with Mr. Stanley at the time, and which later intercourse with him only deepened, the Dean of Westminster has revealed in the following glowing words in his Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland:—

"And if we look into the wilds of the Highlands—although it is 'a far cry to Loch Awe'—we must bring out from thence one who, in all meetings of Anglican or quasi-Anglican prelates, bears witness by his very countenance and appearance to the romantic character which I have before described as the main link in the last century between the Scottish Episcopalian Church and the rest of the nation. There, in the region of Argyll and the Isles, may be seen one who has under his charge the most purely native and unalloyed specimens of hereditary Episcopalians; who, in all the graces and humours of his race, is a Celtic Scotsman to the backbone; who has always, though a Bishop, acknowledged the Christian character of his Presbyterian brethren; who, though a Dissenter, has always borne his testimony against the secularising influences of the voluntary system of which he is an unwilling victim; who has always lifted up his voice in behalf of those wider and more generous views, of which the grand old office of Episcopacy was intended to be the depositary; and to which, though it has often been unfaithful in Scotland as elsewhere, it may, through such men as those of whom I speak, render the most signal services both in their own sphere and in the Church at large."

If Dr. Stanley, with his subtle power of discrimination, recognised the intrinsic nobility and strength of moral purpose which lay beneath the humouristic and picturesque aspects of the Bishop's character, there

was probably no one among the Dean's contemporaries who set a higher value than Bishop Ewing did upon his chivalrous advocacy in the pulpit, in the press, and in Convocation of the claims of free inquiry, upon his whole-hearted toleration, and his inexorable antagonism to every endeavour to limit the liberty of the most truly catholic of all the churches of the Reformation, the Church of England.

Mr. Jowett seems to have been not less attracted by the Highland Bishop, and we shall hear ere long of his frequent visits to him; and there was a third friend to whom in this Oban time Bishop Ewing became known, and with whom a life-long intimacy was maintained—Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester. The Bishop had come down to Oban not affected with any special reverence for the Episcopal Church in Scotland—rather disposed, perhaps, to regard it as a very questionable daughter of the Reformation, with Laudian proclivities. But the Bishop of Argyll introduced himself to Dr. Sumner one afternoon, and, as the latter would often relate in later days, a ten minutes' conversation with the young prelate, who united the bearing of a Highland chieftain, and an extraordinary acquaintance with modern continental literature, with the most unmistakable tokens of ardent devotion to the great objects of the Christian ministry, completely obliterated his prejudices, and gave him an entirely new feeling of interest in the future of episcopacy in Scotland.

The fact must here be mentioned, for it has a very important bearing on the Bishop's mental development, that it was at this time that Mr. Jowett put

into his hands a copy of Mr. Myers's "Catholic Thoughts," which had been printed for private circulation.

The Bishop's diary for the rest of the summer is crowded with memoranda, mostly of the briefest character. It represents him at Oban and Lochgilphead; as journeying to Edinburgh to secure grants for his clergy and to confirm the election of Bishop Trower; as attending a meeting of council at Trinity College, Glenalmond; as back in the West Highlands, now at Oban and making the ascent of Ben Cruachan with Mr. Jowett and his Oxford friends; now at Ballachulish, where in later days he was welcomed by a quarryman with the greeting, "We always feel so strong, your righteousness, when you are among us;" now holding confirmations for the Bishop of Moray at Inverness, Dingwall, Forres, and Elgin; or paying visits at Darnaway Castle, Altyre, Pittyvaich, Newton, and Kingillie; and as always, wherever he might be, preaching on the Sunday.

CHAPTER XII.

RESIDENCE AT DUNTROON CASTLE—SCOTTISH COMMUNION OFFICE—PUBLICATION OF TRACTS. 1848.

IT was not until November that the Bishop took possession of Duntroon Castle, which had been generously placed at his disposal by the late Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, and which became his residence for the next three years. Mrs. Ewing had proceeded to the new home a few days previously, and on his arrival at Crinan, on the 14th, he was met by her and by "Grouse." "Grouse," a fine black Newfoundland, deserves a passing notice, from the mutual attachment which subsisted between him and his master, and specially in connection with the mention of Crinan. Crinan is about a mile distant from Duntroon, from which it is separated by an arm of the sea, and it was one of the peculiarities of the dog to swim frequently across in expectation of the arrival of the daily steamboat. One of the more memorable incidents in the history of the Bishop's four-footed friend should not be left untold. His master had gone from home, and the dog, missing his wonted companion, resolved to set out in search of him. Somewhere, but where it is not known, he got on board a steamer passing south

through the Crinan Canal, and although there were several stopping-places before reaching Rothesay, he remained in the boat till its arrival there, where, to his great joy, he found his master.

Shortly after his arrival at the Castle, the Bishop fitted up a room, which opened to the courtyard, as a chapel for the daily services of his household, and to fulfil the office no less as a place of public worship for the Episcopalians of the neighbourhood. Duntroon had great charms for Bishop Ewing, and he was delighted with it. It was to him a symbol of the past which he had inherited, and of the work which he had been called to do in the nineteenth century. In many respects one of the most *modern* of men, yet the olden time, and especially of the Highlands, ever lived in his heart; and it was from a feeling of appropriateness, as well as from the delight he took in the strains of the bagpipe, that he sought for an out-door servant who could, when his services were required, play the part of Piper.

But what was a winter upon the summit of a crag swept by the blasts of the Atlantic, the summer tourist will naturally ask, and how did Alexander Ewing pass his first winter there? The Bishop informs us that it was quite a fine morning on the day after his arrival, and it was pleasant to be out in the sunlight which had stolen over the hills around Kilmartin, though the trees had lost their autumn hues, and the sea looked cold, and the glory had passed away from the distant islands and headlands. A fortnight later the weather had become dismal, "the snow and sleet were dreadful,"

and on the 18th of December, while the Bishop was ploughing his way through a hurricane *en route* to Auchindarroch, "the carriage windows were blown in," sturdy old trees were falling, torn up by the roots, and it seemed as if all the fury of the elements had been let loose.

But during the winter wild the Bishop led a very busy life, and from his journal one might guess it to be the diary rather of a diligent parish clergyman than

THE BISHOP IN HIS CARRIAGE.

that of an ecclesiastical dignitary. He was visiting the humbler members of his communion, he was holding services at Lochgilphead, at Duntroon, and in the school-house at Kilmartin, writing many new sermons week after week, and preparing candidates, who were afterwards to be confirmed by himself.

Here are a few jottings from the diary of this time:—

"*Dec. 20th.*—Drove with Katherine to meet the boys at Ardrishaig. Found them well, thank God!

"*Dec.* 22*nd.*—Preparing sermon for Christmas. Read Arnold's "History of Rome" to the boys in the evening.

"*Dec.* 25*th.*—Christmas-day, glory to God! Read prayers and preached at Lochgilphead, from the words, Heb. i. 1: 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.' About thirty communicants . . . All of us well, thank God!'

"*Dec.* 30*th.*—Visited the school with Mr. Malcolm. Sad news—very saddening in the midst of our 'merry Christmas' and hopes of a 'happy new year'—Major Stewart died on Christmas-day. K. much affected."

Major Ludovick Stewart, a perfect specimen of the Highland gentleman, had thrown himself with great enthusiasm into the Free Kirk movement. He was a representative elder in several of the Free Kirk assemblies, and there are not a few survivors of a former generation who can easily recall his portly figure and handsome countenance in the annual gatherings of the Disruption Convocation. In a letter to his brother the Bishop thus speaks of him:—

DUNTROON, *January* 7th, 1849.

"MY DEAR JOHN,— . . . Poor Major Stewart! essentially a man, in all the heights and depths of the word; enjoying society and men of all varieties; kind, and seeking the welfare of all. How vivid a remembrance he leaves behind him, and how true and real, therefore, his character! I can hardly realise that he, with his upright, manly, and soldierly form, his hair brushed back from the forehead, his swinging hands and arms, blue bonnet, and spurs, his flageolet, coach-horn, hammer and nails, has gone—that he, so far as our senses are concerned, has vanished into nothing, and is nowhere now, save in the memories of those who knew and loved him. 'Thou foldest them up as a garment; they pass away, but Thou remainest;' and in Him is all of Major Stewart which was imperishable, and which

we shall find *there* in *that* day. Mrs. Stewart, I believe, bears up wonderfully well. The tree had been falling for so long that she was in part prepared for the shock when it actually touched the ground. He had not been *her* Major Stewart for nearly two years. And thus fades away one, among others, associated with the earlier and fresher chapters of our lives. Who can tell how many chapters yet remain? 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' . . . I am sorry to learn there is no hope of seeing you before midsummer. .

On the 31st of December occurs the following entry:—

"Drove to Lochgilphead, officiated at morning service, preached from the Song of Simeon, so applicable to ourselves, 'a light to lighten the Gentiles.' Service here in the evening. Thus endeth the old year. O Lord, I thank Thee for Thy manifold mercies and longsuffering in the year that is past. Here we are all in good health and happiness, John at Oxford, and the Church in fair prosperity. O Lord, undertake for us in the year to come! Deliver us from all evil, and grant us, if it be Thy will, to be united under one roof again in health and peace this time next year; and give us, above all, spiritual blessings for Christ's sake, for whose sake also forgive us all the sins of the past year."

The Bishop entered on the new year with a good courage, happy in having his boys with him home from school, and with a fair measure of health and strength, such as enabled him to enjoy in the bright, calm, frosty weather, a "long and healthful walk along the cliffs," and to spend the first Sunday of January in the way thus recorded:—

"*Jan. 7th.*—Read and expounded to the household at Kilmartin. Service at 11·30 in the schoolroom. Home after luncheon, and service in the evening here.

"*Jan.* 8*th.*—In bed, read the Duke of Argyll's essay on the 'Ecclesiastical History of Scotland.' I can see nothing in it for which to excommunicate him."

In order to make this curt criticism of the Bishop's intelligible, it is perhaps necessary to state, that after the publication of the very able "Essay" of the Duke of Argyll "on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," his Grace received the Holy Communion in a Scottish Episcopalian Church at Paisley—a fact which, of itself, was sufficient to indicate that, though the Duke was a Presbyterian by conviction as well as by descent, he did not bracket the modern Scottish Episcopacy with the fierce fanaticism which made Scotland, for some eight-and-thirty years, "a field of blood," because Presbyterianism was not, it was alleged, a religion fit for a gentleman. Moreover, in his essay the Duke had said, in express terms, that "considered as a branch of the Church of England, which gradually and by legitimate means had successfully struck root in Scotland, the Episcopal Church in Scotland was strongly entitled to sincere respect." But neither the carefulness of his Grace to make patent his discrimination between the "black prelacy" of the olden time, and the Episcopacy which had been, or still was, honoured by possessing among its dignitaries such men as Bishop Jolly, Bishop Terrot, and others, nor the act of communicating with his Episcopalian brethren, were sufficient to assure Dr. Trower, then Bishop of Glasgow, that it was not his duty to write to his Grace and beg him to "abstain from presenting himself at the Holy Communion either at Paisley or at any other church in his diocese." The Bishop of

Argyll held that the action of his southern brother was, to say the least, uncalled for.

It is refreshing to turn from an event like this to the domestic incidents chronicled in Bishop Ewing's diary:—

"*Jan.* 11*th.*—Unpacking minerals, and explaining their properties to the boys.

"*Jan.* 12*th.*—Read Tennyson aloud in the evening.

"*Jan.* 13*th.*—Played with the children at historical cards. Read Carlyle.

"*Jan.* 14*th.*—Wrote to Dr. Tait."

This is the first time mention is made of the name of the present Archbishop of Canterbury in the manuscripts of Bishop Ewing, but the letter which was addressed to the head master of Rugby has disappeared. The next letter which the Bishop of Argyll sent to Dr. Tait was when the latter had become Bishop of London, and from the date of its reception down to the close of Bishop Ewing's life all his correspondence with the present Archbishop of Canterbury has been preserved, and contains a treasury of the expression of spontaneous trust, humour, affection, public spirit, and piety. Indeed Archbishop Tait has himself said, that of all the letters he ever received, none came up in their unique charm and raciness to those of Alexander Ewing.

About this time the Bishop received a communication from some members of the congregation at Dunoon, complaining of his refusal to allow in the church there the use of the Scottish Communion Office, and supplicating a reversal of his verdict.

Bishop Ewing had already given to the world the

expression of his opinion that the Scottish Office was identical in doctrine with the Anglican, though it differed from it in phraseology and in its arrangement of the several portions of the service. He had contended that the substantial unification of the northern and southern episcopate by legislative enactment had proclaimed the Scottish Communion Office to be a formulary which nowise precluded the Church which had it in use from being cordially recognised as a legitimate sister in the faith by the great daughter of the Reformation, the Church of England. And accordingly Bishop Ewing, in the answer he now gave to the complainants, had, first of all, to free himself from the charge of inconsistency. The following is the substance of the reply:—

"If you individually and collectively are convinced that unless you were permitted the use of the Scottish Office in the administration of the Lord's Supper your moral sense would become blunted and your loyalty to the Ten Commandments would become treacherous, by all means, as anything is better than sin, use the office. But surely the English office is not exactly 'a minister of sin.' It invites only those to a participation of the Holy Sacrament 'who truly and earnestly repent them of their sins, and are in love and charity with their neighbours, and intend to lead a new life, following in the commandments of God, and walking henceforth in his holy ways.' Can, or does, the Scottish Office make a profounder demand on the heart and conscience than the Anglican?—which, moreover, by our acceptance of ecclesiastical incorporation, we have acknowledged to the world to be perfectly an exponent of our beliefs and aspirations. Can the human soul in its moods of widest trust imagine a boon greater than is recorded in the words of the Anglican Service, which the Scottish one has only adopted, that 'Christ by the one

oblation of himself once offered has made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction *for the sins of the whole world?'* Or is any incentive to be found in the Scottish Office greater than that which is contained in the words which, be it remarked, the Scottish Office adopts, that in all our attempts at 'good works' we are treading in ways which our Heavenly Father has 'prepared for us to walk in'? If you will show me the passages of the Scottish Office which tend 'by obligation' and natural and obvious construction to make the users of it more childlike men in love of truth, and life-long devotion to the highest interests of their brethren, I will reconsider my judgment."

Moreover, he was constrained to call the attention of the remonstrants to the fact that the Scottish Communion Office had lately been converted into a shibboleth by a certain party in the Church, who read into the service a meaning which Laud himself in his answers to the charges of the Scottish Commissioners emphatically disclaimed; and he believed that in the interests of peace and charity he was bound to interdict the use of an office which was either to the complainants the symbol of teaching at variance with the recognised articles of the Church, or, if it taught nothing essentially distinctive, would by its marked introduction in existing circumstances be only a stone of stumbling. The Scottish Service Book, of which the Scottish Communion Office forms a part, was enjoined upon the Scottish nation by Charles I., but the book itself was drawn up by Scottish bishops; and although Archbishop Laud finally gave it his approval, and probably revised some of its details or expressions, yet his primary advice was that the English service, and

it alone, should be used in Scotland. No doubt, accordingly, a *quasi*-national sentiment was consulted in the introduction of the Scottish Liturgy. But, unfortunately for its acceptability, the arrangement of various portions of it, especially in that relating to the celebration of the Holy Communion, differed from the English one; phrases were introduced in it which were not to be found in the Anglican; and as the arrangement and the phrases seemed to savour of Popery, the Scottish people were rendered suspicious, and then roused to stubborn rebellion, the first material and somewhat emphatic expression of which was announced to the world when Jenny Geddes in St. Giles's Church hurled her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh on his giving out "the collect for the day." Whether the English Liturgy would have fared any better is a question on which two opinions might be held; but so far as any service book was concerned, "*the lesson* for the day," as the Duke of Argyll designates, the tumultuary proceedings in St. Giles's Church, was a very conclusive one. *Read* prayers ceased out of Scotland for many a long year. Even during the dark and troublous times of the Covenanters, the Episcopalian clergy, though the ministers of an Established Church, never used a book for prayer; and Sir Walter Scott was a trifle oblivious when, in his great novel of "Old Mortality," he represents Harry Morton as reading out of the same Prayer Book with Edith Bellenden. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the exception of the short time during which the Princess

Anne was on a visit to Edinburgh with her father, that book-prayers were offered up in any church or chapel in Scotland.

Before the end of the first month of the year 1849, tidings came to Duntroon Castle which occasioned in the hearts of the Bishop and Mrs. Ewing a fresh sorrow. Mrs. Fraser of Newton, who had been a second mother to Mrs. Ewing, with whom indeed Katherine Stewart had passed her earlier years, sank suddenly under the effects of a surgical operation. What Mrs. Fraser had been to all who knew her, what especially she had been to the inner circle of relations whom she had gladdened and made strong by the abiding sunshine of her gentleness and goodness, the following letter to her son-in-law, Mr. Biscoe, the husband of the Miss Fraser who was the companion of the Ewings for so many months in Italy, will indicate:—

DUNTROON, *January 29th*, 1849.

"MY DEAR BISCOE,—I must indeed condole with you and yours on the loss we have all sustained. It did not seem as if we were about to lose her, and, humanly speaking, it was by an accident that her life was taken from us. She did not waste away, and go slowly out and die in an insensible dream, but, bright and active and cheerful as she always was, she suddenly turned her face away and departed. To us the suddenness of her departure has given a sharper pang, but yet has left us a less painful remembrance, in many respects, than if she had faded away by slow decay. I will not repeat here the commonplaces of consolation. Her own phrase, 'leaning on God,' supplies the best summary of her whole life. She died amongst her own people, surrounded by her own children and her own things, in the house to which she came at her marriage, where she had nourished

and brought up her children, and where she had lived many years of happy wedded life. At her own fireside and among her own people she 'bowed down and died.' And as we have all a course to run, we cannot but say it was merciful that, having run her course, she died as she did, where she had lived so long, well-known, and so much respected. For many will grieve at her death. Certainly her mere outside acquaintances will do so, and the neighbours of the county, to whom she was ever most neighbourly and courteous, and for whom she kept an open and abundant hospitality, without show or pretence, yet rich in heart as in provision. But those who, like my own wife and so many others—connections of all sorts—were brought up and provided for, and supplied with all they wanted from her motherly fulness—these will specially mourn, as I have evidence in Katherine here, who is all but inconsolable at her death. In this selfish and cold world, it is a sad and real loss when one who thought so little of herself and so much of others is withdrawn. I feel her loss most deeply, and shall feel it more and more, for day by day how many little incidents in her history will return and bring back the memory of her everflowing and overflowing kindness."

Two of the tracts which Bishop Ewing had projected in the first days of his episcopate were now in circulation throughout the diocese, as pastoral letters, both in English and Gaelic. The first tract contains an able statement of the position and history of the Scottish Episcopal Church, with especial reference to the past of Argyll and the Isles, while at the outset the Bishop is careful to impress upon his readers the fact that he and his flock are members of a *Protestant* and *Reformed* Communion. Within the narrow compass of a very few pages, Bishop Ewing succeeded in supplying so much information as would enable the least-instructed Episcopalians of his diocese to

think with some intelligence of the various phases through which the Church had passed since the days of St. Columba, and in so clearly enunciating the principles which distinguish Episcopacy from Presbyterianism or Independency on the one hand, and the Papal system on the other, that no member of his flock after reading the tract could be at a loss in answering the question, "Why are you an Episcopalian?"

The second tract, entitled "Justification by Faith," embodies the substance of the sermon with the same title preached at Forres. But the Bishop has himself been growing in the inner life, and the tract reveals his spiritual advancement. There is advancement indicated in the profounder recognition, first of all, that all truth which comes from a God who only lives to love must tend directly to awaken, to deepen, and to sustain the life of love in the soul of man; secondly, that the *ethical* perceptions of the heart and conscience are not sufficient of themselves to insure abiding obedience to the claims of duty without a motive which is adequate to convert moral recognition into religious obligation; and, thirdly, that this motive is abundantly provided by the revelation of the kindness of God towards us in Christ Jesus. "*His* forgiveness to a guilty creature is the efficient of a new life. It is seen to be a law of the highest order;" and under the sense of the mercies of God imparted to the soul by the soft dews of the pitifulness, the tenderness, of our incarnate Redeemer, the man in whom that sense has been awakened becomes altogether a new creature. "To see God,"

writes the Bishop, "as He is, reconciling the world unto Himself, is the *only efficient of morality*." There is almost a stroke of the Bishop's humour towards the conclusion of his letter in the sentence in which he says, "When so many are employed in guarding the bulwarks and defences of Sion, *suffer at least one labourer to attend to the provisions of the host*."

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO CAMPBELTOWN.—MISSION OF MR. PALMER—CUMBRAE COLLEGE—GORHAM JUDGMENT. 1849—1851.

JANUARY has given place to June by the time that we catch the next glimpse of the Bishop in his diary, and we then find him visiting a portion of his diocese which as yet, apparently, he had not seen before—the district of Cantire, which is seen stretching away on the left hand as the voyager emerges from the Sound of Bute into Loch Fyne, when travelling northwards in the direction of Ardrishaig. At Campbeltown, the chief centre of population in the peninsula of Cantire, containing a population of some six thousand souls, there is an Episcopal congregation, and there on the 18th of June the Bishop was presiding at a meeting, which proved to be both a long and tedious one, lasting nearly half the day. Before the meeting he had been received at Torrisdale with a warm welcome, leaving it, as was usual with him, "with much regret," while he found on the 19th a not less refreshing rendezvous at Stonefield, where he spent "a very pleasant evening."

A very favourite drive of the Bishop was along the

road which stretched between Lochgilphead and Stonefield, and while the many combinations of picturesque beauty which it presented awoke always new admiration in him, one of its chief attractions consisted in the opportunity it afforded him of watching the gannets soaring up to a great height in mid-air, and striking boldly down into the sea. With a child's innocent delight, and as if thinking aloud, Bishop Ewing would give utterance on such occasions in presence of his chance companions to sentiments of admiration when observing any of the aspects of animate or inanimate nature which specially touched his heart and imagination, though indeed in strict speech it might be said that all nature was for him a perpetual wonderland.

It was because all nature was so parabolic to Dr. Ewing that the sight of "the meanest flower that blows" was suggestive to him not only of aspiration, but of repentance. The counsel of Schiller, contained in the elegiac couplet which may be thus literally rendered—

"Seekest thou the highest, the greatest? Go to the lily to teach thee:
What it willingless is, *that* thou by willing must be"—

was not needed by Dr. Ewing, for what Dr. Macleod Campbell terms the "prior revelation in nature" to which Christ himself so emphatically appeals, as witnessing to the mind and purpose of our Heavenly Father, was from his very earliest days an "open secret" to him.

The question of the admission of the laity into synods was one which greatly interested Bishop Ewing. Three years later the very remarkable

letter of Mr. Gladstone to the Primus, "On the Functions of Laymen in the Church," roused the attention of both clergy and laity generally to the subject. But Dr. Ewing had already quite independently formed his own conclusions, and he was now, July 1st, sketching the outlines of a pamphlet on the desirableness of admitting the laity to a very considerable share in synodical deliberations—a pamphlet which in its completed form appeared in 1870.

In the course of this month the Bishop again made Rothesay his head-quarters for a season, and there, on the 29th, as he records amid expressions of profoundest piety and thanksgiving, was born his fifth child, a son, who in due time was christened "Samuel, in fulfilment of a vow."

But the heart of the Bishop had been greatly exercised by anxiety about Mrs. Ewing herself, and, perhaps, nowhere in all his journals is there a more touching revelation at once of his passionate devotion to the wife of his youth, or of his habit of pouring out his inmost soul to God in prayer. Yet, amid his grave anxieties and watchings he was able to overtake a very considerable amount of correspondence, and prepare his statement for the approaching synod. It was very remarkable that with his extraordinary capacity of suffering, and when suffering in his affections with the keenest anguish, he could at once conceal his feelings from the outside world and, unless when his own health failed him, keep up persistently and calmly the threads of the multifarious labours in which he was engaged. It is only a very few who can at once "suffer and be strong." The

following are a few of the "suspiria de profundis" found in the Bishop's journal of this date:—

"'Lord Jesus! born of a woman, help this, Thy servant; save her—heal her. Deal not with us after our sins, neither reward us after our iniquities.' 'O Lord Jesus, help me—help her! Oh, deal not with me after my sins!' *August 3rd*, 11 P.M.—I thank Thee, O God! We praise Thee—we bless Thee—we acknowledge Thee. *August 5th.* —Offered thanksgiving in church for K. O Lord! complete thy good work of her recovery, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The second synod of Argyll and the Isles was held at Rothesay on the 8th of August, and among other matters which engaged its attention was an appeal addressed by the Rev. W. Palmer to all the diocesan synods of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Some short statement of the facts which originated the appeal is necessary for understanding the action taken by Bishop Ewing in the matter.

Mr. Palmer was a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and as the conditions are various on which, according to the will of the founder, fellowships may be held, he chose the one which required that the holder should make himself specially acquainted with the condition of various branches of the Church Catholic. Instead of being contented with second-hand knowledge, Mr. Palmer resolved to see with his own eyes how the brethren of the common faith were faring in other lands; and after spending some considerable time in France and among the Waldenses, he repaired to St. Petersburg. At the time of Mr. Palmer's visit, a Russian lady, staying at Geneva, had there become acquainted with an English chaplain of Low Church principles, by whom she was *converted*

to the English Church. A good deal of sensation was caused at St. Petersburg by the lady's apostacy; and Mr. Palmer was called upon to explain how it was that one of his clerical brethren could find it possible, in consistency with the principles of intercommunion between the Russian and Anglican Churches advocated by him, to receive a member of the former as a *convert*. Mr. Palmer in reply maintained that the "reception" alleged by the lady was an unauthorised act of an individual chaplain, and quite contrary to the principles of the Church of England, which had never excommunicated the Eastern Church nor pretended to convert its members. This answer was not satisfactory. It was only the *opinion* of one man, while there had to be set over against it the *act* of another who held, moreover, a place of responsibility in the Anglican Church, to which Mr. Palmer could lay no claim. Higher authority must be produced, and, urged by the lady's husband, who implored him to endeavour to obtain it, and to do what he could to win back the apostate lady, Mr. Palmer undertook to communicate by letter with a variety of Anglican dignitaries. Among others he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield. The Archbishop maintained a discreet silence, and took no notice of Mr. Palmer's letter; but the Bishop of London was not so reticent, and he sent the following wise and temperate answer:—

"If a person of good life and conversation presents himself to a clergyman of the Church of England, declaring his assent to the doctrines of that Church, and desiring

to be admitted as a communicant, I conceive that it is the duty of that clergyman to admit him. Whether he is a convert from any other Church or not, is a question which concerns the conscience of the party himself; but which the clergyman admitting him to communion is not called upon to determine. We have no authorised form for receiving persons who desire to quit another Church and to become members of ours; although a form was prepared in 1714, for the admission of converts from the Church of Rome and such as shall renounce her errors, which form has of late been used only in the case of priests abjuring the errors of the Church of Rome. Whether the Greek Church teaches doctrines which disqualify those who hold them from communicating in our Church, is a question which I do not feel it necessary to decide."

Mr. Palmer meanwhile had been to Paris, had seen the lady in question, and had there also received letters commendatory to all orthodox and catholic bishops from Bishop Luscombe. It was now the turn of the Russian Church to take action, and on Mr. Palmer's reappearing at St. Petersburg as a would-be communicant, he was told that "as the British Church has never yet, by any synodal act, expressed her purpose of restoring that union with our Catholic Church which she *has lost* by disavowing all dogmas contrary to our orthodox confession, the Holy Synod could not admit the petitioner to the communion of the Church otherwise than by a rite prescribed for converts from heresy." Moreover, inasmuch as upon examination the Russian Church found against the Anglican ninety-two counts of heresy, forty-four relating to doctrine and forty-eight to discipline, Mr. Palmer was refused admission to the sacraments unless he consented to

pronounce anathema against these. Mr. Palmer complied with these requisitions, but the Russian clergy were not satisfied, and he applied to Bishop Luscombe, who, feeling the force of the Russian objection that a single bishop could not, without a special commission, authoritatively represent the mind of the Church to which he belonged, entrusted Mr. Palmer with a second mission—that of submitting his difficulties to the Scottish Episcopal Church, from which Bishop Luscombe had derived his own Episcopal ordination.

Mr. Palmer repaired to Scotland, and knocked unweariedly at the doors of all the diocesan synods in succession; but only the synods of St. Andrew's and Moray entertained the opinion that his appeal demanded deliberate consideration. The synod of Argyll and the Isles temperately but decisively repudiated it, and the synod of Edinburgh finally extinguished Mr. Palmer's endeavours to obtain in Scotland a confirmation of the "damnatory clauses."

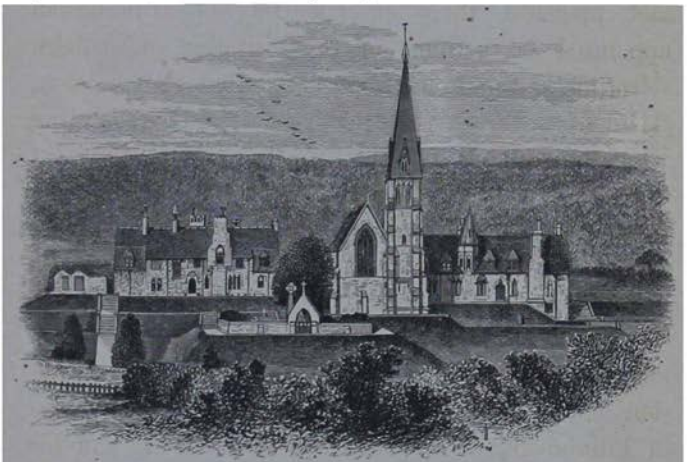
Extracts from Bishop Ewing's diary:—

"*July 3rd.*—Mr. Palmer, of Magdalen College, Oxford, arrived to-day. Sat up talking with him till very late.

"*August 8th.*—Synod at Rothesay, voted Mr. Palmer's appeal illegitimate, and gave as our reply, 'When the Russian Church herself addresses us, we shall make due answer to her appeal.' Poor Palmer! I am sorry for him."

After the meeting of the synod the Bishop repaired to the Greater Cumbrae, to institute there Mr. Clifford as chaplain of the Episcopal Institution, which had recently been erected by the munificence of the present Earl of Glasgow.

The Greater Cumbrae, situated picturesquely in the Frith of Clyde, between the island of Bute and that part of the mainland which was the scene of the battle of Largs, is only some three miles long by two broad. The proprietorship of the island is shared between Lord Glasgow and the Marquis of Bute; and the former, of whom Dr. Ewing spoke in 1872 as "that greatly gifted and zealous man, whose piety is proverbial," was actuated by the noblest zeal for the



CUMBRAE COLLEGE.

Church in founding on the Cumbrae family estate a seminary for the special training of students for the work of the ministry in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles. Many years after the present date the Bishop, in a printed letter to Dean Ramsay, acknowledged most thankfully that "a valuable band of young men had been, and was being, raised up for the Gaelic ministry by means of Trinity and Cumbrae Colleges."

To his last days he dreamt a dream of what Cumbrae might become—a second Iona, shedding out light over the Highlands and Islands; but it must be added, that the character of the college and chapel services was at times a source of much anxiety to him.

Amid constant journeyings the year drew to a close. In the course of them the Bishop was at Lochgilphead, making arrangements for a new church and residence to be erected there. He was at Dunoon, and preached there on the Day of Humiliation appointed on account of the visitation of cholera, selecting as the text of his sermon on the occasion, "Out of the eater came forth meat," in expounding which he strove to impress upon his hearers the great sanitary lessons which all epidemics are intended to teach us. He was back again at Rothesay, and after the day's work was made a "new creature" while listening to his wife's playing of some of the Scottish airs, which were always fraught with fresh inspiration for him. He was at Cumbrae, holding a confirmation and consecrating a burial-ground; and he was in Edinburgh, accompanied by Mrs. Ewing and his brother, and making legal arrangements there for the welfare of his family in the event of his being taken away; and then we find him in Rothesay again.

To his BROTHER:—

DUNTROON, *December 16th*, 1849.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—You are now upon the eve of your ordination—a serious situation, an awful yet blessed one. How long have I wished and prayed that I might have the great joy of seeing you a minister of Christ, and this time this day week, God willing, my heart's desire will be abund-

antly satisfied. By how strange and unlikely ways will this consummation have been brought about! I remember clearly, whatever else in the old time of our boyhood has become dark, the wish of our mother that we should both be clergymen of the Church of England,—her Monica-like wish is, at least in your case, about to be fulfilled, and in mine it has been long so, if not in the letter, yet in the spirit, and, if the departed see us, we may suppose she will be happy. I am glad you like the look of your parish. There is much in love at first sight. Love is, no doubt, blind; but love at first sight is impossible if the object be forbidding. I like your feeling it to be a 'Selborne-like' situation. I am not sure that you could enter it with a better prepossession. 'In quietness and in confidence' is the motto of the English Church, and if some would prefer a more pronouncedly aggressive institution—one ever raising the cry of 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon'—I for my part hold the Anglican Establishment to be based on surer and better promises. The English Church believes in the silent but contagious power of sympathy and unwearied service to human needs, and if her method of ministry is less obtrusive on vulgar attention than another, which indulges in spasmodic efforts to win a startled hearing for truths which of all others demand the most quiet and patient thought of which the human spirit is capable, in the end the 'silent system' is the more permanently efficacious. For in terror or in panic man can do nothing well. In quietness and confidence lies his real strength; make, therefore, the setting forth of God in Christ the *summum bonum*, the *one thing needful*, and you will have yourself, and will be the means of imparting to others, peace and blessedness. Whatever you relinquish or do for *His* sake success must needs attend, and an abundant reward. I am quite satisfied that any prosperity I have had in this life, nay more, that the reason why I have not been utterly confounded, is simply to be found in the fact that I chose Him, and gave up (what yet I cannot say that I have done as I ever long to do) myself to Him. In choosing the Christian ministry the choice has been to me in every way a thousandfold rewarded. Such as they are, my prayers

go with you, and I doubt not the prayers of many others. I commend you to God (in virtue of my office as Bishop in the Catholic Church), and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up unto salvation. Trust in Him and do His will and you never shall be confounded. I ever am your most affectionate brother in the flesh, and soon, I trust, in the ministry."

Boswell's "Johnson," Plato's "Apology," and Myers's "Catholic Thoughts" are registered at this date among the companions of the Bishop's solitary hours, and the triad of authorships is curiously reflective of the mind of Dr. Ewing. He seemed to have all the racy anecdotes in the Johnsoniad continually at command; the truths enunciated in Mr. Myers's pages were daily, if half unconsciously, sinking into his heart; and the pure ideology of Plato was simply like a native element to him. Indeed, with all his artistic taste and acquaintance with natural science and human history, he would often say, "I feel always like a stranger about outside things, but all things relating to the unseen and transcendental seem the only real facts to me." It is rare to meet with a man who could so easily play with the profoundest metaphysical questions as did Dr. Ewing. The author recalls especially a drive taken with him in the autumn of 1871—after his usual synod—in the course of which the Bishop made him entirely oblivious that there was anything in the world but God and the human soul, the latter with its reason and conscience and free will. "Man," said the Bishop, "has a body, but it is scarcely a part of himself. It is merely a temporal vestment. He himself lives in God, and truth, righteousness, and love are

his only proper aliment. I see all this, and I see that Being is Identity. I do not look for evidences of mind and God outside of me. But living and moving and having my being in God, He shows me in His own light all so-called "external phenomena." The remark was interposed: "But as we, made in God's image, have to choose good, do you not think that there may, to speak in contradictory language, have been a choosing time in God." "Oh, dear no," was his answer, while his great eyes opened benignly; "He always is the eternally good—that is our life—our salvation." Most men talk about the things which are not seen, but which alone have substance; the Bishop was rather an organ through which they discoursed to you of themselves. Yet all the while he was ever as a little child stretching out "lame hands of faith" for more light.

Before the year closed the Bishop had a proposal made to him which, had he accepted it, would have severed his relations with Argyll and the Isles, and this was a request from a majority of the clergy of Moray that he would become Bishop Low's coadjutor and successor. The offer had many temptations. The climate was more temperate, and would have suited Dr. Ewing better. As Bishop of Moray he would be in "the old country, among old friends;" but his love for the "Ergadians," and gratitude for the great kindness he had received at their hands, overcame all other considerations, and he chose to remain among them.

With these words the Bishop closes his record of the year 1849:—

"*Dec.* 31*st.*—Examined the school at Kilmartin, and found it in a most satisfactory condition; and went to Mr. Malcolm's, taking the boys and Ea with me. Spent a very pleasant evening. Lord, another year has now passed, in which there have been great trials and great consolations! Major Stewart's death, and Mrs. Fraser's, and poor Gordon's.* Ea's illness and blessed recovery—Katherine's risk and suffering, the happy addition to our circle—John's blessed entrance into the ministry—my own illness and recovery—the peace, if not the progress, of the diocese—all, all, but my own sin and ingratitude, calling for thankfulness."

From the first days of his episcopate Bishop Ewing had taken a profound interest in the Episcopal schools of his diocese. He hailed with satisfaction the Government scheme of education, and was most anxious to avail himself of all the scholastic aid which might be obtained from complying with its conditions. But he was invariably on the side of progress and enlightenment, although sometimes he had to stand well nigh alone among his Episcopal brethren.

To his BROTHER:—

ROTHESAY, *February 6th*, 1850.

". . . Bishop Trower is up in London just now, to attend a great meeting at Willis's Rooms, at which it is proposed to offer strong objections to the scheme of Government Education. He wished for all our proxies, and I rather think he got everybody's but mine. I sent him a long letter in defence of the measure, and I hope I did right . . . . I am so glad and thankful to be quiet for a little, that I shall not move from home if I can help it. . . ."

From his DIARY:—

"Wrote a letter to the *Times* on the subject of education, to the effect that what was said by the Bishop of

* A younger brother of Mrs. Ewing, who died in Bombay from an accident while out riding.

Glasgow must be taken with considerable limitations. Many of us are anxious to get the Government grant.

"*February* 19*th.*—Wrote to Mr. Candlish, of the Free Church, about the Education question, and to Mr. Trench on the same subject; also to thank him for his 'Star in the East.'

"*February* 27*th.*—Not well—in bed. Dictated to K. part of a pamphlet on the *Education* question.

"*March* 1*st.*—Dictated a circular to all the clergy.

"*March* 3*rd.*—In bed all the forenoon; wrote a story against the love of wealth.

"*March* 4*th.*—Read Leighton with great admiration, especially his comments on 1 Peter ii. 24; read them aloud to the servants at family prayers.

"*March* 10*th.*—Heard of the decision in the Gorham case; very glad and thankful. Daffodils and many other symptoms of spring.

On the 8th of March of this year the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council gave its judgment in the famous Gorham case, by which it reversed the sentence of the Court below, pronounced that the doctrine held by Mr. Gorham is not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England as by law established, and declared that the Lord Bishop of Exeter had not shown sufficient cause why he did not institute Mr. Gorham to the vicarage of Brampton Speke.

But, of course, the verdict created in different quarters very different feelings, and the generality of the Scottish Episcopal clergy were filled with "anxiety and alarm," lest the decision might be found to include their own Church as well as that of England, with which they were in communion, and lest, consequently, Baptismal Regeneration might be regarded as an open question in the North as well as in the South.

Accordingly, in answer to memorials from several diocesan synods, an episcopal synod met at Aberdeen, to take the matter into consideration. As the result of their deliberations, five declaratory resolutions were passed by a majority of the assembled bishops, mainly to the effect that the recent decision had no legal authority in the Episcopal Church of Scotland, that the language of the Formularies was perfectly explicit on the subject of Baptismal Grace, and that, consequently, there was no need for anything more than the present Declaration on the subject of the doctrine in question.

Bishop Ewing concurred in the Resolutions, and did so the more readily that in the preamble to these it was distinctly announced that there was no discrepancy in their teaching between the 27th Article, the Baptismal Office, and the Catechism on the subject of Baptism.

A few days afterwards he wrote thus to his brother:—

PITTYVAICH, *April 24th*, 1850.

"The object of the Primus, Bishop Terrot, and myself, was *to prevent a general synod*, which would have probably undertaken to lay down some formula on Baptism, which might have been the cause of severing our connection with the Church of England. To avert such a catastrophe, I went further than I had intended, as you will see; but I could not well set myself in opposition to the words of our Formularies, and the Resolutions are almost entirely based upon them."

Such was the finding of the majority of the episcopal synod at Aberdeen on the Gorham question; but from the day on which the Bishop of Argyll heard of the great liberating decision of the Privy Council,

he undertook a vast amount of individual and independent labour in order to stem the reactionary current which immediately set in in the North against it. One bishop, for instance, had no sooner heard of the verdict, and of the dissent from it of the Bishop of London,* than he began to organise a demonstration in support of the views of Bishop Blomfield. His action called forth a temperate but emphatic protest from Dr. Ewing. But the Bishop of Argyll felt too keenly the importance of the principle involved in the judgment to rest satisfied with this protest. He wrote special letters to Dean Ramsay, Bishop Terrot, and, among other influential personages, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he deprecated with great earnestness and clearness the altogether fatal blunder —fatal for all the best interests of the Church—which the Scottish bishops would commit if they succeeded in the attempt to erect a fresh wall of partition between their own communion and that of the Church of England. He prepared, moreover, a pastoral on the genius and claims of Protestantism, and by the 17th of March he had finished for the press "A Statement, Declaration, and Memorial, addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of England," expressive of his anxiety lest the intercommunion of the two Churches should be rendered a matter of history by the precipitate action of the Northern bishops; and the witness of the Formularies, common to both, touching the redemption of all mankind by Christ, should be

* The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London were summoned by her Majesty to assist in the deliberations of the six lay members to whose lot it fell to adjudicate on the appeal of Mr. Gorham.

replaced by a mere hypothesis as to the significance of a particular rite.

With one exception the replies which Bishop Ewing received to his private communications were entirely satisfactory, and although, as we have seen, the Aberdeen Declaration was regarded by him as on the whole superfluous, still it did not commit the Scottish Church to a new formula; and if at this time the Northern Episcopal community escaped shipwreck, it was, as on a former occasion, mainly owing to the wisdom and energy of Alexander Ewing.

To his BROTHER:—

OBAN, *May 8th*, 1850.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—. . . We reached this about eight A.M. from Inverness, which we left yesterday (Nina and I). We had a very pleasant journey, sleeping on board, and we leave Oban again (D.V.), on Friday afternoon, for Rothesay. I have got through the work in the North most satisfactorily, and without being in the least the worse. I rather think, indeed, I am the better for it; and now we hope to be at Duntroon in three weeks. I trust that afterwards I shall come and see you, as I am very anxious to have an interview with the Archbishop and others about the present state of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, which is very complicated, and might issue in the greatest danger to the Establishment in England. There might, for instance, be an influx of discontented men of note from the South, and these might eventually obtain from us an order of free or non-established bishops for England—a very grave contingency to contemplate; and it was mainly in the hope of preventing its occurrence, that I accepted the terms proposed by the Primus and Bishop Terrot, and so agreed to the Aberdeen Resolutions, or Declaration. But what I objected to in the Declaration was the Declaration itself; for I did not see that we were called upon to take any action whatever in the matter, and I do not

think that we are affected by the Gorham decision. The Catholic Church has always held that some special benefit was attached to the due administration of the rite of baptism; and, so far, I am not prepared to dissent from the teaching of the Catholic Church, and take part with the Zuinglians. I am glad to hear you see so much of ——, but I fear he is not dogmatic enough for me. I cannot live without *some* creed or formula."

Early in June Dr. Ewing again visited Cumbrae, where he found two candidates ready for ordination, and where he arranged many matters with Mr. Boyle and Mr. Clifford. In the services, as apart from their symbolism, the Bishop could cordially join, and of such services he would sometimes say, by way of parable, "Handfuls of flowers are sweet gifts from children, but if these are substituted for kindness and love, all their sweetness and bloom would perish."

On his return from the island he wrote to his brother:—

"Sooner or later I suspect there will be a secession of malcontents from the Church of England, and these would appeal to our Scottish bishops for the consecration of a bishop for themselves, in order to form a second non-juring Church; but in the event of such a consummation, the loyal Protestant clergy and laity of our communion would only be drawn more closely to the Established Church of England. But, perhaps, you will think that I am as *daft* about Protestantism as I am about the Highlanders and Highland scenery; and if you should be of that mind, I, for one, would not dispute your opinion. Only remember that in the one form of mania I have the companionship of William Wordsworth, and in the other of Martin Luther.

"*June 15th.*—To our great happiness, Mr. Jowett arrived.

"*June* 16*th*.—Preached twice at Lochgilphead, and talked with Mr. Jowett on all manner of subjects. . .

"*June* 18*th*-20*th*.—Much talk with Jowett on 'Evidence' and the 'Nature of Revealed Religion.' His views, though good and wise, so far as daily life is concerned, seem to me deficient in motive and distinctive Christianity."

On the 18th of this month the Liverpool and Glasgow steamer *Orion* was wrecked off Fort Patrick. About one in the morning, when nearly all the passengers were fast asleep, and when the sea was as smooth as glass, the vessel struck on a sunken rock, and in the course of a very few minutes heeled over in seventeen-fathom water. Roused by the sudden shock, all rushed on deck in terror and bewilderment. The boats were lowered with much difficulty, and the first to touch the water, greatly overcrowded, was upset with all on board. The second boat reached the shore in safety, and the alarm having been raised, other boats put off from land to render what help might still be possible. But before any of them could reach the ship she filled and sank, leaving all those who had still remained on deck to struggle for their lives by clinging to the floating pieces of the wreck.

The *Orion* carried one hundred and fifty passengers, and of these about fifty perished, including in their number four members of the family of M'Neil, of Ardlussa, in Jura—the father and mother and two daughters. To this last circumstance the Bishop alludes in his diary.

But it was with even more than his wonted sympathy that Dr. Ewing paid this visit to Jura, for the day after he heard of the deaths of the M'Neils he received a letter from his brother, in which he learned

that he had intended going down to Greenock in the *Orion*, and had only changed his resolution at the eleventh hour.

The Bishop was greatly affected by this communication, and it was while realising the pain he had been spared that he went to try and speak some words of comfort in the desolate home of Ardlussa.

DIARY continued:—

"*June 26th.*—Mr. Jowett preached on the Resurrection. I felt as if for me the sea had given up her dead.

"*June 27th.*—Went to Jura to see the M'Neill's of Ardlussa, poor fellows!

"*July 4th.*—Sent off circulars for the Argyll synod on the 31st. To our great contentment John arrived. Reading Richter's charming book on 'Education,' and Arnold's Sermons. Struck with the account of the deaths of Aaron's children for offering strange fire. Certainly, whatever else the narrative is meant to teach us, it clearly shows this—that the Levitical institutes were not exactly a contrivance for the aggrandisement of the whole Aaronic family."

The conclusions which formed themselves in Dr. Ewing's mind respecting the asserters of the claims of a considerably later priesthood will, in part, appear from the following letter to the Warden of Trinity College:—

DUNTROON CASTLE, *July 19th*, 1850.

"MY DEAR WARDEN,— . . . Confident affirmation is a lamentable characteristic of the party to which you are opposed, and the manifestations we have had of it in connection with the Prayer Book are, I regret to say, not in the least novel. The assertions as to 'Scottish use and venerable antiquity' are, as I said on a previous occasion, mere stalking-horses, or delusions. Look at the history of our Church, as recorded by Skinner, or by Lawson, in the

last century, and you will see how much of what is venerable or authoritative is to be found in the strivings of obscure 'usagers' against the 'collegers.'* We shall never do justice to the broad catholic truth which is contained in our standards, or gain a hearing from the great mass of Scotchmen, until we get rid of this sham, or insidious poison. . . . It is very difficult to deal with such proceedings, and I for one would never interfere where good was being done, unless forced to do so by flagrant violation of the order or teaching of our Church. But we must take our line: these are not times to follow a multitude one way or another. Mr. Clifford† preached before the Dean, Mr. Irvine, my brother, and two other clergymen here the other night a sermon which made us all rub our eyes in amazement, and which I have been constrained to comment on in very serious terms.

. . . .

DIARY continued—

"*July 20th.*—Got a boat after dinner and rowed with K., Jowett, and Fremantle‡ round Kerrera, and visited the old Castle of Gillian. Sat up late talking with Jowett.

"*July 23rd.*—Much talk with Jowett on the nature and development of the religious life. He says 'develop-

* "Usagers" was the designation of a certain party in the Scottish Episcopal Church, who, in so far as the celebration of the Holy Communion was concerned, had introduced the following usages: mixing water with the wine; the commemoration of the faithful departed; a special prayer of invocation, and a formal prayer of oblation. The "Collegers," on the other hand, consisted, first of all, of a majority of the College of Bishops who were opposed to the usages, and, secondly, of the clergy and congregations who adhered to the simpler ritual. In 1723 the College of Bishops, in the name of a majority of their number, issued an injunction, in which they required the clergy to subscribe a formula containing the promise that they would abstain from the "usages;" and in the year following, as one discovers in the dreary records of the time, certain articles "of peace and amity" were agreed upon, in accordance with which Bishop James Gardener, as chief representative of "the mixture" and the other rites, gave promise of concession to the requirements of the Bishops in College.

† Mr. Clifford formally joined the Church of Rome in December, 1851.

‡ The Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, London.

ment is the secret and indispensable condition of it;' and, if I understand him aright, he would affirm that religion is the flower of morality. He holds that if a man is unfaithful in the lower plane of duty, called *the unrighteous mammon*, it is simply preposterous to expect of such an one an appreciation of the true riches. 'I very much agree, but,' at the same time, is it not equally true that a sudden revelation of the higher claims which Christ makes on our heart and will would bring with it a newness of life in all our relations?"

Amid all his engagements and wanderings the Bishop lived in his affections, and all the birthdays in the family circle were days which were ever remembered by him, and generally noted in his journals. Accordingly on the 18th of August he thus writes: "Ea's birthday. Five years old. Blessed and happy child! How many thanksgivings do I not owe for her!"

It is not surprising that when public business summoned him from surroundings so delightful at Duntroon that he should write: "Started, September 2nd, with great sorrow for Edinburgh, to attend the episcopal synod there."

The proceedings of this synod, however, afforded Dr. Ewing the greatest satisfaction, especially in the matter of a certain volume which had been published with the special commendation of Bishop Torry of St. Andrews, and which claimed to be nothing less than the Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, &c., according to the use of the Church of Scotland. In this pretentious publication some very remarkable "uses" were rubrically enjoined, such as mixing water with the wine in the

Holy Communion, and "the reservation of the elements for the sick;" and as it was given to the world under the sanction of a bishop, the entire Episcopal community was to a certain extent compromised by it. At all events, both the Episcopal clergy and laity throughout the country were of opinion that the publication demanded an unequivocal expression of their views as to its leading characteristics, and in a majority of the diocesan synods judgment was pronounced against it. It was felt not less strongly by the College of Bishops, that in their synodical capacity they were called on to make public their approval or repudiation of a volume which one of their own number had formally "recommended to the use of his own clergy." Accordingly, at its session the synod took the "St. Andrew's Prayer Book," as it may be called, into its serious consideration, and after due deliberation adopted the following resolution:—

"The synod declares solemnly that the book has no synodical or canonical authority, and is not what it professes to be, 'The Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the Church of Scotland.'"

The synod further expressed the hope that the faithful members of the Church would neither use nor countenance the volume; and it also addressed a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Anglican Communion, in which it was affirmed that "neither the College of Bishops nor the Church at large was answerable for its publication."

A solitary protest against the resolution and the circular was recorded by the Bishop of Brechin; but Bishop Ewing was more than satisfied with both.

After the rising of the synod Dr. Ewing paid a visit of two days to his venerable friend Bishop Low, at Pittenweem, and then returned to Duntroon, accompanied by Bishop and Mrs. Trower, "happy and thankful to be at home once more."

On the 10th he was once more at Ballachulish. On Sunday the 13th he preached to an immense congregation, and during his stay was able to make satisfactory arrangements for a school and schoolmaster's house at the slate quarries.

From Ballachulish the Bishop went up to Fort William, and returned by water to Crinan. Embarking on board the steamer in the dim twilight of the morning, he was going to establish himself on a couch in the large saloon, which seemed to be merely occupied by a promiscuous bundle of cloaks and shawls not belonging to any one in particular; but, as he was attempting to remove it, a figure gradually emerged, and, sitting up, exclaimed, "Are you the Bishop of Argyll?" "Yes," was the reply; "are you the Bishop of Oxford?" And thus it happened that the two bishops, who had each heard of the other's being in the vicinity, and had hitherto fruitlessly endeavoured to effect a meeting, were brought face to face.

On the 18th of October Dr. Ewing started for the Western Hebrides, a portion of his diocese which he had not yet visited. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Colonel John Stewart, and by Mr. Shipton, whom he was going to institute to the incumbency of Stornoway, in Lewis.

The reader will learn by-and-by how deeply the Bishop was touched by the distress which he found

prevailing amongst the population of the district he was now visiting, and with what urgency and success he appealed to a London audience in their behalf; but meanwhile the following extracts from his diary and letters will indicate what were his impressions on first setting foot on the *ultima Thule* of his far-extending see.

"*October* 18*th*.—Read Humboldt's 'Cosmos' and 'Vanity Fair,' on board the steamer. Mr. Matheson's carriage was waiting for us on landing; and magnificence is the only word which I can, with any appropriateness, use when speaking of what Mr. Matheson has done for this remote corner of space, so grand, so wild, so dreary. Mr. Matheson's property consists of 400,000 acres, with a population of 20,000. He supports, at his own expense, nine schools, and three others besides, in connection with the Established and Free Churches. I saw, the other day, some beautiful maps and charts made of the island, drawn by sappers and miners; part of it is a large deer forest, and much is still uncultivated, but Mr. M. has lately enclosed some 2,000 acres of land in order to supply work to the destitute Highlanders. Their condition is truly appalling, and the cottages in which they live are wretched beyond description; and all this after having, in the most spirited manner, laid out some £120,000 in improvements of his property—but the question is whether they will answer.

"Here I have left Mr. Shipton, exhorting and instructing him, but in all confidence that he will do his work well. We have a very nice little church and a fair congregation. There is a large Established church here, and I offered to do duty in the evening, but was refused.

"Mr. MacLaurin's secession is an unfortunate matter. Those who did not know him will attach more importance to it than it deserves. I am sorry for himself, poor fellow. . . . I am writing to Dr. Candlish, to see if I can interest him in the destitution here. I have just received £50 from London for the Destitution Fund."

After many interesting explorations of the island, including a visit to the Druidical remains at Callanish, the Bishop left a spot the extreme dreariness of which oppressed his imagination. On November 5th he bade farewell to the Mathesons. He had not been able, however, to his sorrow, to take leave of the people and the soldiers on the previous day. The entry in his journal assigns the reason, "Not well, not up."

A few days after his return a letter from his brother announced to him that the rectory of Westmill, in Hertfordshire, had been offered to him by Lady Mexborough. The entry in the journal of November 11th is as follows:— "There was great joy in this city." "The Lord be thanked."

On the 27th of December he writes to his brother:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I write this on the day of your ordination as priest, when I trust you will receive with the imposition of hands power for, and delight in, the office conferred on you. We have just finished our service in the chapel here, when we remembered you in our prayers. On Wednesday you were remembered in another way, when we were gathered round our Christmas board. . . . I need not say what pleasure it will give us all to talk about Westmill, even if we do not go to see it. The boys will be so glad to have you with them ere they go back to College; not to speak of Nina, who treasures all your notes more than crooked sixpences."

With December came the return of his boys from school, full of health and spirits, and there are certain signs of holiday times in the Bishop's entries, such as —"Read 'Rob Roy' in the evening." "Arranged Nina's museum." "Rode out with Johnny." "Long talk with the boys about school plans, &c."

The only great anxiety he had was the very serious illness, for a few days at the close of the year, of his youngest daughter. But the anxiety passed away, and on December 31st he could enter thus in his journal:—

"The year is finished. O Lord, forgive its sins! Bring to good effect any good done or attempted. Be with us and direct us for the year to come.

"I thank thee for the many mercies of the year past—health, competence, many preservations. Keep us as a family, a congregation, a diocese, and a church, and hasten the incoming of thy glorious kingdom."

CHAPTER XIV.

WESTMILL RECTORY—LONDON—LEAVES DUNTROON—RESIDENCE AT WESTMILL. 1851—1852.

THE year opens with the following characteristic entry:—

"*January* 1*st*, 1851.—Had service all alone in the chapel last night, to thank God for His great mercies, and to pray for His help in the year now begun."

The Bishop possessed the rare secret of being able to gather up the fragments of time, so that none of them were ever quite lost for him. He not only found leisure for recording the day's incidents in his diary; he wrote besides piles of letters, he was preparing a "Guide to Christianity," and he was reading with his usual avidity, "Curzon's Monasteries in the Levant" being among the books perused by him at this time. Of the last he writes, "A very strange undesirable life that of the Eastern monks may seem to some, *but I should like it very much.*" And this language was not with him the mere expression of an evanescent romantic admiration. His domestic affections were *passions*, but his devotion to the work of the Christian ministry was a

passion also, and the strain upon his heart, arising from the claims of his family on the one hand, and from those of the work for which Christ died on the other, seemed at times greater than he could bear. Accordingly, with a grand inconsistency in him who was a Protestant of the Protestants, and who thanked God so habitually for the blessings of his home, and who would have been of all men most miserable without one, and who regarded the enforced isolation of the Roman clergy as at once a desecration of the holiness of family life, and as a source, if also a consequence, of the most pernicious teaching respecting both the nature of man and the character of God, Bishop Ewing again and again gives utterance to the sentiment, "How blessed are they who, with no distracting domestic considerations, are free to give themselves wholly to Christ and to the mankind He has redeemed." But this dream of clerical single blessedness was in no inconsiderable degree attributable to financial causes, for the needs of his diocese almost appalled Dr. Ewing. There were wanted schools, churches, and a thoroughly educated Gaelic-speaking clergy, and there were no available funds and no private sources from which to supply them. The Bishop, in consequence, drew largely, in the first years of his episcopate, on his own private fortune, and only gradually discovered that his expenditure was seriously infringing on the claims of his family.

On the 4th of February the Bishop established his head-quarters again at Rothesay, and from that, as a centre, he set forth to visit various localities in his diocese. Of his letters of this year only a few have

been preserved. To judge, however, from the entries in his diary, we find especially that in the month of February, by means of extensive correspondence with friends and acquaintances, including in their number the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was endeavouring to prevent the carrying out of the ludicrous and altogether iniquitous proposal to abolish the titles of the Scottish bishops in consequence of the recent "Papal aggression."

The Bishop, however, did not feel satisfied that by means only of private communications to correspondents, however influential in social position, he had done all that was required of him in vindication of the position and claims of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and accordingly he wrote a letter to Sir George Grey on the subject, which appeared in the *Times*. In this letter, while expressing himself a supporter of the Government measure, which, though carried in both Houses, was ultimately repealed, he contended that to bracket the merely geographical designations of a few loyal bishops who had taken the oath of supremacy, and who acknowledged they were only chief pastors of those who in their respective districts professed to be Episcopalians, and who, moreover, *derived their orders from England*, with the pretentious claims with which Rome had invested all her new dignitaries as the supreme spiritual lords of all baptized persons in their several dioceses, was simply on the one hand to brand with unmerited censure an unoffending and tolerated community, and on the other to make the law of none effect.

In April occurs the following entry:—

"Stayed at Glasgow with the Trowers; talked with Bishop Trower about going as a missionary bishop to foreign parts."

With reference to this allusion his brother says:—

"He had it often on his mind to take missionary work in a warm climate, thinking, among other reasons, that his health would be benefited by so doing. A mission in Honolulu was his favourite scheme. It was almost a joke with us, but a serious thing with him."

How serious his purpose was the following letter will show:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,— . . . I am almost afraid of my ability to carry on the work of this Argyll bishopric. The expenses are very heavy, and the continual journeying is as laborious as if I were a bishop in New Zealand. I have not as yet obtained the income arising from the endowment of the see, and I have had to sacrifice no inconsiderable amount of my capital. If this kind of expense goes on, in the event of my being called out of the world my children would be ill provided for. I have, therefore, been thinking of offering myself as a missionary bishop to our Church. Some years ago a proposal to send out such a missionary from the Scotch Church was mooted, but no definite action was taken in the matter. In fact, the project was reckoned premature. I have no doubt it would receive a more general support now, and might be carried through. I believe the Bishop of London would lend it all his influence, and our Church would give to the mission all she now contributes to the various missionary societies.

"Probably Australia or a Pacific island would be the spot or sphere chosen. Of course, a great responsibility like this is not to be taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly, especially when I have to consider Katherine and the children, as well as myself; but I think she would get reconciled to going abroad, and I cannot think how for the boys I could do better. I wish you would consider the matter calmly, and tell me if you think I have a sufficient call for

such a mission as that. In the meantime I have not spoken to any one of the scheme, save to Katherine."

After his return from Glasgow he again writes :—

"We go this next week to Duntroon for two months. We cannot have it longer, and as the new house, though far advanced and ready for furniture, will not be habitable by ourselves at the end of that time, I have thought of our coming up to you (if you will take us) and returning to our new quarters about September or October.

"I have been very unwell indeed with bad palpitations. I could not get on at all last week. The doctor says the only thing that will do me good is change of air to an inland place, and that means of course Westmill."

On the 23rd of May the Bishop started for London, and found himself next day, to his great contentment, under his brother's roof.

For the next few days the Bishop remained at Westmill, "glad and thankful to be at this lovely place." With quite boyish eagerness he made the acquaintance of the neighbourhood, and greatly delighted he was with all he saw. The picturesque little village with its quaint thatched roofs lying under the shadow of the old parish church, the swelling uplands immediately around it, the spacious breadths of noble trees which dotted the landscape, the high hedgerows, now in full leaf, which bordered the winding ascent from the village to the rectory, about a mile distant, and the rectory itself, with its old-fashioned garden, quite fascinated the Bishop. Westmill was to him an idyll of quiet English beauty, "all so thoroughly English in the best sense of the word." The day after his arrival he took a sketch of the rectory, visited the schools, and made friends

among the villagers, pronouncing the latter to be as good specimens of the English as the scenery was of England.

DIARY continued:—

"*June* 3*rd.*—Called at Lambeth. Obtained a grant at a meeting of the S.P.C.K. of Gaelic Prayer Books. Dined with the Archbishop (Sumner), and met Dr. Tait (the Dean of Carlisle) and others—very pleasant evening.

"*June* 5*th.*—Breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone. Went with Marriott (of Oriel), to the great meeting of the charity children at St. Paul's. Splendid sight and wonderful music. Called on Mr. Cotton of the Bank of England.

"*June* 6*th.*—Breakfasted at the Bishop of Oxford's.

"*June* 7*th.*—Went to Harrow Weald.

"*Whit-Sunday.*—Very remarkable place. Mr. Munro told an admirable story to the lads in the Agricultural College.

"*June* 9*th.*—Left Harrow Weald with great regret. Called on Bishop of London at Fulham. Very kind and courteous. Walked through the grounds with him. Dined at Sir James Matheson's.

"*June* 14*th.*—Started with John Stewart to spend Sunday at Westmill.

"*June* 15*th.*—Trinity Sunday. Lovely day and place. I preached extempore in the morning. Thankful to preach in my brother's church. Answer to many prayers.

"*June* 16*th.*—Left at seven for London. Westminster Abbey at a quarter past eleven, and robed in the Jerusalem Chamber. Assisted the Archbishop and Bishops of London and Oxford to administer the Holy Communion; the first occasion for nearly a century on which a Scotch bishop has been associated with bishops of the English Church in the celebration of divine service. Dined with the Bishop of Winchester.

"*June* 20*th.*—The Bishop of St. Asaph called for me, and drove me to Fulham to dinner. Very striking scene. The bishops walking about in their purple coats under the

fine old trees in the beautiful grounds around the palace, brought back to us the times of the Henrys and the Edwards.

"*June* 21*st*,—Breakfasted at Sir R. Inglis's, and met the Rajah of Borneo and Lord Glenelg. Zoological Gardens in the afternoon. Afterwards to Clapham with Mr. Bowyer, my old friend of the Baths of Lucca days, now rector of Clapham.

"*June* 22*nd*.—Preached at St. Peter's, Walworth, for Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Lunched with Mr. Hawkins, the secretary. Preached for the same object at Clapham. Walked about with Bowyer, who returned with me to Green Street.

"*June* 25*th*.—Called on Lord Broughton, and got an Addiscombe appointment for Johnny. Called on Mr. Morier, Dr. Hook, Lord James Stuart, Sir J. Riddell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishops of London and Winchester; and then, best of all, walked in the park with K.

On the 1st of July the Bishop, accompanied by Mrs. Ewing, started for Oxford; and there, two days afterwards, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him. In his diary Dr. Ewing simply records the fact; but in an Oxford newspaper of the day, in which a full and graphic account is given of the occcasion on which he received his new title, it is stated that "the cry of the Bishop of Argyll and the Scotch Church called forth among the undergraduates a hearty round of applause." On the flyleaf issued from the Delegates' Room are found, among the names of others on whom, along with himself, it was proposed to confer the honorary degree, those of Sir William Page Wood (now Lord Hatherley) and of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie. But Dr. Ewing seems to have been more deeply touched by the personal kindness of Mr. Jowett and of his host, Dr. Wynter, the President of

St. John's, than by the honour he received in public. He remained four days in Oxford, "immensely delighted with the place and people;" but, as he paid other visits to the university, only one extract shall here be made from his diary. It is needless to point out to the reader how the incident which it relates must have appealed to Dr. Ewing's sense of humour:—

"Dr. Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen, received me on my introduction to him very coldly, but he afterwards apologized to me very humbly for his 'mistake, saying that he had supposed I was only a 'colonial.'"

After his return to Scotland the Bishop thus writes to his brother, first from Edinburgh and then from Argyllshire:—

"Now I have time to look back and contrast this country with England, I could not have believed that the difference would be so great in favour of the latter. Here, it is pouring torrents of rain; the trees (we are in the county of Mid-Lothian, though I cannot say 'the heart') are as if made of iron with tin leaves; the people certainly do not look cheerful: everything is slow. . . . Three nights ago we were wandering in the gardens of St. John's, with the heat of Italy and the foliage of the south; and at Westmill every one seemed happy, prosperous, and peaceful. However, where one is called, in the same calling should one abide. At the same time, the lines fall more pleasantly in one place than in another. I consider you the happiest fellow on earth: with a lovely English village in the balmy south, good, civil, simple people, and yourself young and strong for your work, and your work the work of God.

"Truly, our residence with you was sweet; and it did our hearts good to see you so happily settled. The little dream-time of joy we had at Westmill will reflect itself back upon us for many a day. The first sight of the

mistletoe; the village with its church and peal of bells—the whole to us so novel and so charming—will be pleasant memories. Our temporary home in Green Street, too, was not without its charms; and all the travail I had at the Societies, and the rushing about to Lambeth, Fulham, Westminster, St. Paul's, &c., are all good and happy recollections. The Exhibition remains less with me than other things. I had you to see; and the Church's work to do. Westmill and the bishops I remember best; not, however, forgetting Oxford. The light there seemed to gather to a focus, and all was crowned with lustre and repose.

"And now farewell! I must to my work and duties. We can, to our unspeakable comfort, ever look up to Him, the source of all that ministers to our happiness, and whether we are *here* or *there*, He, of whom, and by whom, and through whom, are all things, is equally near us."

DUNTROON CASTLE, *July* 14*th*, 1851.

"It is very striking, to say the least of it, to be here after the heat and broiling of London. It has rained torrents ever since our arrival, and the winds and waves are now howling round this old dwelling as if it were winter in the Hebrides. The weather is truly awful; the winds, I do not exaggerate, have already stripped the trees of their leaves, or made them quite brown, and the Add is out, flooding the country. However, 'faint heart,' as poor Major Stewart used to say, 'never made your breeches;' and here there are none to make, so you see I have time to write.

"Last Sunday I preached three times in three different places. We expect the boys on Wednesday. On the 30th I have the synod at Ballachulish. On the 6th of August there is to be the consecration of our church at Lochgilphead. Ere then I hope to have with us the President of St. John's. He and the Bishop of Glasgow will be put up at Duntroon, the Dean and Mr. Sewell are provided for at the Irvine's, and the Warden of Trinity will be at Auchindarroch; so you see, if these and others do not fail

us, we shall have an interesting time at the consecration. The house, save papering and painting, is quite ready, and appears dry. I do not know, however, about going into it. I am almost afraid of remaining in this country, as I have to some extent got my palpitation back. I should not do wrong I suspect to try for a colonial appointment. I can hardly believe that ten days ago we were at Iffley Church, and I in all the apparent power and prosperity of a lord."

On the 26th of July the Bishop arrived at Ballachulish to make preparations for the synod. On the 27th he confirmed sixty candidates, and on the 29th he "spent the morning with Mr. Jonas and Mr. Shipton, speaking to them of their ordination," which was to take place in presence of the synod on the following day. By the 1st of August he had returned to Dunoon, on his way to Rothesay, and thence he writes:—

"I have just landed after my confirmations, ordinations, and synod—all well and happily ended. The synod at Ballachulish was the most striking and beautiful sight I ever saw."

But on the 7th of this month there came another sight, which was scarcely less impressive, and that was the consecration of the church at Lochgilphead —the church which was to be specially his own, in which he might often have been seen kneeling alone in fervent prayer, in which he delivered some of his charges, and from the pulpit of which—"his joy and throne," to use the words of George Herbert—he held forth the word of life.

The church at Lochgilphead is a quite plain and

unpretending structure in the decorated style. The interior consists only of nave and chancel; both are, however, lofty and of considerable dimensions, and the latter, as it might have been seen a few years ago, with its reverent appointments and its subdued light shed through the memorial windows erected by Dr. Ewing, produced a very solemn impression on the feelings and the imagination of the spectator. But when the Bishop himself was present these surroundings seemed all to disappear, and the eye rested on him only. How noble the countenance, how picturesque the entire aspect of the apostolic man, how burning the words which rolled from his lips as he delivered one of his charges! But to listen to him when he pronounced the benediction from the altar was an experience altogether unique—never to be forgotten. It was to be assured that here was a man in whom for the time all other moods of mind had become absorbed in the sublime belief that the blessed God lives only to bless His children, and that the highest reward which can ever be bestowed upon one of these is to be the instrument by which some sense of His love may touch the hearts of others.

But it was not in the church of Lochgilphead only, or within the walls of any other church, that Dr. Ewing dispensed his blessing. He carried his commission with him wherever he went, as the following story may serve to indicate.

One day the head of a certain firm in London discovered him in the front premises of his establishment with all his assistants gathered round him. Dr. Ewing was holding them spell-bound with his affluent talk,

interspersed with quaint stories of books and men, when suddenly he said, "But now I have something much better to say to you," and there and then he moved the little assembly to wonder and reverence and tears by giving them his blessing.

"'I never saw anything,' said the narrator of this incident, 'that could be compared to this scene. The Bishop was like a magnet among steel filings. I should rather say he took my young men and myself completely by storm; and, indeed, he never came to my private room to talk merely about business, without leaving with me the impression that he was——' an auditor, interrupting, said, 'A godly warlock.'* 'Yes,' rejoined the speaker, 'that was just it, he was a wizard; but the grand thing about him was that he seemed altogether unconscious of his power. He would half kill us with alternate tears and laughter, and, on rising to go, he would simply make us feel perfect fools by the ingenuous simplicity with which he would thank us for our kindness to him.'"

Ten days after the consecration of the church at Bishopston a confirmation service was held, and it touched his heart with joy and thankfulness that the first occasion on which he had to administer the impressive and comforting rite in his new church, was that on which a child of his own would ratify and confirm the promise that was made in his name at his baptism, and that child his eldest son.

From this date to the end of the year Dr. Ewing's diary contains quite a forest of entries, but the following selection from them will suffice to carry out the story of his life. From these it will appear that he had to bid farewell to Duntroon, the picturesque and greatly loved home in which he passed the first years

* "Warlock" is the Scotch for wizard.

of his episcopate, but that, to his unspeakable thankfulness, he found a shelter for his family and himself under the roof of his brother until the house at Bishopston should be ready to receive them. At Westmill he was leading a busy life, sometimes preaching in the parish church, sometimes presiding at public meetings in the neighbourhood. In addition to the social claims on his time, he was also visiting the poor in their homes, teaching his own children, and was daily engaged for hours in correspondence. And, while as yet comparatively unknown in the metropolis, he was making occasional journeys to London, to learn whether he could not obtain some assistance for the carrying on of his work in Argyll and the Isles, and also with the hope that in converse with the men who were called on to live their lives in the forepart of the advancing conflict of opinion, he might better discover what were "the signs of the times," and what especially it was the first duty of clergymen, who claimed to be the leaders of others, to know and to do, if they were in reality to "serve their generation before they fell asleep."

"*September* 16*th.*—Shut out Katherine and Clifford from breakfast because they were not at prayers! Captain John Mackenzie got out of the drawing-room window to let them in.

"*September* 21*st.* — Reading Newman's 'Sermons.' Much struck with the unconscious unfairness of his mind.

"*September* 25*th.*—Bishop Terrot came. Our piper arrived from Inverness, with two prizes from the Northern Meeting.

"*September* 26*th.*—The piper at work. Bishop Terrot abominates pipers, and called mine *a bad shilling.*

"*October* 21*st.*—Took a last walk about Duntroon.

Blessings on the old place! Much happiness—some trials.

"*October* 23*rd.*—Had a meeting at Lochgilphead, and arranged satisfactorily as to church and schools during our absence.

"*October* 25*th.*—Started from Edinburgh in the *Granton* steamer.

"*October* 26*th.*—Beautiful calm day. Read and preached to a large congregation in the cabin.

"*October* 27*th.*—Reached London at six o'clock P.M. Enveloped in a dense fog.

"*October* 29*th.*—Reached Westmill.

"*November* 3*rd.*—Rode to Buntingford: pretty village. Everything so different from Scotland—gable ends, colour, form, combination, all different.

"*November* 5*th.*—Village boys at the window with a stuffed figure of Guy Fawkes singing, 'Remember, remember, the 5th of November!' Heard the children their lessons.

"*November* 10*th.*—J., K., and I started for London. Went to an hotel, where there were family prayers and also very high charges!

"*November* 12*th.*—Called on the Bishop of London.

"*November* 14*th.*—Dined at Standon Vicarage with a large party; very pleasant to meet so many of the old school.

"*December* 6*th.*—Mr. King, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, came; arranged with him to become secretary of my Argyll Fund.

"*December* 24*th.*—J. and I drove over to lunch with the Randolphs at Much Hadham. Beautiful church and place.

"*December* 25*th.*—Church all decorated; K. did most of it. Happy day! All met at our Christmas dinner at John's house.

"*December* 30*th.*—Went to Fulham.

"*December* 31*st.*—Went to Addington and saw the Archbishop, who was very kind, and suggested, as the Bishop of London had done, that I should take duty on the Continent.

The Bishop remained at Westmill Rectory until July, 1852, occasionally leaving it for a few days' sojourn in London, or for visits amongst his many friends. It was a season to him of the greatest rest and happiness, especially when he was helping his boys with their holiday tasks, or teaching botany to his four elder children.

There were no lessons, however, on the Feast of the Epiphany—a day of increasing significance to Dr. Ewing, as alike recalling the first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, and as being prophetic of the time when all nations shall rejoice under the light of the Star of Bethlehem. It was celebrated as a home festival with a Christmas-tree and other accompaniments.

In seeking to make known at this time the claims of his diocese to influential men of the Church of England, Bishop Ewing was brought into correspondence with a distinguished layman, who, in answer to his appeal, replied that he had singled out for his donation a special church in Argyllshire, on the ground that the National Liturgy was in use there. In his reply the Bishop says:—

WESTMILL RECTORY, *January 14th*, 1852.

"I confess I was disappointed, but not surprised, at not receiving aid from you in my Argyll matters. The line I have pursued, and shall, God willing, still pursue, is not likely to win me friends either on the right or the left. I have no special sympathy with the Scottish Office, though I am ready to give it fair play, and have always done so; but I am very anxious to harmonize all British Churchmen into one body (not, however, by the way of the Evangelical Alliance), and I look upon all distinctive dogmatic marks as

so many barriers to union. I have, however, in Argyll and the Isles a great work, even if I had nothing else to do, in educating great numbers of children who actually belong to us, and who are fast drifting into the schools of other denominations, even including the Roman. I am, moreover, exceedingly anxious to obtain the services of one or two missionaries, *men of parts and conduct*, and I have suggested to Mr. Boyle the propriety of making the college of Cumbrae the home of a Christian brotherhood."

Early in March Dr. and Mrs. Ewing paid a visit to Bishop Sumner at Farnham Castle, of which the Bishop of Argyll remarks that "it is more suitable for the stronghold of a prelate or peer of the Middle Ages than for the residence of a bishop of the nineteenth century." As the reader will be prepared to hear, the friendship which was commenced at Oban between the younger and the older bishop was deepened on the present occasion. Dr. Ewing found, to his great satisfaction, that the Bishop shared his own views concerning the admission of the Scotch Episcopal clergy to English livings.

All through the month of March Dr. Ewing was busily engaged in correspondence about the removal of "the disabilities affecting the bishops and clergy of the Episcopal Church in Scotland;" and in addition to the many letters which he wrote on the subject to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Lichfield, Mr. Gladstone, and others, he waited personally on several of the more influential members of the legislature in order to press the Northern claims on their attention. In the course of his untiring efforts in the interests of the Church to which he belonged he paid a visit to the Bishop of Salisbury.

From the quiet and courteous entertainment of Salisbury, where he was charmed by the "rare union of high breeding and Christian hospitality which seemed everywhere pervasive," the Bishop had to start for Edinburgh to attend the episcopal synod.

Once more he brought forward his proposal for the admission of the laity; and if he did not secure all that he wished, he had at least the satisfaction of finding that his brethren were prepared to pass a resolution to the effect that "the admission of the laity to a certain share in the government of the Church is not inconsistent either with Scripture or with ecclesiastical custom."

On his return from Scotland to Westmill the Bishop halted at Durham and at York; and after standing by the final resting-place of the remains of the great St. Cuthbert in the cathedral of the former city, he penned the following lines:—

"Cuthbert, of Durham! o'er the wave
The words swell loud and strong.
Cuthbert, of Durham! through the nave
They sound in the evensong.
Cuthbert, of Durham! peal the bells
From all the distant hills.
Cuthbert, of Durham! a solemn sound
The waking valleys fills.
What wert thou? answer great one.
Hush! there's a sound arist:
'I was and still am, wouldst thou know?
A minister of Christ.'" . . .

"*May 6th.*—Dined at the Bishop of St. Asaph's. Met the Bishops of Lichfield, Norwich, and Bangor, and Lord Lyttelton.

"*May 9th.*—Called and saw the Bishop of Capetown,

Bishop of Lichfield, and Mr. Gladstone—all about the Scotch Episcopal Church.

"*May* 10*th.*—Went with the Bishop of Lichfield to call on the Archbishop about a bill for our clergy.

"*May* 19*th.*—In bed with a cold. Wrote the sketch of my sermon for the 13th of June on the Highland Emigration.

"*May* 26*th.*—Went to Fareham Vicarage to see our old friends the Berthons.

"*May* 27*th.*—Went with K. and Berthon to Spithead. Saw the Queen's line-of-battle ship, and went over the *Victory*, where Nelson fell and died.

"*May* 28*th.*—Started for Winchester. Dr. Moberly dined at the Warden's.

"*May* 29*th.*—At chapel service at eight A.M., and enjoyed it much. Went after breakfast with Dr. Moberly to Hursley to see Mr. Keble and Sir William Heathcote. K. went to the morning service at the cathedral. Left Winchester with great regret. It is surely a blessing to live in a place like this, where there is so much to remind one continually of the Divine."

On June 2nd Dr. Ewing returned to Westmill, now rich in all the luxuriant foliage of early summer, and after a few days of quiet enjoyment there he left his brother's house to be the guest of Mr. Soames (the occupant of Coles Park, Westmill) in London.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1851 ON A HORTUS SICCUS OF MISS LUCY SOAMES.

"O city of the dead!
Poor withered flowers,
We deck your resting-place,
As ye do ours.

"We raise a tomb
With human labour,
Where ye may lie,
Each by its neighbour

"Embalmed and kept,
That we may cherish
Some glimpse of that
Which else would perish.

"Recalling summer suns
And showers,
When we were young,
And ye were flowers:
Each a memorial of some scene,
An index hand to what hath been.

The following stanzas also find their appropriate place here, having been penned in the early days of his sojourn at Westmill, during which time the Communion Sundays were always to him days of special gladness:—

"It is the Holy Communion!
The presbyter raises up
The body, of Earth—*her* bread of life—
Her blood in the sacred cup.
The heavens descend on the offered sign
Mankind are called to sup.

"It is the Holy Communion!
Peace between man and God,
The symbols of that peace are here,
The guise wherein was trod
The press of reconcilement
Which washed away our load.

"It is the Holy Communion!
As we take the sacred sign,
We are at one with heaven and earth
The human and divine
In union pure, dissolve and meet
In the sacred bread and wine."

CHAPTER XV.

HIGHLAND EMIGRATION—BISHOPSTON—THE EDUCATION QUESTION. 1852.

ON the 13th of June Bishop Ewing preached for the Highland Emigration Fund at St. Matthias's, Spring Gardens.

The reader will remember the visit paid by the Bishop to the Western Hebrides in 1850. Dr. Ewing had work of his own to do at Stornoway, and though Episcopacy has only a nominal existence in Lewis, it was no mere ceremony on his part to institute one of his clergy in its only town. He felt that he was placing there an evangelist whose special calling it was to proclaim that there is "no more Jew or Gentile," but only one family—"mankind"—which Christ has "redeemed."

But from the day on which Bishop Ewing returned from that journey to the far West, it was not so much the spiritual needs as the bodily wants of the Highlanders which occupied his thoughts. And, Celt as he was, it was more than his philanthropy which was touched by all that he had seen, and by all that he was daily hearing, of the immense distress which, ever since the failure of the potato crop in 1846, had begun

to prevail amid the population of the Highlands and Islands. They were his kinsmen according to the flesh, and some three hundred thousand in number, who were ready to perish for lack of food. How to mitigate the pressure of the existing calamity, and how to prevent the recurrence of a similar one, these were the considerations which had become imperative with Dr. Ewing; and now that he was enjoying a time of comparative respite from the urgency of other cares, the claims of the distressed Highlands spoke to his heart with an increasing emphasis. After mature deliberation, it appeared to the friends with whom he took counsel on the subject, especially with Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Secretary of the Treasury, that in no way could he better serve the interest of the Highlanders than by setting forth their claims in a sermon to be preached in the pulpit of one of the churches of the metropolis. The Bishop accepted the suggestion, and the discourse which he ultimately delivered on the 13th of June, though preached to a small congregation, was widely circulated. It was published at the expense of the Highland Emigration Fund, and by means of the Society's agency was distributed over the length and breadth of the land. Along with the sermon a list of subscribers was also forwarded, headed by the names of the Queen and Prince Albert, to which Dr. Ewing's appeal brought many important additions.

In this sermon the Bishop thus dwells on the causes of the present distress:—

"As yet it appears that no death has occurred among our beloved Highlanders, but the distress is terrible, and every day becomes greater, and no wonder. The population of Skye, for instance, has doubled itself in less than a century, while the means of subsistence have not only decreased, but in some cases, I may say, have become exhausted. It is not only that the potato crops have failed, that failure only precipitated the crisis which must inevitably have come. The kelp manufacture has been destroyed. The herring fishery has declined, illicit distillation of whisky has been put down; but the families dependent on these various sources of support have only the while increased; and it is stated on altogether credible authority that the whole native resources of the distressed districts do not now on an average afford subsistence to the population for more than six months of the year. What, however, is to be done? Matters cannot be left as they are.

"I do not," he continued, "ask you for mere eleemosynary aid, which 'omnipotent for evil is almost impotent for good.' It is a mode of affording assistance to the poor which is attended with the most disastrous consequences. It destroys personal exertion, it saps the foundations of truth and uprightness, it leads to habits of recklessness and immorality; and, in the present instance, after continuing its bountiful ministrations for five years, and having spent all the resources which an unparalleled charity placed at its disposal, it has *left the population whom it sought to benefit in a worse condition, so far as their prospects are concerned, than that in which it found them;* for it taught them to depend on others for their support, and temporarily, at least, so far paralysed their industry that the very land itself was allowed to remain without cultivation. The vast sums of money raised to alleviate the distress of the Hebrides are all spent—the distress remains. Is there no remedy? There is none, I believe, which will be of any permanent benefit save that suggested by my text: 'Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do we look one upon another? And he said, Behold I have heard that there is

corn in Egypt: get ye down thither." The remedy is emigration. But whither?

"Happily, in the providence of God, we need be at no loss. In another portion of the globe there are fair and fertile regions deficient in inhabitants. The recent discoveries of gold in Australia have almost depopulated the pastoral districts, and in these districts there is as great a famine of labour as in the Highlands there is a famine of food. Can we hesitate what to do? Our path is plain. We have to make the wants of the one country bear upon the wants of the other. Bring Scotland into connection with food, and Australia into connection with labour. Make the different requirements of the respective countries correct each other, and as Australia cannot be brought to them, our destitute people, of course, must be taken to Australia.

"Emigration by families, and to a distance from the scene of mineral temptation, is the only hope at present of permanently providing Australia with the species of labour it requires. Happily, the Highlanders desire to emigrate to pastoral tracts, and to emigrate in families—under no other conditions will they consent to emigrate. This fact gives us as great a security for a satisfactory result from their emigration as it is possible to obtain, both for themselves and for Australia. Settled apart, with his family and clan around him, engaged in old and congenial pursuits—severed by language and by race from previous settlers—there is every reason for believing that the Highlander would continue to furnish the labour which Australia requires, and in this way and at the same time minister to his own needs."

The Bishop had three topics to bring before his audience—the amount of the existing distress, the causes which had produced it, and the best means, not only of relieving the actual suffering, but of permanently benefiting the Highlanders themselves; and as the special lesson of the day he pressed on his hearers the

paramount duty of assisting in the great effort which was then being made, in the interests of the afflicted population of the Highlands, by the Highland Emigration Fund.

This society, originated by a few gentlemen resident in Skye, who foresaw the crisis which was sure to arise unless some measures were taken for the removal of the *surplus* population of the island, had now considerably enlarged the area and scope of its action. The society first of all co-operated with the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, and these provided free passages to Australia for able-bodied men and women, not exceeding a certain age, with a certain number of children.

It was quite clear, however, that these provisions on the part of the commissioners supplied no adequate remedy for the widespread and daily augmenting distress. And the Highland Emigration Fund came opportunely to the rescue with its not less wise than benevolent supplementary measures. The Fund took special cognisance of the domestic feelings of the Highlanders, enabling entire families as such to emigrate.

The aid it gave in providing for the reunion of parents and children at the antipodes was not gratuitous. It did not send out cargoes of mere paupers; and believing that property has its duties as well as its rights, it stipulated with the owners of the estates from which any emigration should take place that they should bear their share of the expense incurred by the society on behalf of the emigrants.

Accordingly the provisions of the Fund were :—1st.

An outfit for those to whom the commissioners shall have granted a free passage; and 2nd. The whole cost of the emigration of *the remainder of the family* will be advanced by this society, *as a loan to be repaid by the emigrants** after their arrival and residence for a sufficient time in the colony; and 3rd. The landowners of the estates from which the emigrants proceed will be required to contribute to the funds of the society one-third of the outlay incurred for those emigrants.

Peasant and landlord alike acquiesced in the proposals of the society; and as the result of the effort, a large number of emigrants were despatched within a few months to Australia. Before they started the Bishop obtained for them grants of books, chiefly Gaelic Bibles and Prayer Books, from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

But it is impossible to close this notice of the Bishop's sermon without reproducing the eloquent burst of feeling with which he spoke of the departure of the Highlanders:—

"Alas! they go, never to return!

"Shall we not miss them from our shores? that long-descended race, that loyal and patient people? Without them, will the lone valleys be the same, the islands where they dwelt? Will not the echoes miss the Highland pipe, their land their long-familiar names? Will not the stranger lament the 'Highland welcome,' the Highland convoy through the hills? Shall we not, like Rachel, weep for our children when they are not?

* It is most interesting in looking over the papers connected with this emigration scheme to see how many cases are recorded of the punctual repayment of these loans

"How hard it is for themselves to leave, none but a mountaineer can feel. They have suffered much, my brethren, ere they desire, as they now do, to leave their country; but they perish if they remain, and they know it. Then let them go—it is better that they should. In a little while the unchristened streams of the distant land, the unfamiliar hills of the other shores, will bear their names and return their melodies; and as the patriarch watching his flock hears the mountain pipe, and in the distance sees the Highland garb, he will think that the stream has the sound of Cona, and dream that the light upon the purple hills is the sunset upon Morven.

"'Lochaber' will see their face no more; *we* shall look in vain for the men we loved; but they will be at rest in the abundance of a new world, in the dayspring of new fortunes to the Celtic race. There they will flourish; they go to prepare our way, and to extend our empire—to preserve our name when here, perhaps, it will be forgotten.

"Doubtless a time is coming when the face of the world will once more be changed, as it has been changed before; when this great nation will have gone the way of all great nations before it; when the mighty heart which now beats in this centre of the civilised world will still vibrate, but not here. Is it, then, too much to imagine that the dominion will then be where our brethren are now going, and that with them will be continued all we hold most dear? There, perhaps, will be handed down the empire and traditions of our country. These men who go are possibly the patriarchs of an infant world. They must go. Let us compassionate them, let us help them; let us see that they 'go not empty.' If they have not the Saxon strength, they have other virtues. From the highest to the lowest, this long-descended people have, by nature, what is called 'the next thing to Christian grace'—the grace of born gentlemen, with all the virtues signified by that word. If they have not the stern vigour of the oak, they have the elastic qualities of the ash. 'Let not the foot say to the hand, I have no need of thee;' God hath made both for their respective uses. In leaving the Celts to perish, we should lose a fine element in our humanity.

Our nature would not be what it is without the admixture of Celtic blood.

"Let us consider what we are called upon to do. Providence—so often veiled and inscrutable—giving commands, and accomplishing ends, for reasons dark and mysterious, here seems to lift the veil, and permit us to behold the modes and meanings of the Divine arrangements. God bids man replenish the earth and subdue it; and when man, in whose heart is implanted (to prevent an abuse of his natural love of change) a love of home and of early associations, is averse to go forth and commit himself to the dark unknown, God obliges, in some way, the fulfilment of his own decree. He is sending scarcity on these lands, that, by the rod of famine, the Celtic races may be driven out to other lands. They were the first of the nations here, it is they who must first go! Pushed from the regions of the far East by more powerful tribes behind them, they have reached the verge of Western Europe. Their flight must now be to other lands beyond the horizon of these seas.

"They are a religious, reverential people—a people of deep piety. Is it not for the regeneration of the coming time such men go forth, that the Providence of God selects such for the heads to the future nations? It is a step in the ascent of the world's hereafter—a pledge of the coming righteousness of the earth. They go forth like Jacob's sons into an unknown country, but doubtless for God's purposes of good. They are the fathers of a Christian Israel now descending in distress to an abundant Egypt—the St. Patricks and Columbas of a new-found continent, conveying the blessings of Christianity to generations yet unborn; and ages hence their names may be looked back upon in Australia as we look upon their fathers' names in Britain.

"What thus we send in them to that new world, will repay it well for all it ever can return (in material wealth) to us. Let them go with the word of God and the works of holy men in their hands as spiritual seed to the Australian valleys. Let the earliest sound there heard be the plaintive Gaelic psalm; and if their first notes tremble

as they meet the Australian air, and they cannot at once 'sing the Lord's song in a strange land,' ere long they will be able to say, 'He doeth all things well.'

"For a time their sad chant must still sound on, 'We return no more,' but soon they will come to think of their old home as we do of our fathers dead and gone, with reverence and holy awe, but without bitter emotion; and say, 'It is well,' when they behold, in the abundance of their new world, a pledge that their fate will not be that of their children—that they, at least, will be natives of a land which they need not abandon—that they, at least, will have a home which they need not leave, a home surrounded by peace and plenteousness.

"But now they are not there. As yet they are in want and misery. They crowd the beach of their island shores—these islands now their prisons—and they cry, 'Come over and help us.' How plaintive their cry, how pathetic their petition! They ask to be taken from all they love—from their fathers' homes, which they hold dear beyond all other people; they wait for us to take them, the old and young, the husband and the wife, their little ones beside them, to save them from perishing where they are, to send them where abundance is lost for want of them."

Continuation of the Bishop's diary:—

"*June* 15*th*.—Divine service at Westminster Abbey. The third Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Sixteen bishops officiating. Nearly one thousand communicants. I read the First Lesson. K. and John in the congregation.

"*June* 19*th*.—Working at my Oxford sermon. Dined at Fulham with the bishops.

"*June* 20th.—Started early for Oxford. Preached at St. Mary's for the Highland Fund. Drove out afterwards to Cuddesden to see the Bishop of Oxford.

"*June* 22*nd*.—Drove in from Cuddesden. The Bishop of Oxford preached a wonderful sermon at St. Mary's. Lunched at Exeter College, and witnessed the presentation of plate to the American bishops. Dined with Jowett. Evening party at the President of St. John's.

"*June* 23*rd*.—Grand commemoration. Wonderful sight. Lunched at the Vice-Chancellor's. Tea at Baliol. Reached London at ten A.M.

"*July* 1*st*.—Made many farewell calls before leaving London. Reached Westmill.

"*July* 3*rd*.—Out with K. and the children in the hay-field—very happy. Children flying kites.

"*July* 21*st*.—Left Westmill, with how much regret! Embarked with K. and the children on board the Leith steamer.

"*July* 22*nd*.—Beautiful calm day. The children enjoying themselves on board. Wrote a great part of my charge.

"*July* 24*th*.—Went to see the new house. Much disappointed.

On returning to Scotland Dr. Ewing found that the house at Lochgilphead was still in a very unfinished condition, and the different members of his family had to be despatched in various directions.

Extracts from letters written during the latter part of this year will complete its history.

BISHOPSTON, *August* 18*th*, 1852.

To his BROTHER:—

"You will be glad to hear that I passed a comfortable night in this house of ours. How solemn, when one considers that this will be the scene in all probability of our chiefest joys and our chiefest sorrows. Ea is still at Kilmory, and she and Mary only come during the day, so I am all alone in my *toun*; all, save Mr.——'s serf, who, in full Highland dress, waits on me, and who is now asleep (I believe in the same garb) in the next room. I have one bedroom nearly ready, and the other will be ready this week; and the rest of the house also, if the things would but come. The great difficulty in fitting up this little place is that the furniture all looks inharmonious in these little rooms. To-morrow is Ea's birthday, and I wish we were celebrating it and all such events under one

roof. Auchindarroch has given me unlimited command over all his woods if I want timber."

BISHOPSTON, *August 24th*, 1852.

To Miss LUCY SOAMES :—

"You have heard, no doubt, of our finding things in a sadly unprepared state here, and of Katherine and the children having to set off to Inverness-shire. She was so disappointed with the house, that I feared she would never come back! but she is coming this week. How can I thank you for the unnumbered kindnesses received when we were so long your neighbours at Westmill. Tell Mr. Soames *he* is not to come until next year; when I shall entertain him in such a way, that he will say, 'Old England for me,' and rejoice in Hertfordshire ever after. Not so his daughters, whom I hope to persuade to think better of our thistles.

"Our Church, in this Presbyterian country, must be looked upon as a mission, and those who expect more will be sadly disappointed. At the same time, I must say the work itself is most gratifying. We are getting quantities of poor people to attend our services; so that if I had the luxury of another clergyman, for two months only, I should not despair of founding in these villages two most important congregations. But we must give up one—Ardrishaig—my most valuable curate being knocked up with too much work."

BISHOPSTON, *December 23rd*, 1852.

"MY DEAR CLIFFORD,—I am indeed so weighed down with the cares of the world and of the Church, that although I cannot get my hair to grow grey, or myself to grow grave, I cannot find time to write aught but letters of business, and mere salutations of brotherly love. I have time, however, to say thank you when love is sent to me. Your brother Hugh is again in our latitude. I hope he will come and see us; and if he will become a sober-minded Churchman and Catholic Christian, I will induct him into one of the most valuable livings in my gift then vacant!"

BISHOPSTON, *December 24th*, 1852.

To his BROTHER:—

"I cannot let Christmas-eve pass away without sending you a few lines of joy and congratulation upon the fact of your being engaged in the same work as I am. . . . Such a school feast as we had yesterday defies description! One hundred and fifty children, who were lately in rags, all well clad, all under excellent instruction; many of them, and these the elder girls, as promising as a year ago they were the reverse. I think our pupil teachers are fairly on the way to be Queen's scholars, notwithstanding many discouragements and difficulties. The schoolroom was very prettily decorated: 'Ceud Mile a Failtachd' in great blue letters, and 'Long live the Bishop' (*not his own work*), in pink; and then such noise, jumping, and sounds of rejoicing, with three cheers for the Bishop's son Alick, as he tied up a device of his own for giving equal chances of an apple or a candle.

"To-night we have all the upper class children at tea; and the house is verdant with wreaths and rows of holly and the like. As for the church, since Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Katherine, Nina, and Miss Day have been working at it until—with everlasting flowers, holly, ivy, &c.,—it is a winter paradise. Mr. Buchanan has arranged to light the east window from without, and at nine P.M. we adjourn for evening service, for which the choir—a motley multitude—have been practising 'Adeste Fideles' for a fortnight. Surely there never was such a Christmas kept in Argyll since the Christmas which St. Columba celebrated, when he baptized Brute and his compeer Celts.

December 26th, 1852.

To the SAME:—

"I must go to Aberdeen by the 4th of next month to give my vote in favour of Wordsworth for the bishopric of St. Andrews; it is of importance I should be there, for my presence may secure the election of so excellent and able a man. I would thankfully remain at home, as I am pretty well again; and mainly in consequence of keeping

quiet for a short period. All send their love and Christmas congratulations, well remembering how gay and happy we were at Westmill last year, and, perhaps, lamenting that here we have no Christmas trees, and no good, zealous Soameses."

The journey to Aberdeen which the Bishop undertook proved to be a singularly trying one to himself. For more than three weeks he was laid up at his hotel with an attack of pleurisy, and he seems to have entertained very serious doubts of his recovery. Happily for him, his brother was able to come to him, and as soon as he was convalescent accompanied him to Bishopston. But there was one countenance on which he was never to look again, for during this illness occurred the death of his greatly beloved uncle at Tartowie. This event had been for some considerable time anticipated. But special circumstances connected with the death of his uncle intensified the shock which he experienced when made acquainted with the fact that he had passed away. For some months previously Doctor Ewing had been in failing health, and his bright intellect had become somewhat clouded over, it was feared, by incipient softening of the brain; still, though he was no longer the vigorous and brilliant man of the old days, there were no grounds for apprehending immediate danger. But he fell heavily one evening while walking from one room to another, and sank rapidly under the effects of the fall.

Some years after this date the Bishop wrote to his brother:—

"There must be rest for him somewhere, for him who

was so loyal and loving to us, who was so noble in his intrinsic manhood, though at times he seemed forgetful of his cultivated and almost fastidious tastes, and to lean too little on that outward support—if indeed it be outward—which you and I feel to be essential to the wellbeing of our deepest life. Yes, there must be rest for him somewhere."

In the course of his convalescence the Bishop gave expression to his sorrow in an "In Memoriam," which opens with the following lines:—

"He sleeps beside the river of his birth,
Beside the Don—full-flowing, gentle river—
Whose song awoke his morning upon earth,
And now his lullaby sings on for ever."

By the middle of February the Bishop was able to return to Bishopston, and after his home-coming the weeks passed on uneventfully. He had to make one journey to Edinburgh for a meeting of synod, but with that exception he enjoyed a quiet breathing-time until the month of July. In this restful interval he penned a letter to Dean Ramsay, of which the following is a summary:—

BISHOPSTON, *June 1st*, 1853.

"MY DEAR DEAN,—I take the liberty of addressing you upon the subject of the proposed co-operation of the Church Society with the Committee of Council on Education. It is much to be wished that co-operation should take place.

"In this diocese we have been in the habit of considering that the intentions of the Church Society were fulfilled as to the conditions for obtaining grants in aid of education, if it was provided, in the case of schools, that they should possess the sanction of the bishop, the superintendence of the local clergyman, a master and mistress in communion

with the Church, and the recommendation of the Diocesan Association; and, whether our conclusions were legitimate or not, we have always obtained the aid of the society. But a doubt has arisen as to the conditions on which assistance is to be looked for from the society in the future. And this doubt originated in the following circumstances.

"Some years ago the curate of this place, being much impressed with the religious and moral destitution of the neighbouring village of Ardrishaig, took measures for the erection of a school there, and considerable sums were obtained, not sufficient, however, to supersede the necessity of an application to the Committee of Council on Education in its behalf. . . .

"The school was placed in full connection with the Church, and it obtained accordingly the annual aid for maintenance from the Church Society. It was hoped, however, that its advantages might be shared by the children of other communions, and in order that these might not be excluded from our school, a wide religious basis was adopted. This consisted of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and to this programme the Committee of the Privy Council gave their consent.

"Before, however, the title-deeds of the school were completed, the question was asked whether any objection lay, on the part of the Church Society, to the proposed lines of religious instruction, and the reply was that all schools receiving aid from the Church Society must have the Church Catechism as the basis of all religious instruction imparted in them. Upon this, inquiry was instituted as to whether the Committee of Council would agree to an alteration of the religious basis of the school, so as to suit this requirement of the Church Society; and it was replied, 'That so long as the right of absence from the religious instruction is secured to those children whose parents may state that they conscientiously object to it, my lords would not consider that it fell within their province to criticise the particulars of the religious instruction.'

"This reply was, in my opinion, entirely satisfactory, supplying, as it does, a basis on which the Church Society and the Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council might harmoniously co-operate in the work of education. I have been surprised, however, to learn that objections have been taken by some members of the Church Society to an arrangement founded upon these premises. The objections are the following: first, that to bestow aid on schools where other children than those of the Church are admitted is a misapplication of the funds of the society; and second, that the proposed arrangement entails the severance of religious from secular instruction. To these, thirdly, may be added, an objection from another quarter: that the scheme has the appearance of an intention to proselytize, by unfair means, the children of other communions.

"To the first objection I would only say, that except by some such method as that proposed, we cannot obtain the instruction even of our own children in the principles or Catechism of the Church at all. Hitherto they have had to go to Presbyterian instructors, our numbers in country places not being sufficient to enable us to maintain schools for ourselves. But, by the arrangement above proposed, we shall be able to obtain schools of our own, whereby our children may be educated in the principles of the Church.

"To the second objection, the nature of the objects aimed at in the schools, and the character of the superintendence under which they are conducted, form a sufficient answer.

"As to the third objection, I make answer, that we do not practise any concealment. We do not profess that we are *not* ministers of Christ and members of the Episcopal Church. We are that which we are, and we deem ourselves called on to do that which we do, because of our belief that the Gospel alone meets the wants of humanity, and that we have been commissioned to proclaim it. Surely we cannot but make every exertion in our power to communicate its blessings to all within our reach, and among others to the children entrusted to our care.

"Certainly some of the children entrusted to our in-

struction are placed by their parents in our schools under special conditions, while we who have the teaching of them are bound to accept of no conditions which would compromise the exercise of our ministry in its integrity, and consequently these two closely connected questions arise: 1st, whether the non-inculcation of the Catechism is compatible with the duties which we owe to our ministerial calling; and 2ndly, whether the teaching of the doctrines of the Catechism, apart from the letter of it, is compatible with the duties which we owe to parents who object to their children being taught the formulary itself. As to the former question, it will surely not be maintained by any man in his senses that unless we employ the *ipsissimâ verba* of the formulary we have nó gospel to communicate to the children, or that without these any religious instruction we might impart would be quite valueless? For so to affirm would be simply equivalent to saying that the Catechism has superseded the Scriptures. I presume, accordingly, that it will be generally admitted that I do not forfeit my commission as a minister of Christ, though I drop the teaching of the Church Catechism in the cases of children who have neither godfathers nor godmothers. But what of the Presbyterian parents? Do we deal—can we deal—honestly by them? Yes, we can. The rules of our schools are made known. We say we are not going to ask your children to learn our Catechism, but we hope, by God's blessing, to teach them to become Christian men and women. We are going to tell them that Christ has 'redeemed them and all mankind,' and if, after distinctly stating what the principles are upon which we are going to conduct the schools, the Presbyterian parents are prepared to send their children to us, will your Church Society shut the door in their face; will it withdraw its grant just at the time when the opportunity is given to it of really advancing the interests of our Master's kingdom?

"These, then, my dear Dean, are the only conditions for obtaining the assistance of your society for our schools *which I should like to see laid down as necessary*—the sanction of the bishop, the superintendence of the clergyman, the recommendation of the Diocesan Association, and

the Church membership of the master and mistress; only in regard to this last term I would not prescribe an absolute rule, but would leave a discretionary power in the hands of the managers.

"I have been speaking only of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and our position is very different from that of the Church of England. But, taking the united empire as a whole, it does not appear to me that in the matter of education the action of the Government has hitherto been understood, or had justice done to it.

"In its endeavours to educate the people, it is assuredly the advancement of the people *in good* which is aimed at, and *that* only. It cannot be a desire to *deteriorate* the nation, which inspires 'My Lords' of the Education Committee, and it is as ludicrous as it is uncharitable to suppose that *at best* they are only possessed by the 'fixed idea' that it is their duty to see that the people shall be able to read and write merely for the sake of reading and writing. It may be that the State does not share *our* opinion as to *means*, but I am sure that both parties have in view the same great *end*—the good of the people.

"*We* believe that the elevation of the masses can only be effectually secured by an education which involves the direct inculcation of the highest principles, that is, by teaching the Gospel. The State may believe in the efficacy of a more mechanical instrumentality. But is there any reason why the two agencies should be separated? Let *us* not draw off to the Sacred Mount. Let it not be occupied by others. If we jointly occupy the city, peace shall be within our walls, and plenteousness within our palaces.

"But to return to our own immediate interests.

"In *our* particular position in Scotland, a path of great utility now lies before us, viz. the education of females, a subject hitherto much neglected. Are we closing the door which is now opened? We have it in our power, perhaps, to prevent one of the greatest evils under which this country labours—the addiction of the men to habits of intemperance from the incapacity of the female to provide for her husband a comfortable home. Let us take heed that we do not hold back from so good a

work. If we put it from us it will be taken up by others, and we shall be the losers. We can only accomplish it, under God, by the mutual co-operation of the Government and our Church Society.'

In those days when "Education" was so much a party cry, when with many the culture of the human soul in truth, in reverence, in all that constitutes human well-being, was subordinated to the interests of mere denominationalism, it is a relief to find a bishop throwing himself so heartily into the larger cause of enlightenment and progress.

Dr. Ewing believed that the Catechism was made for God's children, and not God's children only for the Catechism. He held himself aloof from sectarian conventionalities in presence of the needs of the living generation; and his one anxiety was, that the future men and women who composed it should be trained in the love of knowledge and godliness. What more could any one have wished for in their behalf?

But there is one particularly bright and pleasant episode in the summer of this year to which the Bishop in later days often reverted with delight. He had received an invitation from Lady Glasgow to be her guest at the Garrison, and to meet Bishop Blomfield, who with some members of his family was paying a visit there at the time. To Cumbrae accordingly he went, to find another of his many friends in the Bishop of London, and not to part with him until he had given him a "Highland welcome" at Bishopston and a "Scotch convoy" to Appin and Glencoe. At Ballachulish the Bishops were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Keble, and also a few days later by the Rector

of Westmill, to whom his brother had written from Ballachulish, saying, "Come, for neither Mr. nor Mrs. Keble take up all the beds."

And here a poem must be alluded to of which probably the reader never heard, but in which both the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Argyll are conspicuous figures, and the authorship of which, if it is lawful to publish the suspicion, could not be altogether a secret to a certain member of Bishop Blomfield's family. The poem in question is entitled, "Ye Crossinge of ye Bishoppes: an Ancient Poem." It was printed at the *Garrison Press*, Isle of Cumbrae, 1859; but it professed to be the production *in print* of a very ancient manuscript, to which Sir Walter Scott must have had access. "Ye Crossinge" was the transit to Rothesay from Cumbrae, at the latter of which localities, according to the preface, the Bishop of London of that day, accompanied by his suite, which apparently included certain very near relations, became a guest of the chief of the then barbarous isle. It would also appear that at the same epoch a college or monastery existed on the island of which the then Bishop of Argyll was provost, and whom insular pride seems to have endowed with the high-sounding title of "Lord of the Isles." Underneath this veil, and in verses which are a wonderfully clever imitation of the dancing rhythm of Sir Walter, we have a record of one of the many delightful incidents which occurred in the course of the visit Bishop Blomfield paid to Argyllshire. But it is mainly because the poem contains the following charming description of Bishop Ewing that the reader's attention has been called to it.

A doubt being expressed by one speaker as to who is approaching after the crossing, another replies—

'No, ladye! but tried eyes like mine,
More clearly see a friend than thine:
No twenty parcels has he got,
One carpet bag is all his lot.
Still, 'tis the form, the eye, the word,
The bearing of our Island Lord.
I know him by his stature tall,
His poncho black; and brown plaid shawl;
His locks which, like an unpruned vine,
Upon his noble forehead twine,
Jet black, save where some touch of grey
Has ta'en the youthful hue away.
Weather and time their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face."

BISHOPSTON.

After finally parting with the Blomfield family at Fort William, Dr. Ewing returned to Bishopston, and remained there till the close of the year.

In speaking of Bishopston in a letter to Lady Glasgow, dated October 23rd, when he invited her to come

and inspect the "episcopal palace and its precincts," he says, "It is, perhaps, more suited to primitive than modern times, but it forms a nucleus around which may gather at some future time the piles of a Hildebrand or of a Sixtus, should such be vouchsafed to the virtues or sins, as the case may be, of the Highlands of Argyll."

CHAPTER XVI.

TURIN MISSION—THE VAUDOIS CHURCH—INSTALLATION AS PROVOST OF CUMBRAE—LONDON—SWITZERLAND—RETURN TO BISHOPSTON. 1854—1855.

BISHOP EWING had by this date apparently given up all thought of emigration *for life* to some more genial climate than that of Argyllshire, but his Italian affinities naturally led him to entertain the hope that if constrained by the state of his health, or by the expenses involved in the administration of his diocese, to vacate his see for a time, work might be found for him amongst the people he loved so well; and in a letter to his brother, dated December 29th, 1853, he confides to him a programme of ministry in Italy which he was working out in his own mind, and which occupied much of his thoughtful consideration during the years 1854 and 1855:—

"My dear John,—I think it not unlikely that a bishop representing the Church of England, and whose mission it would be to form a centre of unity for the descendants of the "slaughtered saints" among the Vaudois, and for others who are claiming liberty of faith in Sardinia, would be acceptable in Turin. . . . This position for a year or two would suit me delightfully. I have asked Mrs. Murray,

who is now here, to write to her brother in Turin, General Beckwith, on the subject."

In explanation of the allusion to the gallant soldier just named, it should be stated that General Beckwith had given very substantial proof of an enthusiastic interest in the Waldenses, and if he was not the anonymous donor who placed £5,000 in the hands of the well-known Dr. Gilly for the founding of the Waldensian College at La Torre, he certainly contributed £1,500 towards the new Protestant church at Turin, and became responsible for all the expenses connected with the architectural decoration of the interior. This church, towards the erection of which not only Episcopalians in England, through the instrumentality of Dr. Gilly, the well-known friend of the Vaudois, but members of various non-Episcopalian communities throughout Christendom, had liberally subscribed, was opened with much solemnity for public worship, in presence of an immense congregation, on the 15th December, 1853. And in writing of the intention of its founders Dr. Gilly says, "This edifice will be the place of worship not only of Waldenses, but of all other Protestants there, native and strangers, who shall say, 'We will go into the house of the Lord.'" Accordingly, it seemed to Bishop Ewing, when he heard of the dedication of this Protestant but truly Catholic "Temple," as the Italians called it, that within its walls would be the appropriate place in which to present a quiet exhibition of the doctrine and ritual of the British Episcopal Churches of the Reformation. Moreover, as the constitution of the Waldensian Church was originally Episcopalian, he was not with-

out hope, as the extract from his letter to his brother has in part implied, that the presence of a bishop with valid orders, but who did not acknowledge obedience to Rome, might be the means, if the end was desired, of reconstructing that form of ecclesiastical government which the children of the valleys had lost, in consequence of a pestilence in the seventeenth century that left only two of their pastors surviving, and necessitated their sending to Switzerland for spiritual guidance. However, Episcopacy, even at this period of his life, was a secondary thing to Bishop Ewing, compared with the profounder interests of Protestantism itself; and, as he was careful to state in a communication which he drew up at this time for private circulation, his chief anxiety was to be the instrument of preventing a conflict between the inherited beliefs of the Waldenses, who had been deprived of their ancestral Church government, and the twofold claim of the modern insurgents against Rome's usurpation, for ecclesiastical order and evangelic truth. The scheme was very reasonable, and the occasion seemed ripe. The proposal, moreover, commended itself to Dr. Ewing's various correspondents.

But while the Bishop was beginning to be absorbed in his Italian mission, and in proof of his earnest intention to undertake it was giving himself anew to the study of the language of Italy, there came a visitation of cholera to Ardrishaig. His curate and his curate's wife were at the time of the outbreak both seriously unwell, and while Mrs. Ewing nursed them, the Bishop himself went from house to house, ministering to the wants of the cholera patients. In the

end it proved that the good Bishop, fearless and forgetful of himself, had overdrawn his available physical energies, and he became ill himself. But his illness was not of an alarming character, and by the 16th of March he could write to his brother:—

"Wonderfully well, considering that I have no curate, and since Christmas have had all to do, including the work of the schools, &c., to say nothing of the correspondence of the diocese. . . .

"I am much pleased with Maurice. He is another Erskine—a *life-giving* heretic. He will save by the sword of the Lord, but his own sword is another than that of Gideon; our old friend ——, however, supposes that no one should be killed except by one of the 'regulation' weapons, objects to death by such means, and says it is not fair death."

March 25th he again writes:—

"My dear John,—This is my fortieth birthday. I have seen many more birthdays than I ever calculated upon seeing, or than I had any right to expect to see, with the organization I inherit; and not less unexpected have been the blessings I have received. Unto God be thanks and praise for so many mercies, and not the least amongst them all has been the gift of a brother, whose constant care and patience have doubled all my store, and who has ever taken the deepest interest in all my doings."

The apprehensions with which the Bishop regarded the ritual in use in the collegiate church at Cumbrae have already been spoken of, but in the months of March and April of the present year the whole arrangements of the Cumbrae foundation were subjected to an elaborate revision. Over and over in his journals occur such entries as this: "Had much satisfactory conversation with Mr. Boyle as to future plans for

Cumbrae, as to the presidency and management of the college, sitting up till one A.M."

The Bishop had reason to be satisfied. The provost, canons, and all the members of the foundation were to be subject to his episcopal authority. He was to be visitor, with all the power of approval or rejection, both of men or of measures, which a visitor usually possesses. The provost and canons, if the bishop himself were not provost, were to be appointed by the bishop and founder jointly. A limited number of aged or infirm clergy were to be permitted to reside in the college, and to officiate in the collegiate church. A certain number of students were to be received by the vice-provost, and these might consist either of young men about to enter one of the universities or a theological college, of undergraduates desirous of spending the long vacation in study, or of candidates for holy orders; and, generally speaking, the objects of the college, as finally approved by the Bishop, were—the worship of Almighty God by means of daily public prayers; the promotion of the welfare of the diocese, by placing at the disposal of the bishop at least two of the resident clergy of Cumbrae to act as supernumeraries, or conduct such missions as he may direct; the providing a retreat for aged or infirm clergymen, as well as a temporary resting-place for such clergy as may require retirement for a season from active duty; and, finally, the education and maintenance of two or three students while preparing to enter the ministry of the Church, more especially in the Gaelic-speaking districts. The staff of the college was to consist of a provost and four or six clergy. Two of these were to

be engaged in serving the chapel and in the tuition of students, while two were to be at the disposal of the bishop. Moreover, there was to be a chapter, consisting of the provost and three canons, with the addition of six honorary canons nominated in equal numbers by the bishop and by the founder, and, after the decease of the latter, by a majority of the chapter.

The college being thus constituted, the installation of the provost took place on the 28th of June, that of the canons next day, and the following letter to Lady Glasgow records the Bishop's impressions of the occasion :—

THE COLLEGE, CUMBRAE, *July 6th*, 1854.

"MY DEAR LADY GLASGOW,—You will not object to a line from me, dated here, to tell you of our college affairs, and how Mr. Boyle is. We have had the most successful and happy meeting of clergy, and all circumstances were propitious. But probably Mr. Boyle has himself informed you of the ceremonies of the installation, the splendour of the evening services, and the solemnity of those of next day. I trust that very beneficial results will flow out of the late proceedings, and that a large and lasting impression for good was made on the occasion. Indeed, we have now so many friends that I cannot but think we shall have as many students as we require, when our wishes are once made known. The house which has been fitted up for the provost, vice-provost, and students, and in which we are now residing, is everything that we or any one else could wish, and I only fear we shall all be too sorry to leave it.

"My party fills the part designed for the provost. The Dean, my brother, and Sir John Orde, with Mr. Keigwin and Mr. Vidgeon, fill the others. Our services in church and meetings for various purposes are really doing us all good. I am afraid you will think me high-flown

but at this moment it is hard to be otherwise. I think Mr. Cazenove a great acquisition; I intend to place my second son with him. I say nothing of the Freemans, you know their value. But you will be best pleased to hear about Mr. Boyle. He is, I think, now quite well. To-day the Dean, Mr. Freeman, and I went in the yacht as far as Portnacross, and Mr. Boyle, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Norman in the paddle-boat ran a race with us, of which the victory is disputed."

On the 1st of August the Cumbrae residence came to a close, and the Bishop with his family returned to Bishopston. On the 18th came the usual synod at Lochgilphead.

The 31st of August was always a specially white day for the Bishop; it was his brother's birthday; but this anniversary brought an additional brightness of its own to the Bishopston circle, for on it, by a happy coincidence, came a letter from the Rector of Westmill announcing his approaching marriage. For the present the Bishop had to content himself with written congratulations; as, whether the Turin vision was to become fact or not, he had to accept the alternative of spending the winter away from his diocese, and there was much to arrange for the carrying on of the work during his absence. But by the middle of October he had completed all his arrangements, although he had to his sorrow lost his motion at the synod for the admission of the laity into Church Councils; and, accompanied by Mrs. Ewing and his children, he started for the south to be present at his brother's wedding on the 25th.

The Bishop returned to Westmill after the wedding to undertake the duties of the parish, and

remained in sole charge until his brother's return on the 1st of December.

As his Italian mission existed as yet only on paper, the Bishop was anxious to obtain a temporary charge at some other station on the Continent. And in the hope of hearing of some available sphere of duty, he made it a part of his business to enter into communication during this November time with the Bishop of Gibraltar, who was then staying in London; but it was found that there was no opening for him in that diocese, and accordingly he made up his mind to pass the winter in London. In the course of his search for a suitable house, he found himself in the neighbourhood of "Mr. Blunt's old church at Chelsea"—the church he attended in his boyhood. Fortunately it was open, and divine service was going on at the time. With what feelings he offered up his prayers and thanksgivings to his Heavenly Father on the occasion need not be said.

By the close of 1854 the Bishop had received substantial proofs of the sympathy he had called out in behalf of his Piedmontese scheme. The Bishops of London, of St. Asaph, and of Gibraltar sent him each £50, and various sums were received from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Beresford Hope, Lord Lindsay, Mr. Dickenson, Mr. Bowdler, and others.

The Bishop spent Christmas surrounded by all the members of his family; and his two elder boys are not likely to forget the delight with which their father became their guide during the holidays to the various sights in London. The Sundays of this time seem to have been days of special enjoyment; and we find

Bishop Ewing continually making such entries as, "Spent a most happy evening with K. and the children." For, in contrast to the gloomy Sabbatarianism of the great majority of his Calvinistic countrymen, he himself shared the views of Calvin on the subject of the fourth commandment. All days were alike sacred to him, and all time, according to his conception, was one great day of the Lord. Still the first day of the week was emphatically "the day which the Lord has made," but the observance of it, as he believed, instead of being merely enjoined by a formal prescription, had developed spontaneously with the growth of the Church into a memorial festival of joy and thanksgiving.

In the month of March the Bishop went to Oxford, where he spent a few days of great enjoyment, Mr. Jowett's rooms being his head-quarters. There were pleasant luncheon parties, delightful walks and talks by the river and in the college gardens, and not less refreshing evening gatherings, at which he found friends both old and new. He had, however, gone down to Oxford on a special errand, and on the 8th he preached a sermon in St. Peter's Church in behalf of the Scottish Episcopal Church Society. He had likewise his Piedmont scheme to bring under the notice of some of the Oxford authorities, with whom he had not yet corresponded on the subject; and one of these, while warning him against "the Waldensian heresy," said, greatly to his surprise, "You are surely far more needed in your own country, to proclaim there the Church's great message of the Redemption of all mankind by Christ."

On returning to London it was his good fortune to spend an evening in the society of two men who have certainly done their age some service which the world will not soon forget—Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Erskine—both, assuredly, "prophetic souls," the one charged with the message that God is in history as inexorable Law, the other coming among us in great humility with the proclamation that God is in the Human Soul as inexorable Love.

The Bishop greatly enjoyed the converse of his two countrymen on the evening in question. It was an immense delight to him to listen for the first time to the rich picturesque talk of Thomas Carlyle, and to find the living man so like his books, so sincere in speech, so pathetically, and at times almost grimly, humorous, while here and there his words had an additional raciness imparted to them by the half-musical intonation and quaint vowel pronunciation peculiar to the speaker—the *lilt*, if it may so be called, with which they were uttered. Few among Mr. Carlyle's clerical readers had more thoroughly appreciated than Alexander Ewing had done the humour and the profound wisdom of the "Sartor Resartus;" perhaps few among them were so prepared as he was for the parting with the inherited robes or *habits* of thought which the clothes philosophy proclaimed to be one of the inevitable laws or conditions of human development; but the Bishop's wish was not so much to be unclothed as clothed upon, that the accidental might, if in any wise possible, be replaced by the essential and the abiding, that the "mortality" of dogma

"might be swallowed up of life"—the life of direct communion with the living Source of all truth and goodness.

Mere meteoric appearances, however far they might flash their light athwart human history, or whatever present illumination they might shed over the upper strata of society, did not supply to Dr. Ewing's mind a satisfactory answer to the question which every man born into time has a right to ask—"Why hast Thou made me thus?" There was but one answer, of which he could say this "sufficeth us," and Thomas Erskine was at the present date prepared to utter it. He had begun to recognise that we cannot think purely of God, who is a Spirit, under the conditions of space and time, and that the Will of the Unchangeable, the Will of Perfect Love, must simply be the same consuming fire of destruction for whatsoever opposeth and exalteth itself against the welfare of His children throughout all ages. For Mr. Erskine the great prophetic words of the Apocalypse were fulfilling themselves—"There shall be *time* no longer." He was realising now the relation of each man to God, wholly apart from the circumstances in the midst of which our present discipline is carried on. In the body or out of the body, man, he believed, was equally near to God, equally dear to God; wherever he was, the Father of his spirit must be doing the best for him. Accordingly, when Alexander Ewing had for the first time the great happiness of becoming personally acquainted with Thomas Erskine, to his still greater happiness he discovered that the hope of final good for all man-

kind was fast becoming the calm and settled persuasion of the great lay theologian—for such undoubtedly Erskine was. It was on the 23rd of March, 1855, that Thomas Erskine and Alexander Ewing first met; but for them to meet once was to become friends for all the rest of their days.

Before leaving England, in the end of May, the Bishop was struck down by an alarming illness at Clapham Rectory, when on a visit to his old friend, Mr. Bowyer. For six days his friends could only entertain the most serious apprehensions as to the result; but once more convalescent, he thus writes to Mr. Erskine:—

CLAPHAM RECTORY, *April 29th*, 1855.

"On the first day I could with safety venture out of doors, it was annoying to find that you had called when I was out. I should have been glad to speak to you of so many things. I send a sermon (some portion of which, perhaps, Mrs. Stirling may read), not for its intrinsic worth, but because it, I hope, will satisfy you to see how (in a confused way) the doctrine of pardon, leading to purification of heart and life, has been submitted to the winds and waves of Iona, and possibly to some readers elsewhere, who may not hitherto have recognised the relation of holiness to forgiveness. I have been reading Maurice on "Sacrifice." I think he misses the meaning of the sacrifices of Cain and Abel. Abel was a righteous man, and presenting his sacrifice or offering in a righteous way, *i.e.* as a solemn act in his righteous life, it was accepted, as, shall I say, we should of course have expected. Cain was an unrighteous man, living in unrighteousness, and in an unrighteous spirit, either hypocritically or as a bargain-maker, he offered his sacrifice, and it was not accepted—either because God is not mocked, or because a bargain of the kind is impossible. Sacrifice will not do at all in the place of righteousness. It may be a proof and offering

of thanks, but never a propitiation or bargain. The sacrifice of the Cross was an offering by which *many are made righteous.* The propitiatory aspect is beyond us, I suspect."

On the 31st of May, after a farewell visit to Westmill, Dr. Ewing crossed the Channel from Folkestone, and after travelling by way of Paris, Basle, and Berne, with its "glorious and surprising mountains," he finally established himself at Vevay on the 21st of June, where he remained until the 29th of August. The following extracts from his diary will sufficiently indicate what the Vevay sojourn was for Bishop Ewing and his family.

"*June* 21*st.*—Saw the Rev. Mr. Blomfield and took his house at Chaponeyre for two months.

"*June* 24*th.*—Had service at home; it cleared up in the evening, and we all walked towards Hauteville—most lovely scenery.

"*July* 1*st.*—Preached for Mr. Blomfield.

"*July* 12*th.*—Writing a tract on the Prayer Book.

"*July* 15*th.*—Being K.'s birthday, hired a boat and sailed to Chillon. A lovely day—enjoyed it extremely.

"*July* 21*st.*—Took a boat and started for St. Gingough, but a storm came on. Made for the Hôtel Byron, where we landed. Did not reach home till one A.M."

Bishop Ewing and his party were in great danger on this occasion. The boatmen lost all control of the boat, and letting it drive before the wind, it swept straight into the centre of a clump of piles—collision with any one of which would have instantaneously precipitated all on board into the lake.

"*July* 29*th.*—Had service at home, and administered the Holy Communion to all, as the boys are leaving for England to-morrow.

"*July* 30*th*.—The boys went off. K. gave them watches, and I accompanied them as far as Lausanne. The Lord go with them, and bless them!

"*August* 19*th*.—Preached again at Vevay. Ea's birthday—ten years old to-day. God bless her.

"*August* 21*st*.—Confirmed, in the church of St. Clair, four English candidates whom I had seen from time to time before.

"*August* 29*th*.—Left Chaponeyré with great regret."

In these simple words Bishop Ewing speaks of the close of the Vevay episode in his life; but that, on breaking up his temporary home in Switzerland, he had to turn his face northwards, instead of proceeding to Italy to inaugurate his Waldensian mission, was a bitter disappointment to him. He had continued his correspondence on the subject vigorously, but finally the scheme was abandoned. General Beckwith withdrew the encouragement he had once held out, and in so doing took occasion to remind the Bishop of the unsettled condition of the Italian government, and to warn him of the political jealousy which, as he believed, the arrival in Turin of a British ecclesiastical dignitary, charged with a special mission, would be certain to arouse. Moreover, he argued that it would be at the least exceedingly inopportune to initiate a Protestant movement from without at the very time that the Italians themselves seemed entering on the path of ecclesiastical reformation. Besides, there was in reality no English population permanently resident in Turin to form even the nucleus of such a congregation as he wished to establish; for the few English families who were to be found there at the time, being mainly those of railway contractors or of others engaged in public-

works, might any day be called away to another part of the country. Dr. Gilly, too, though a clergyman of the Church of England, was strongly opposed to the Bishop's mission and to his obtaining permission to make any use whatever of the Protestant Church in Turin. He was satisfied with the Church as it was, and "hoped it might continue to occupy a position as the venerable Church, to which the right hand of fellowship may be extended by all the Reformed Churches in Christendom." Curiously enough, too, Dr. Gilly had taken it for granted and persisted in the belief that Dr. Ewing, the author of "Episcopacy in Scotland," and "The Order of the Ministry," being a prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church, must be a very High Churchman!

It seemed to Bishop Ewing, when he first learned that the Turin door was closed against his entrance, as if the special work for the carrying out of which he had the requisite training, sympathy, and capacity had been wrested out of his hands by ignorance and fear, the two enemies against which he waged life-long war. But Dr. Ewing had too much energy, too much faith in the future of this great God's world of endless possibility and of permanent duty, and too much humour, to allow him to sit down and idly lament the past or brood over the failures of others who were not ready to co-operate with him; and accordingly, on the day on which he left Vevay, we find him not only ignoring his disappointment and the state of his own health, which a winter in Italy would in all probability have greatly ameliorated, but communicating to his brother a variety of circum-

stances which combined to render his return to Scotland exceedingly desirable. *Sursum corda* was the habitual call which the Bishop made upon himself in emergencies; and he now journeyed back to Argyll full of heart and hope.

Early in November of this year Bishop Ewing received from Mr. Boyle a letter which required his profound consideration. He never for one moment had the slightest misgivings as to the motives of the founder of the college at Cumbrae; but his high personal regard for his character only augmented the difficulty which he felt in being officially connected with an institution which was generally regarded with extreme suspicion as a seminary established for the diffusion of anti-Reformation principles. This letter, however, contained nothing but expressions, on the one hand, of the most loyal attachment to the Bishop himself, and the intimation, on the other, of the writer's generous resolution to contribute to the utmost of his means towards the furtherance of the best interests of the diocese. The following were Mr. Boyle's liberal proposals. He intended to take upon himself all the expenses of Cumbrae, and to assign £50 a year, in permanence, as an addition to the income of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. He further was anxious to secure a permanent residence for the Bishop in Cumbrae, though not in the college itself. In the meanwhile he begged Dr. Ewing to be "kind enough to let him know the exact amount of Bishop Low's endowment and the income arising from it," before he proceeded to make final arrangements.

Touched by the announcement of his correspondent's liberal intentions, the Bishop wrote the following letter—a letter which unostentatiously reveals the sacrifices which he had been cheerfully making in the interests of his diocese.

LOCHGILPHEAD, *November 9th*, 1855.

"MY DEAR BOYLE,—. . . Mr. Keigwin has summoned me to Cumbrae for the 21st, and I have every expectation of being present. The intimation in your letter conveys to me great and good news, as I doubt not that it was much comfort to you to communicate it. I rejoice to hear that you now see your way towards realising the object which you have so long had at heart, and that the Church is to benefit permanently from arrangements which, until now, could not be effected. I need not say that you have my earnest good wishes and prayers. I do not know that I ought to offer advice. As bishop of the diocese I can do so without fear, and it is my duty; but as an individual, in some respects personally benefited by your schemes, would it be becoming in me to speak? Should your plans not be as yet matured to the full, I should have great pleasure, if you would allow me, in signifying to you in what way, as it appears to me, most good might be accomplished for this portion of the Church. But I must, first of all, confine myself to your question as to Bishop Low's endowment of the see.

"The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles derives his income from Bishop Low's endowment, a capital sum of about £8,000, which, as at present invested, yields nearly £270 per annum. He has no other official source of income, for the incumbencies in Argyll and the Isles are of so little pecuniary value, that, if the Bishop himself were to hold any of them (as bishops do in other Scotch dioceses to augment their revenues), no material benefit would accrue to him, inasmuch as the curate or chaplain, without whose assistance the duties of the charge could not be adequately performed, would necessarily receive the greater portion if not the whole of the stipend. This

year the bishop has not derived any revenue from the Low endowment, as the interest of the money was all required by the lawyers for the preparation of new title-deeds.

"The bishop at present is in possession of a house at Lochgilphead, which is rent free; and, for the last two years he has enjoyed an income of £50 per annum as Provost of Cumbrae. Accordingly, had Bishop Low's endowment been available this year, the gross revenues of the See of Argyll and the Isles would have been:—

Low endowment	£270
Cumbrae	50
House	50
	£370

"But, as I have mentioned, the interest of the endowment has not been paid this year. Being possessed of some private means, as you know, my dear Boyle, I have been able to go on; but without these, it would have been impossible to hold the bishopric here, save as *vox et præterea nihil*.

"In the Episcopal Church, according to the theory of its constitution, more than in any other system, it must always hold good that 'if the head suffers all the members suffer with it,' and I am of opinion that until something is done to enable us to hold our episcopates without constant pecuniary anxiety, no real good will be effected by our Church. It is true that we *can* get down wealthy men from England, but this mode of filling the Scottish bench does not develop the resources of the native Church, does not foster the real growth of the native plant.

"I do think that if our bishops and deans could be provided with such means for the efficient discharge of their offices as are supplied even to the colonial bishops and deans, we should find the road opening to a better state of things in Scotland. The attachment to a bishopric of a provostship or canonry of a college seems a legitimate way of augmenting the bishop's income, provided that the

college is really a ministerial and not a merely scholastic institution, especially in a diocese in which there is no wealthy congregation, from holding the cure of which, as in the dioceses of St. Andrews, and of Ross and Moray, he could derive a sufficient endowment. I trust that the collegiate supplement to the bishop's revenue will one day be forthcoming in this diocese. And, accordingly, I need scarcely add, that I conceive the greatest boon which could be conferred on our western episcopate would be the erection of Cumbrae into a cathedral institution. The bishop, dean, and say two canons, would effectually provide for carrying on divine service, as in the south, by rotation of residence. Such an arrangement would not only greatly benefit and add to the efficiency of the higher office-bearers of the diocese, but it would also elevate Cumbrae itself, and give it a definite and venerable character. I believe that the Church's real stability and progress in a diocese can only arise from the security and development of her apostolic organization as a corporation of bishops, priests, and deacons. A cathedral, and the means of locomotion for the ecclesiastical authorities, important in all places, are in a poor and thinly peopled district altogether indispensable. As yet, we have done little on the western shores. The flame kindled by our forefathers has been kept alive, but that is nearly all that we can with truth affirm respecting the work of the Church in this diocese; and if we think of the future, we have as yet made no provision for securing a perpetuity of labourers in the Master's field. I can only pray, that those of us who have been trying to serve, and those who, like yourself, have been generously sacrificing of their substance, may be strengthened to persevere, and that the blessing promised to the faithful may be ours."

On the 26th of November the Bishop left Cumbrae, and, halting for a couple of days at Dunoon, he returned to Bishopston, and there remained till the close of the year. The events of each day were duly chronicled, but there is nothing which calls for any

special notice until the 11th of December, when he addressed to Mr. Erskine the following letter explanatory of the failure of the Turin mission:—

December 11th, 1855.

"I returned to Bishopston two months ago, having found that the door was not open for me in Piedmont; that is to say, good Dr. Gilly and others have succeeded so effectually in impressing the minds of the Waldenses with the belief that I should be a hinderance rather than a help to them, that, after promising me the use of their church, they withdrew the promise. Then our representative at Turin became alarmed, and General Beckwith, the friend of the Waldenses, and my own friend as well, thought that the present was not the fitting time in which to make an experiment in Italy towards the union of Churches on the broad basis of Catholicism as distinct from Rome. Notwithstanding, I still am convinced that the time is as favourable as the field is free, and that Northern Italy might, ere long, become the mother of much genuine Church reform, both in Italy and on the Continent generally.

"I am now at my old work here; and uphill work it is in this sequestered region. I have much to do in the way of building and maintaining churches and schools. As to my general work, I have striven in carrying it on to adhere to the principles laid down in the accompanying charge. I trust you have some relief from suffering in your eyes, and that Mrs. Stirling is well. Pray remember me very kindly to her. My dear wife is far from well—I, myself, am better."

When the final abandonment of the Turin scheme was communicated to those who had so generously aided him in his endeavour to carry it out, most of the donors (probably all) begged him to retain their gifts for the purposes of his own diocese.

But while the Bishop had ultimately to accept the

decision of those English friends of the Waldenses who had acquired, and legitimately acquired, great influence among them, his own opinion was not in the least shaken by the statements either of Dr. Gilly or General Beckwith. To the last he believed that a great opportunity had been thrown away.

On the 31st of December the Bishop writes: "Last day of the year. All well but K., whom I hope soon to see well. Thou, O Lord, hast given me many blessings and deliverances in the year just passing. I thank Thee for all, as I pray for guidance and direction for the future."

CHAPTER XVII.

DEATH OF MRS. EWING. 1856.

IN the beginning of the year 1856 Bishop Ewing had to say good-bye to his eldest son, who was about to leave for India. To his regret, moreover, he was unable to accompany him to London, and remain with him till the day of sailing. He knew, however, that in his own absence the Rector of Westmill would be ready to carry out all his wishes, and to render all possible help in completing the necessary arrangements for his son's departure. Accordingly the Bishop wrote to his brother asking him to "purchase a good box of books for him," "to take him to a morning service in church on the day of his embarkation, and to see him off." There were others who, from the regard they entertained for the Bishop himself, showed no little kindness to his son, and in various ways brightened for him the last days he spent in London before sailing for India.

But in the meanwhile a great cloud of sorrow was gathering over the Bishop's heart and home, and "the dream of his youth and manhood" was about to give place to a waking consciousness of loneliness and

desolation which it would only be desecration to describe. Nor, indeed, has it been deemed advisable to give in full the letters which Bishop Ewing wrote when she who had been his companion for upwards of twenty-two years passed away into the silent land, and he found himself alone in the great world. Because of his great grief silence shall be kept, and all that the reader will learn of the hour when deep called unto deep within the heart of the sufferer will be given in the words of the Bishop himself.

On the 13th of February the youngest son of Alexander Ewing was born, Ludovic Stewart Rudolph, and the following records of the days of suspense which followed his birth, extracted from letters to his brother, will best indicate the experience through which Bishop Ewing was now passing:—

"*February* 17*th.*—K. has begun to recover; but twenty-four hours ago recovery seemed quite hopeless.

"*February* 28*th.*—K. keeps better.

"*March* 1*st.*—The inward trouble still continues. We have not heard of Johnny, poor fellow, for three or four days."

A day or two later the Bishop writes:—

"And his mother is worse. Indeed I have too much reason to suppose that we cannot now expect her recovery—terrible words to use.

"*March* 4*th.*—K. is better, and Dr. Gibson does not reckon the case hopeless."

The following extract from a letter written from Bishopston at this time will show the amount of sympathy evinced in the neighbourhood:—

"Nothing can exceed the kindness of all. Think of Sir John Orde driving down to Otter Ferry, expecting Alick to return with Dr. Gibson from Rothesay that way, and remaining there all night, with men to burn lights, that they might see from the other side that there was a carriage waiting."

Amid the ebbs and flows of life, however, in this time of her final passion, Mrs. Ewing herself was realising the "obedience" of the "mind of Christ," for she had come, after long preparedness of spirit, to this hour. While "a little girl," as appears, in a letter of the Bishop to the author, she had drunk in eagerly the teaching of Thomas Erskine on "The Freeness of the Gospel." She was thus early trained to be the companion of one who had chosen the ministry of the Episcopal Church, because its formularies proclaimed those views, for the maintenance of which Erskine and Macleod Campbell were adjudged to be heretics of the deepest dye.

It was the Bishop's belief, founded on various marks she had made in the books she loved best, that Mrs. Ewing had a special fore-feeling that the time of her departure was at hand. But whether she had the anticipation or not, her last days were those of wondrous light and peace.

To his BROTHER:—

April 7th.

"You saw her only in her suffering, and when her consciousness was fitful; but before you arrived, the light in her spirit was marvellous. Her words were all those of one who seemed quite aware that she was going to leave us. In her "Christian Year" she had specially left her mark at the hymn for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, which, as you know, begins—

"Wish not, dear friends, my pain away,
Wish me a wise and thankful heart;
With God in all my griefs to stay,
Nor from his wise correction start"—

thereby expressing her own feelings, and, perhaps, wishing us to know what they were. Then she had little Sam by her side to say, 'The Lord's my Shepherd;' and when he had finished the recital ending with the words, "And in God's house for evermore my dwelling-place shall be," she kissed him, and, with perfect composure, motioned to him that he might now go. To Ea and myself her last words were, 'We shall all meet in a better place.' And I need not say how much comfort they supply to us now. I think she did not feel the pangs of parting so much as we did, but we cannot tell."

But the curtain must be drawn, and it only remains to say that on the 17th of March the life-battle of this brave and upright human soul was over.

To the Bishop's comfort not only was his brother with him until after the funeral, but Mrs. Ewing's mother and her sisters, Clifford and Bessie, were to remain in his darkened home for a time. For while they honoured and revered him as a man of God, they loved him as a son and brother, and were by him greatly beloved. Mrs. Ewing was interred in the churchyard of Bishopston on Easter-eve, and the Bishop's bearing on the occasion was thus described by the Rev. John Ewing in a letter to his wife:—

. . . . There was, as you know, no post last night, and I could not, therefore, send you an account of poor dear Katherine's funeral and how my brother bore it. His self-restraint was as wonderful as it was unexpected. He was not only able to accompany the body from the church to the grave, but after the service was over he made a short address, very appropriate and very suitable to the

occasion—to the day in the Christian year—very just to her memory, and, I think, also very likely to be profitable to the mixed company of Church people and Presbyterians there assembled."

The most loving and chivalrous of men, Alexander Ewing never imagined that he had fulfilled the obligations which at his marriage his heart had laid upon his will and conscience; and as appears in the letters written when she, who was in reality dearer than life itself, was taken within the veil, his sorrow seemed at times transmuted into a quite passionate sense of remorse; he felt he had done only too little for her spiritual development, that he had only too little appreciated the heights and depths of her aspirations after righteousness, that in fact he had been a hinderance rather than a help to her growth in the divine life.

His letters, especially those to his daughters at this season, represent his hidden life in the days of his sorrow. The outside world in Argyllshire little suspected that the Bishop was a heart-broken man; that he was going as one mourning, without the sun, while all his clerical duties were sedulously performed, and while he was entering into society with his wonted geniality. To the casual observer he seemed to have got well over his trouble, but in reality that sorrow never passed away.

"THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

"Oh, that bright and bonny brow!
Oh, that golden hair!
Oh, that sweet and beaming smile
Which we see never mair!

"Oh, that light and gentle voice,
That young and buoyant air,
That mother's foot, so girlish-like,
Upon the nursery stair!

"Oh, that soft and silken hand,
That brought out music's tone!
Oh, ye clear and silver sounds,
Far and for ever gone!".

It was still in the early days of his sorrow that the Bishop wrote to his brother:—

"Jowett has been of use to me, because he believes in the great essentials—the life of the dead and the deity of Christ. What he says is very comforting, because he knows on what foundations our faith rests. Others have been most kind and sympathizing; but cut and dry sentiments, in which everything is taken for granted, do me no good at all."

"I have also a letter from Tennyson, which I inclose, and should like returned. Look at two of the verses in his lines addressed to J. S.; you will not wonder that they speak to me of K. They begin:—

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."

The ordering of his household amid the altered circumstances of Bishopston was naturally a first care, and in making all requisite domestic arrangements the Bishop was greatly helped by his sisters-in-law. Then the education of the children had to be provided for, and through the assistance of M. Roche he was fortunate in obtaining the services of a governess, Miss Wessell, who could both carry on the work of tuition and be a companion to his daughters when

the duties of the diocese called him from home. In the month of April he was greatly cheered by another visit from the Rector of Westmill. Ere long he had to congratulate him on the birth of his eldest son, whom, as a matter of course, he straightway took into his heart.

In June he paid a hurried visit to London, which did not even allow leisure for a journey to Westmill; but amid the business which summoned him to the south he could thus write to his daughter:—

LONDON, *June*, 1856.

"I went to St. Paul's yesterday morning, and heard the old chants and the Nicene Creed, and saw where we all used to sit, and *she* sat in her grey fur cloak; and in the afternoon I went to Westminster Abbey. And when the voices rose all through the roof in the chants, it seemed to me as if I heard hers in the heavens among them. Oh, that we were all there!"

"Oh, let me go away!
Bid me no longer stay;
Light from another day
On my soul is breaking.
Sounds of another sphere—
Other time than earthly year—
Bright forms are drawing near,
And my hands are taking.

"Dearest! from you I go—
No more with you below;
But we shall meet, I know,
There where I am going.
Ah, ye bright worlds around!
Farewell, dear earthly ground!
Hearken, I hear a sound!
—The dark river flowing."

On the Bishop's return to Scotland came a wandering time through the diocese.

FORT WILLIAM, *Saturday.*

"MY DEAREST NINA,—We reached this safely last night about eight P.M. . . . This day last year your mamma and I went to Geneva for watches for the boys. To think that this day, a year after, she has been long in her grave, and you all at home without her! Alas, how little we value gifts when we have them! 'Farewell, farewell to Finnery.' I wish you would take Sam and Ea occasionally to her grave, to put flowers on it. She may know they are there; and it is good for them. Tell Williamie I shall really be grieved if she and Biscoe are not at Bishopston when I return. Remember me to them and to Kate. To-morrow night I should like you to hear Sam and Ea their hymns.

"I think Sam misses that soft hand which used to clasp his so fondly. The baby all attend to, I am sure."

"MY DEAR EA,—It is a matter of great thankfulness to hear you are all well, and the little baby too, while I am in these out-of-the-way places—I, who used to be so cared for, now not cared for. Yet, God is good—how good, how long-suffering! He is the friend that remaineth. Ever may we serve Him in simplicity and truth. Give my love to Alick and Nina, to Sam and dear little Rudolph, and remember me to Miss Wessell and the Auchindarrochs and all."

To the SAME:—

BALLACHULISH, *Thursday.*

"I am delighted to be sitting down to write a letter to your little self. I got dear Nina's letter this morning, and Alick's yesterday morning. I am quite well, only tired. I cannot do anything without being so tired. I should like to be with you all again very much, but I have still much to do here. I am going this afternoon to Fasnacloich, and I hope to-morrow to be back again here. We have a meeting on Saturday of the people here, and on Sunday a confirmation. This beautiful place would charm you all.

I am sure you remember being here with your dear mamma. How happy we all were! The garden here reminds me so of her. The gardener is to make up a packet of rose-plants, which I am to get for your gardens in the autumn. You will like them as coming from Ballachulish.

"And so dear little Willie has left Auchindarroch for ever! I doubt not that he has gone to a 'better place,' and that he, too, will one day welcome us to those eternal homes from which there is no departure and where there are no tears. I hope to be home again on Tuesday or Wednesday, but I fear it will be later, as if I am well I must go to Strontlan."

The months of August and September were passed at Cumbrae; and during this time the Bishop was the guest of Mr. Boyle, while his family occupied lodgings in the little town of Millport close at hand. In the hospitable retreat of "The Garrison" the days passed peacefully away, and he rested and was thankful.

One of the sermons of this period was published, and it tells its own story. It is entitled "Perfection through Suffering," and bears on the fly-leaf the touching inscription, "*In Memoriam* K. E., 17th March, 1856." In this discourse the Bishop has given us an exposition of those words of St. Paul (Rom. viii. 20—24) in which the apostle speaks of the creature's subjection to vanity, and of the final outcome of the travail of the whole creation; and though he was to discover afterwards yet deeper meaning in his text, he had already gathered from it the great lesson that there is "no chance in things great or small," that there is no part of our lives without significance or guidance in the providence of God, and that the end of all the suffering of this present time is the spiritual development, the divine liberty of the

fellow-heirs of Christ. It further seemed to the preacher that the *wants* of the human spirit were themselves a proof or pledge of that which is awaiting us hereafter, and he writes:—

"If from the gravitation of a planet to an unseen object a living astronomer was able to predict the existence of the disturbing cause, which the application of high-class instruments brought into the field of vision, in like manner we, from the yearning of our hearts for happiness which is never satisfied here, may gather that it is in store for us. Yea, the Word of God and his apostles have so plainly revealed *the end*—the heavenly heights to which He ascended by suffering—that we must not doubt respecting the way, nor shrink even from the flints which lie in our path."

The synod met at Cumbrae on the 4th of September, and was "a very full one," clergy and laity alike being anxious to testify by their presence how deeply they felt for their Bishop in the great loss he had sustained since they had last met together. Like the sermon to which allusion has just been made, the charge of the year gave indication, though not in express terms, of the experience through which he had recently been passing. The subject of it was the Inward Life, and in the course of it several sentiments were quoted from the writings of Madame Guyon, whose life he had been reading with great interest.

After a visit to Edinburgh and Glenalmond the Bishop returned to Lochgilphead on the 1st of October, trusting that his rounds were ended for the year, and that he should be able to remain quietly at home with his children and their aunts, Clifford and Bessie. He had scarcely, however, settled down in the old quarters when he had to start for Appin—a solitary journey;

but, as he wrote to his brother, October 18th, "the silence and solemnity of these Highland lochs and hills are very striking, and they rather suit my present mood." What that mood was may be gathered from the following lines, which seem to sing themselves to a preordained tune of their own:—

"OLD SCOTCH TUNES.

"Immortal tunes! immortal!
How many a man and maid,
Have brighten'd at your stirring strains,
Have wept when you were played,
Who now are sleeping far and wide
Deep in the silent shade.

'But ye live on for ever,
For ever fresh and new;
Unshadowed by a touch of age,
No halt in your measure true.

'Free as the breezy air of heaven
Still rings the 'Braes o' Mar,'
'Kind Robin loes,' as erst he did,
And 'Gillie Callum's War,'
'The Brig o' Perth,' and 'Mony musk'—
Still as ye were—ye are.

'But we drop out and perish:
Our partners of old years—
Far in the dark I see them,
Half blinded by my tears.
Give o'er! O Tunes, give o'er!
Ye raise the dead for me;
They come from every bracken bush,
From every hazel tree.

'Nay, sound once more—ye raise them
And bring them back to life,
Crowned with a strength immortal,
Victorious after strife!
All that was earth has left them;
All that was Heaven's remains:
The godlike in the human soul,
Divested of its strains.
Are they, as I am, conscious,
That thus we meet again?
Once more beside each other,
Recalled by music's strain

"May not th' angelic harmony
Which is to raise the dead,
Thus steal upon the sleeping soul,
From which this life has fled?
The last trump of the angel
Which wakes the sleeping spheres
What is it but the harmony
Returning of past years—
The life and love of which the sound
Awakes the soul that hears?

But oh ye tunes! however that be,
Ye are not more but less than we;
The lost whom you recall to earth
Are they who gave you first your birth.
You cannot live, and they be dead,
Your presence here is in their stead."

The subjoined extracts from letters to his daughter and his brother will show in what spirit and amid what surroundings Bishop Ewing met the close of the year—a year which had been so memorable to him:—

ARDSHIEL, APPIN, *October 18th*, 1856.

"MY DEAR NINA,—I write a line here to put into the post at Fort William to-night. I am quite well, but have had bad weather.

"The confirmation at Portnacroish cannot be held on Wednesday, as the people here are all engaged on week-days; it must be on the Sunday, and I must therefore hold it on the 26th, and give up returning to Oban at present. I hope to return to you on Monday or Tuesday. I must then, after being a little while at home, go to Oban. I cannot help it. It is my work and burden. No doubt it is a privilege in any way to serve our great Head, but my cross is to be deprived of the presence of those I love; and you know that to me affection and peace are everything. But I have lost her whose warm heart and upright soul were my refuge and strength, and God is teaching me that I must love but Him alone. You, my dear, must exert yourself beyond your years, and be all to

these little ones their mother would have been. You must be a mother to them. The little baby and dear Sam require much. We shall, I hope, have nice servants; and, if God spares me, and Alick enters into the holy ministry, and in a few years is able to go about with me on these shores, we shall do very well. Kiss the dear little ones, and Alick if you like! Remember me to Miss Wessell."

STRONTIAN, *October 22nd*, 1856.

"MY DEAR NINA,—I have got as far as this on my journey, and this day week I hope to be at home. I need not say how glad I shall be; for, although it is but little more than a week since I left, it seems a month, and I am so sad, that I almost wish (if you were all well) that when I sleep I need not waken again. Everything is so still and solitary here—the great glens and nature—all alone. I like these solitary journeys, however, better than the business and dinner part of them. Every day I have something to do—new people to see, and, as far as I can, to make happy and help on a little. 'Yet little they think' (as Moore says) 'who delight in his strains, how the heart of the minstrel is breaking.' I have none but you to whom to say such things. All must express their feelings somehow, or they would be destroyed by them; and if I am not old enough for my years, and in many respects give way to feeling too much, you are older than your years, and can somewhat command yours, and you must be to me somewhat of that I have lost, for ever here. There is nothing which can make up to humanity for the loss of husband or wife: the great consolations of religion are vast and glorious, but Adam had a helpmeet given, and it was Eve and none else would do. I know this better than I did when your mamma was alive: I have to learn many things, and I fear the one to me most difficult of all is to become a man of business, and to be methodical and cold, and dry and cautious. I fear I do not desire to be such; but I must learn it, to do you and others good, whatever suffering it may cost me. But I must stop all this sad talk, which, however, you, dear, will forgive. Much

I used to write your dear mother when away from her, much to Uncle John, much to Jowett; but no *man* understands me—I fear I was intended to be 'feminine!' I wish you had been with me in this wild journey, for it is most wild and solemn. To-day from Ardgour here I met only two people, and the gloom and grandeur of the hills and silent lochs were wonderful. The Macleans were very kind to me at Ardgour, and I promised to return next summer and take you with me. Sir James Riddell here is kindness itself: it is a sweet place. If we are all spared, we shall come here, I hope, next year. Miss Riddell was a great friend of your mamma's. In fact, everywhere I meet friends. Sir John's friends, Lord Abinger and his family, pressed me to go there, but I only dined. I am, indeed, nearly worn out. But it is all for the best, and I hope for the extension and maintenance of God's Church and truth among the upper classes of these shores, whose it is to erect churches and provide for clergy. I shall not have to go to Kinlochmoidart, as Mr. Robertson comes here to meet me to-night. On Friday I go to Corran, and cross to Ballachulish, where I shall get my letters. I got none yesterday in Fort William. On Saturday I hope to be at the school there in the evening, and on Sunday at Portnacroish; Monday, Ardchattan, and Tuesday, Oban; but there is no steamer until Tuesday at half-past twelve P.M.

BISHOPSTON, *December 26th.*

"MY DEAR JOHN,—The children are all taken up with Christmas-trees. . . . Our Christmas here was very like that described in the 'In Memoriam.' There were games and so on, but we all felt a mother's eye and hand were wanting.

"I have sent designs for the windows: a Guardian Angel and Child from the German print, and a St. Cecilia of my own doing. I have also sent for a design for a stone erection. These are all the gifts I can now give her, who was once as grateful for a rose as for a hundred pounds. The Stewarts are still with us."

I think all lesser loves are gone,
All lesser hopes, all lesser fears,
And now will live to God alone,
Increasingly with growing years.

Is it that other loves are dead?
Is it that love I cannot find?
Is it my heart itself that's fled?
Are earthly joys all left behind?

It is not so; but God alone
Can still the turmoil of this heart.
I fear to think of pleasures gone,
I fear to feel new pleasures start.

Thou, who containest all the past,
Thou, who containest what's to come
Keep for me that which went so fast,
Be Thou thyself my future home."

CHAPTER XVIII.

POLLOC—BALLACHULISH HOUSE—RETURN TO BISHOPSTON.

1857—1858.

THE materials of the year 1857 of the Bishop's life are chiefly to be found in letters addressed to his brother and to his daughter Nina. To the latter, now his friend and companion, he writes at the beginning of January:—

"I feel like a traveller who starts on a journey through an undiscovered land. The world has changed everywhere to me—new faces, new plans, new everything before me. . . . Life was to me one long holiday; it is now so no more. It seems sometimes as if I were farther off from heaven than when I was a boy; but I suppose heaven is not what I used to think, and *only comes out of a thorny crown and a rent life*—not out of dreams. But you are yet, blessed be God, in the glory which covers the earth."

But though his life was rent, his work went on, and in several of his letters to his brother he mentions a course of popular lectures which were being delivered in the schoolroom at Lochgilphead by himself and one or two of his friends and neighbours, his own subject being astronomy. He speaks also of the daily evening service in the church as being

most soothing and cheering. "We have not a large attendance, but we feel in our own bosoms the blessedness of the worship of God. I love the hour when the lamps are lit, and I keep one burning at my chair day and night."

To NINA:—

BISHOPSTON, 1857.—*Lent.*

"I send you a copy of the 'Hymns for Little Children,' as I should like you to hear Sam say some on Easter-day. Will you say to your friend that I have thought of what she said as to Haydon's prayers, and that I think she is right. His prayers for greatness were wrong and foolish; but surely his *cries* were heard. The *cries* of the children of Israel were heard in Egypt. 'I am come to deliver them,' saith God. If you heard a lamb which had fallen into a stream bleating to be taken out, you would not stop until it said, 'Please, sir, I am very much to blame; I was walking, not looking at my feet, indeed I was looking up at a bright bird in a tree, when I fell in.' The cry of distress would draw your compassion, irrespective of the reasons of the cry. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep, poor silly things. Blessed are they that trust in Him."

To his BROTHER:—

Easter Sunday.

"I go to Calton Môr to-morrow, and afterwards to Polloc. This is Easter-day, when a new song was sung, full of life and immortality—when the Son of Man put on his fresh garments, and came forth as a giant to run his course. May we be found in Him—not shunning the cross, whatever it may be."

Among the few who first recognised and thankfully accepted the deeper views of divine truth which Thomas Erskine was raised up to publish to the world, was one greatly gifted lady, a daughter of the

seventh Earl of Elgin, who honoured by her possession of it even her ancestral name of Bruce.

In 1839 Lady Matilda Bruce became the wife of Mr. John Maxwell, the future baronet and owner of Polloc, and Polloc, possessing a double attraction in its host and hostess, had early begun to draw within its walls the representatives of the higher culture and deeper aspirations of the day.

There, naturally, Alexander Ewing found one of the many homes whose doors were always thrown widely open for his entrance. There he gained comfort in the early days of his great sorrow from her who was a daughter of consolation to so many, and there, too, at a later period, he was a frequent visitor when Sir John was a mourner like himself, and when it was at once his privilege and reward to share in his affliction and somewhat mitigate its bitterness.

Polloc, a substantial square mansion, but with no architectural pretentions, stands amid sheltering woods on the estate of the same name, a few miles from Glasgow, on the southern banks of the Clyde. To the Bishop the charms of Polloc were mainly those which presented themselves in-doors, but the scenery of the neighbourhood had attractions of its own which did not fail to touch his artistic eye and awaken his admiration. Of the Cathkin Braes, which are within an easy drive from Polloc, and of the views which are to be obtained from them, we have already found graphic mention made in the journal inscribed "Al Riposo;" but it was not until this year that he thoroughly realised that

just outside the smoke of Glasgow there lies one of the finest panoramas of the world, and year by year during his visits to Polloc, and later on, when to his great happiness he was the guest of his eldest daughter at Capelrig, or Broom, in the immediate neighbourhood, the glorious vision which meets the eye on the high road between Glasgow and Kilmarnock filled him with fresh delight. There is one spot especially, on the edge of the moors, which he was never tired of visiting. At this particular locality culture and nature meet together, the cornfield and the heathery wild embrace each other, and from a knoll near the junction of the two, which the Bishop could never pass without walking to its summit, he could behold the hills of his beloved Argyll, while the valley of the Clyde, the Campsie and Kilpatrick hills to the north beyond, and Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi too were all within the range of vision.

To Polloc very frequent reference is made in the Bishop's letters; and in the "Present Day Papers," after Lady Matilda and Sir John Maxwell, and one or two of the kindred natures whom he had met under their roof, had passed on to the higher life, it is thus that he writes of the deserted house:—

"Polloc! To how many hearts, even now, will not its memory arise as that, alas! of a fountain sealed and a garden closed—a garden whence the flowers are 'all wede away'—a fountain of which the channel is dry! He, no doubt, to whom it now has passed, cherishes its walls and hallows the ground where so many, near and dear to himself, used to tread. But who can recall the dead, or people a place with the departed? We hear their voices

in the night, and their footsteps on the stairs; we catch dim visions of them in their distant walks, and in the wood where we used to see and hear them. But when the day dawns, or we draw nearer, we find it was but the coursing of our own blood and the throbbing of our own eyes which had reproduced in the familiar places the sights and sounds to which they were there accustomed.

"Dear Sir John! we recall his tall form and chivalrous bearing, his abhorrence of the low and mean, his generous and loving heart. How much poorer the world has become since he left it! And Lady Matilda, with her deep spiritual insight and force of character, her large and practical benevolence, and apprehension of goodness and genius, revealing goodness and genius in herself, one of a race whose members seem all endowed with talent and conduct, who that knew her does not feel that the loss of so much light and love, and the withdrawal of a home which was the rendezvous of so many of the pure and noble of every class, is a loss which is irreparable on this side of the grave? For although there be very many delightful residences in Scotland, and much delightful society, yet I can recall none which combine the charms of Polloc. There, particularly in his latter days, Mr. Erskine was frequently to be found; more especially when, after Lady Matilda's death, Sir John was left in much bodily suffering to fight the battle of life alone—a battle which he fought bravely to the last. Sir John himself was no common man; his often original conceptions had in them something of the flavour of genius. Few men were of a more reverential nature, yet few men, being so, had expressions more unusual or quaint—and how entirely they recall himself! I remember one day, after a nearly two months' visit to Polloc, where we had been all detained—partly by a snow-storm, but mainly by the charms of the place—Mr. Erskine, the late Mr. E. S. Cayley—then one of the members for the East Riding of Yorkshire—one of Sir John's earliest friends, who had sat with him on the same form at Westminster School (where they contracted with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Longley, and the late Marquis of Westminster, a friendship which endured

till the last), and who, later on, had been with Sir John at Christ Church, Oxford, and, finally, had served with him through many years of Parliament—I well remember, as we took leave, and were in the carriage to go, Sir John came to the door, not quite pleased, and said, 'Will you all leave one here alone, like the bird mentioned as sitting on the house-top?—not, however,' he added, as he turned away, 'without value in high quarters.'

"Dear Sir John! the soul of honour, chivalry, and benevolence, how many arose in your daily walk to call you blessed!"

Early in May Bishop Ewing's younger children were seized with scarlet-fever, and he found himself and all the members of the household at Bishopston shut off from intercourse with the outer world. His eldest daughter was separated from her father for many weeks, but she heard from him almost every day.

To his DAUGHTER:—

"It was sad to-day to see the little garden hats and cloaks, and to look up and see the blinds down on their windows and the house still. Once it was so before, not much more than a year ago, when I used to walk in that garden and look at those windows. *She* has entered in, may we follow. I shall never thank Mrs. Malcolm as I ought; I reverence her for her love to you and little Sam. . . . It is a wondrous and awful mystery, that those natures and organisms which are capable of most happiness are also capable of most misery; and that it is precisely those gentle hearts (I do not mean mine) which seem to need nothing, which are crushed beneath the harrowing wheel.

"But I forget I write not to Lady Matilda, but to my dear, innocent, happy child. Long may she be so! But I feel, dear Nina, *le besoin d'être heureux*, and can enter into that poor rock's feeling of thankfulness to Moses for letting the water gush out; and you must be Moses's rod for a little time. This is a sermon, not a letter. Alas!

all my thoughts are sermons. I wish I were a farmer and could think of oxen."

When his children became convalescent, the Bishop with great regret parted with Miss Wessell, and he resolved that, for a time at least, he would himself be the teacher of his children; for he had been spending his private means with a too liberal hand in the interests of his diocese, and he found that if these were still to be fostered by him, he must make a considerable retrenchment in his household expenses. Accordingly he resolved to let Bishopston and take up his abode for the summer at Ballachulish.

July 7th, 1857.

"My dearest Nina,—I should have written to you last night, being your birthday, and wished you many happy returns, had we not all been in a state of confusion, packing up and preparing for the departure of Ea and Sam and Miss Wessell. It was to me a sad rather than a happy birthday, which will account for the dolefulness of the strains I composed on the occasion and now send you. I fear I felt the being left all alone more than the joy of your having been born some (what?) seventeen years ago, in that sweet house at Lucca where your dear mother was so unspeakably happy. It looks like a thousand years ago, and as if I had been quite another person then. But I have nothing else to send you, dear, and so, as you now have my album, keep these few words as your birthday present. Some day I shall, perhaps, correct them and smooth them up. I would have sent you a book Lady Matilda gave me for you, and which I like very much, but somebody has laid hands on it. I hope that, like 'Madeleine,' when she gave up the charge of an hospital which she had undertaken, you will be ready to wait on an old bishop, whose *work*, at all events, is noble, and who may be much helped on by this daughter of his (if she can cook) in that wilderness to which he is now tending. But we shall be

very happy, shall we not, dear Nina, in that little cottage in Appin? There will at least be nobody but ourselves; and you and I must train up Ea and Sam, and work while it is day, or until some smooth Jacob or hairy Esau carries you off for a wife—which he must not do until you are twenty-five, for until then you will not have come to your senses, and until then I shall require 'care, and to be kept dry, with the "top uppermost."' After that I shall retire to Ossian's cave in Glencoe (do you remember it?), from which I shall gnash; like Old Pope in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' at the passers-by. Poor Miss Wessell, with many tears, went away to-day into the dark night, probably never more to be seen by us on this side the sun. She was much attached, talented, and upright. I should not wish for a better epitaph. . . . I start to-morrow for Ballachulish. Lewis is very good and amusing; but how to get him over the hills to his grandmother I know not, or how to get you down to me I know not. You had better not join me until after the 29th and the synod has dispersed; I do not think the place will be tidy before."

"Were it not that I dimly feel
A certainty that God is good,
I should lie down in dark despair,
And breast no more the swelling flood.

"But hovering over me there seems
A very love in sorrows gone;
There must be love in what's to com
And so, though dark, I wander on

"I wander on in dull grey light,
With twinkling stars of joy behind
The past comes to me in the night,
Old voices in the morning wind.

"The future all unknown, untried,
The wave saps portions as I pass;
Alone, alone, I wander on,
Still more alone, as runs the glass.

"Yet is it thus we come to Thee?
Thou overlastest all, and Thou
From whom we came, receiv'st again
The once bright vessels battered now.

"Yet shall we find in that great home,
All anchored whom we lost below.
It must be so, or purposeless
The works of God through being go."

"*July* 11*th*, *Oban*.—I cannot at present keep house at Bishopston; it has been dreadful to me beyond description. I shall come often and see where *she is*, and visit her, as they visited the Holy Sepulchre, but I cannot do the daily life of the old duty at Lochgilphead.

"And what good do I do to the *polite people there*, who know as much as I do, and are quite as good and better, I dare say, than I am? In Appin there are fifteen hundred of our people without a shepherd, and I am their shepherd. I have done nothing, or almost nothing, as yet, for the poor; but it is not too late.

"I dare say Uncle John may have told you that there is some need of my economising just now. I intend, accordingly, to fit up a cottage, quite as a cottage, and to live as a poor man, and also to give more to the poor. I shall have the little carriage, because the cottage is two miles from the church. I have found two ponies in Lewis, and I shall have to preach at Glencleran, Portnacroish, and sometimes at Fort William. We shall have no governess, no upper servants, and we shall be all very happy together. *She* would like my living at Ballachulish —she whom that blue heaven bears on its bosom, like a water-lily, pure and chaste, and whose noble heart was all I could wish. My only hesitation, dear child, is tearing you and your dear sister and brothers from the soil in which they have learned to take root, and from those that love you."

On the same date he writes from Ballachulish:—

"*July* 11*th*.—I have just arrived. The place looks

lovely and quiet, and every one is excessively kind, but expecting such wonderful things from my coming that I am humbled to the very dust.

"I have seen the parsonage, and with a little papering, whitewashing, &c., it will do well enough.

"*July 13th.*—We had a busy day yesterday—first, the Gaelic service, after which fifty-five were confirmed, and forty communicated; then the English service, at which I preached.

"*July 14th.*—Your letter, just received, has put me out of great anxiety about Mr. Malcolm. I suppose few beyond his own circle care for him as I do. Next to your uncle, there is no man I regard so much. It would have been a heavy loss had he too been taken from us. I had not heard of him for ten days. . . . .

"Alas! one should not be so lifted up or cast down as I am, Nina, about the things of this life; and one would naturally suppose, after my forty years' pilgrimage, I should have learnt to rest and be still; but the repose has not come yet. Indeed, how to labour and care for those who are dear to you and yet be at rest is the life-long problem; or, shall I say? our life is as a pilgrimage on a mountain ridge, with snow below, and volcanic fire above, while the path lies between. Let us look to the mount of transfiguration, where the loving human Jesus puts on for a moment the garments beyond fuller's whiteness, and, in so doing, assures us that in a little while it will be always thus with all of us—that those who have gone before and those who have yet to follow shall be all clothed with that glorious mantle, with no more of earth remaining, save that human image which in Him has become, and is to continue for ever, divine."

On the 29th of July the diocesan synod was held at Ballachulish, and shortly after its close the Rector of Westmill and Mrs. Ewing, bringing with them Nina and Alick, arrived and spent August with the Bishop amid the glories of the Highland hills and the long levels of the shining lochs. It was in the course

of the following month that the Bishop was startled by the announcement of the death of Lady Matilda Maxwell, after a very short illness. He at once set off for Polloc. On his return to Ballachulish, the Bishop, accompanied by his daughter, started on his travels, passing through Appin, confirming the churches and arranging various matters in connection with the different congregations. It is true that, during the early spring of this year, he had issued a little pastoral to the scattered churches of his diocese, in which he expressed his great regret that from bodily infirmity he was unable to see the members of them as often as he could wish; but he was not the man to be satisfied with a written statement to the Highlanders, if there was any possibility of face to face communication with them, and the cordial welcome which he everywhere received during this round of visitations supplied the most satisfactory evidence that his love for them was not thrown away.

After the consecration of the church at Kinlochmoidart the Bishop proceeded to Edinburgh to attend the synod which was to meet there on September 29th, and which had important business to transact. The charge issued in the preceding year by Bishop Forbes had alarmed the Protestant feelings of many both of the clergy and laity, being regarded by them as a virtual repudiation of the doctrines of the Reformation, and a subtle attempt to leaven the Church with mediævalism, and five of the bishops agreed upon a declaration condemnatory of the Bishop of Brechin's views on the subject of the Eucharist. Against this condemnation Bishop Forbes appealed, and it was this appeal which

the synod had now to take under consideration. The case came on for hearing, but no decision was pronounced, and the court adjourned to the 10th of December.

In October the Bishop paid a hasty visit to the south, spending on his way a few hours at the Manchester Exhibition, of which he speaks as a very glorious and invigorating spectacle. The present journey was undertaken chiefly in the interests of his second son, about whose future career he wished to consult Mr. Sidney Herbert.

At York the Bishop had seen in the *Times* the announcement of the death of Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch.

To his DAUGHTER :—

WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY, *October 6th.*

"You have heard, dearest Nina, of his death who has been almost a father to you and your brothers. He too is gone, and we are more than ever alone. Few will lament Poltalloch as we do. I can truly say, next to Uncle John, he was the man I loved most. Well, he is at rest. He was righteous, and pure, and good. I cannot doubt it is well with him. Poor Mrs. Malcolm, how deeply do I feel for her. She is learning—as those only who have passed through an experience like hers can in the least understand—what it is to be alone. . . . Alice's account of her father's death is touching, and yet comforting. I believe Poltalloch scarcely knew what it was to be without suffering, and that peaceful gliding into the calm sea of eternity, where the weary are at rest, was to him unmingled good : all save that which is the sting of death-beds—the parting with those we love."

For various reasons it was not deemed advisable that the Bishop should pass the winter in Ballachulish, as he had at one time proposed, and as the

tenants to whom he had let Bishopston had vacated it, he returned home with his family in November. But he was soon called away again to attend the adjourned meeting of the synod in Edinburgh.

To his BROTHER:—

CUMBRAE, *December 13th.*

"The synod was a difficult business. Bishop Forbes appeared with a legal adviser (Mr. Forbes, of Drum), who protested against all acts of the synod in the matter. The Primus then brought forward a paper on the Eucharist, which he hoped would obtain synodical adoption; but, save Trower and myself, no one voted for it. I voted for it with difficulty, my feeling being against all definitions on the Eucharist."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

CUMBRAE, *December 13th*; 1857.

"I have written to the Primus to say I *will* sign the Declaration. I have come to this conclusion with great unwillingness, as my feelings in many ways are in another direction. But when the Eucharist has been represented as it has by Bishop Forbes and Mr. Keble, I think that so long as I am a minister of this Church I am bound to say whether their interpretation of our formularies is the most natural one. I shall be supposed to be of their mind if I do not join the Bishops of Edinburgh and Glasgow in their Declaration. I think I ought not to allow this, and I fancy during the long discussion we shall have on all hands ere this matter is brought forward again, we shall weaken the cause of peace and the unity of the body if we leave it unknown till then what our opinions are, each in his own diocese. The peace the document will give will much depend upon the number of the signatures."

The object of the Primus in obtaining signatures to the Declaration was at first merely to give the *Bishops* of the Scotch Church an opportunity of freeing themselves from complicity with the doctrines taught by

Bishop Forbes; but matters became more and more serious. The laity of the Scotch Episcopal Church insisted on the formal trial of Bishop Forbes at the Edinburgh synod of 1858, and the determined attitude of the Bishop of Brechin induced the Primus to send round the Declaration to *all the clergy* for signature. Accordingly, on December 28th, Bishop Ewing received from him a letter, in which he anxiously inquired how many copies he would like for circulation in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRIALS OF BISHOP FORBES AND MR. CHEYNE—LYRA GERMANICA—SCOTTISH OFFICE. 1858—1859.

AMID solemn, but now somewhat less poignant memories of the past, amid the happiness of his children, but also amid the conflicting anxieties which the recent episcopal declaration against the Romanizing and materialistic teaching of Bishop Forbes on the subject of the Eucharist of necessity entailed, the year 1858 dawned over the Bishop of Argyll. We all know the words, "the hand of leisure hath the daintier sense," but the reverse of them was true in the case of Alexander Ewing. His senses were dainty even to painfulness, but he was not in the least a sentimental dreamer. Mercifully for him, he had urgent and abiding public duties to discharge when his great sorrow came to him, and the claims of these supplied him with immediate escape from the leisure which is apt to induce a mere morbid brooding over one's own feelings into the healthy fields of action. "Duty," as he wrote, "remains." But the strength of will which enabled him to pour out his very life, as he did, in ministering to others, only left his heart and imagination free for the ingress of all sweet and

tender thoughts, and when his hours of leisure and reaction came, deepened his sense of the loss of that visible presence which had always radiated so much light and strength to him; and so it was that, in seeking to comfort others, he himself was comforted of God.

To his BROTHER:—

January 2nd, 1855.

"There comes a time, say the Italians, when the memory of a great sorrow is changed into a divine contentment. I dare say it will be part of the enjoyments of heaven. But my nature (as Sir B. Brodie said when he stethoscoped me) is so 'tumultuous,' that I fear it will not be until I have put off this mortal tabernacle that I shall be at peace.

"I am in the midst of the ferment which the Declaration has set in motion, and from the inclosed letter you will see that it is hot at Cumbrae. Please forward it to the Bishop of Glasgow. I have not heard from him for some time, but I hope he is not tiring of the Declaration. Now we have gone in for it, we ought to adhere to it manfully."

It was a special comfort to the Bishop, in all his present ecclesiastical endeavours, to know that he had the sympathy of the greater part of the laity of his diocese. The support, however, which the Bishop received from them in general did not lessen the pain which he felt from the estrangement of one or two of his old friends, and did not in the least relax his efforts to prevent any such lamentable result in the case of others.

To the Hon. G. BOYLE:—

"Although, formally, there may be contention, and even severance, yet, I doubt not, as our chief desire has been to

serve Christ, *we* shall preserve that love which was our first bond.

"But the state of our Church occasions me great anxiety, and I cannot conceal from you that I feel I must go on in the same path on which I entered with so much hesitation. I am not anxious to make definitions on the subject of the Holy Communion (though I do not hold with the Bishop of Brechin), and accept in their integrity the teaching of the Anglican standards."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH :—

January 31st, 1858.

"I am very glad that you have been asked to preach in Westminster Abbey. By all possible means avail yourself of the opportunity for our sakes. I may be wrong, but I have always looked to union with the Church of England as the only hope for our own. Without that substantial oneness with her we shall never get out of the wretched 'distinction without a difference,' in which it appears to me we have lived since 1688. The 'Hymnal' will come all right, but I wish you had put in the 'Hymn on Heaven.' I could not well press for its insertion, as the music to which it is usually sung was composed by a relation of my own.* I noted what the Primus said, but he, much honoured and esteemed as he is by me, is about as bad a judge of poetry as well can be. Songs of praise surely *do* require a different mode of expression from that which is suitable in a simple prose narrative. If hymns not directly addressed to the Divine Being are admitted at all, surely such as the 'Hymn on Heaven' are admissible."

In a letter to the Primus, which the Bishop issued about this time, and which he was anxious that his episcopal brethren should have in their hands before the great meeting of the synod in Edinburgh, he subjected the existing state of affairs in the Scottish Episcopal Church to an elaborate review. In this

* The well-known "Jerusalem the Golden," the music of which was written by the Bishop's cousin.

letter the Bishop writes as a liberal Churchman, but he writes, too, as a patriotic Scotchman. After having held orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church for upwards of twenty years, and after watching with great interest the later development of Scottish ecclesiastical history, he was decidedly of opinion that a large proportion of the more sober-minded and educated Presbyterian laity would ere now have been absorbed within the Episcopal communion had it not been for the rooted suspicion with which they regarded the Scottish Communion Office, while he further held that it was the primary authority now assigned to this office which accounted for the fact that the Episcopalian laity, who represented so largely both the learned and the landed interests of the country, contributed so inadequately to the support of the institutions of their Church. Accordingly, he pleaded earnestly and eloquently for the elimination of the formulary, and for "identification in all points with the Church of England."

To Bishop Wordsworth :—

"You will receive by post a letter I have thought it right to print, addressed to the Primus. I cannot, as a Scottish Episcopalian clergyman, any longer refrain from publicly making known my sentiments as to the position and prospects of our Church. I think it has been sacrificed to a party from the beginning, and that the adoption by canonical recognition of the symbol of the non-jurors as of primary authority simply infected our communion with the virus which caused the death of the Episcopacy of the Stuarts. I believe that many of my brethren sympathize with me but are withheld from expressing their sympathy by a romantic feeling of veneration for the non-jurors, forgetting the great principles which were sacrificed to them."

should have preferred a quiet condemnation of the doctrines of the Bishop of Brechin and Mr. Cheyne,* but I take it that no mere judicial act will be of any lasting avail. So long as the root which throws up these disturbing growths among us remains, the evil will be perpetually recurring. Pray have compassion on those who, like myself, have struggled long against this evil."

To his BROTHER :—

"I hear that a movement is being made for getting up a memorial of thanks to me for my 'Letter to the Primus.' Sidney Herbert has written to me expressing his cordial approval of its contents."

It seems to have been during the course of this spring that the Bishop became acquainted with a little book, which was to him like a "brook in the way," of which he drank to his great refreshment amidst the contentions in which he had now to sustain a prominent part, but which were so alien to his gentle and tolerant spirit. Writing to his brother on February the 11th, he says :—

"I do not know if you have met with the 'Lyra Germanica.' Nothing I have seen comes up to it in Christian experience. The first hymn beginning, 'O watchman, will the night of sin be never past,' is one of the profoundest of human utterances."

The Bishop's appreciation of the "Lyra," and his thankfulness for the great comfort which he derived from one or two of its songs of the life which is hid in God, led to a delightful correspondence, and

* The Rev. William Cheyne, of Aberdeen, who had been summoned before the synod for teaching on the subject of the Holy Eucharist inconsistent with the formularies of the Church.

afterwards to a lasting friendship, with the gifted translator.

To Miss WINKWORTH:—

LOCHGILPHEAD, BISHOPSTON, *February 28th*, 1858.

"DEAR MADAM,—Suffer one who has derived great benefit from your valuable volume to thank you for the great, the very great, boon you have conferred upon this country by your valuable translation of the 'Hymns of Germany.' Rich as Germany is in psalms and hymns, her riches are valueless to us if buried in a foreign language. As was the case when the Scriptures were translated, you have given us the thoughts of our German brethren in a 'language understanded by the people.' No words could adequately express how much comfort and strength I and mine have derived from your 'Hymnal,' and I hope to place it in the hands of many. The only regret I have respecting your book is that so few of the metres will suit our tunes, and consequently we shall encounter considerable difficulty in introducing them with their valuable Christian knowledge and experience into our Church psalmody, if permitted to do so by ecclesiastical authority. Reasonable, however, as the selling price of the 'Hymnal' is, yet I fear it is too high for our poorer classes, in whose hands I should much love to see it. I wish we could have a very cheap edition for them, and I have been thinking whether it would at all be in accordance with your feelings or arrangements to have it entered on the list of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications.

"It is only natural that you should care to know whether your work has not been altogether in vain, and as one who has been struck by the arrow you have shot, allow me to say how deeply it has penetrated. But life springs forth from such wounds as mine, and therefore I have to thank you, and the Chevalier Bunsen also, for the great good you have already done us, and, prospectively, for the great good your work is certain to do by-and-by.

"I am, faithfully yours,

"ALEXANDER EWING,

"Bishop of Argyll and the Isles."

The cheaper edition was ultimately published in 1860 by Messrs. Longman.

The abundant labours in which the Bishop was now engaged, with their inevitable excitement for his ardent temperament, began to tell upon his health. From the middle of March all preaching work was peremptorily forbidden him, and not too soon, for in a day or two after he had a very severe pulmonary attack, "the worst he had had for years."

To his BROTHER:—

March, 22nd, 1858.

"I have heard pretty frequently from Mr. Stanley, and his letters have done me good. He wants me to come and see his mother in London, but I cannot go this spring. His book on Palestine will, I think, do vast good, and in many unthought-of ways. The very maps themselves, which are quite novel in character, must go far, I think, to produce a very realistic impression, and I am not sure that this is only a secondary matter. At least, I have set my young people to copy them, and I see they take great interest in them, especially in the colouring, which seems to enable them to see, as with their own eyes, the look of the places delineated. But I am not in Palestine, or in Paradise, only, if God spare me to see the result, good must arise from our present contentions, and the Dagon of a Scottish Office must come down."

The Bishop was present at the synod which was held in Edinburgh in the month of May, when the views maintained by Bishop Forbes received a condemnation which was bold, unanimous, and strong. No notice, however, was taken of Bishop Ewing's proposal for the ejection of the Scottish Communion Office; he had not the support even of the Primus on this matter. Bishop Terrot considered,

as Bishops Horne and Horsley had done long ago, that that office was purely scriptural in its terms and teaching, and affirmed that its most ardent apologists, from Bishop Jolly downwards, had interpreted its phraseology in a sense wholly antagonistic to the mediæval notions of Bishop Forbes. On the other hand, Bishop Ewing contended that, if the Scottish Office was identical in meaning with the English, its retention was a superfluity.

After the meeting of his own annual diocesan synod in July, and the autumn visitation to the northern part of his diocese, Bishop Ewing was called again to Edinburgh to attend the synod of September 28th, at which the case of Mr. Cheyne, was once more to be considered. On arriving in Edinburgh he learnt, to his great sorrow, that his much-loved friend, Bishop Terrot, had had a stroke of paralysis.

To his BROTHER:—

"Sad and sorry I should, in any circumstance, have been to hear such an affliction had fallen on my old and dear friend, but I am specially grieved that he has been struck down at such a crisis in the affairs of our Church. If worthy Dean Ramsay were gone, where should we be? I assure you the laity are mainly kept to us by the personal character of these good men. Few know Scotland better than I do. I saw the Primus to-day, and *of course* gave him the 'Lyra Germanica.'

"In the absence of the Primus I am senior bishop, but an attempt has been made to get rid of me as president of the synod in the Cheyne case, on the ground that I have already prejudged the question which is to become the subject of deliberation in my charge at our own synod."

The Bishop, however, claimed his right, and occu-

pied the chair, but he took no active part in the proceedings. In fact, he could not have spoken at all without seeming to affront the right reverend brethren by whom he was surrounded, for while agreeing with the majority of them in their beliefs as to the symbolic significance of the Holy Communion, and while he could not regard with indifference the blundering materialism of Mr. Cheyne, he deprecated from his inmost heart all doctrinal persecutions. He shrank from "definitions of the undefinable," and, in the present instance, his rooted conviction was that the prosecution struck the wrong object. The sentence of indefinite suspension was pronounced by the synod against Mr. Cheyne, but Bishop Ewing could not record his vote in favour of "a judgment involving penal consequences." However, the distracting Cheyne case did not end now. Mr. Cheyne appealed to a future synod against the verdict of the Edinburgh meeting, and it was not until November, 9th, 1859, that judgment was finally delivered on the appeal, when, by three votes against two, the College of Bishops confirmed the sentence of suspension.

At the close of the synod the Bishop returned to Polloc, to find abundant refreshment for his heart and mind after these wearying and painful debates.

To his BROTHER :—

"Mr. Erskine was here when I arrived. I was much charmed with him, and benefited by him, such habitual dwelling in God, and consequently in holiness, combined with so much childlike humour and playfulness, I never met with before. I presided at a large meeting in Glasgow in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,

and was well received. The Rajah Brooke, too, who was staying at Polloc, was warmly applauded."

After a flying visit to Carlisle, where he was so delighted with the magnificent Cathedral service, that he said it was quite worth coming all the way from Edinburgh to listen to it, the Bishop returned to his winter quarters at Bishopston, "like a bird that has wandered from her nest, glad to return."

"The beginning of strife," said a wise Hebrew, "is as when one letteth out water," and Bishop Ewing had to experience in 1859 the truth of this old proverb. The waters were out everywhere, and the Scotch Episcopal Church was flooded with appeals, protests, and declarations. Indeed, it might well seem to the Bishop of Argyll that the bursting of one of the Crinan Canal reservoirs, which occurred after an excessively wet season on the 9th of February in this year, and which shook the country with a roar as of loudest thunder when the pent-up waters rolled in fury down the mountain side, was an apt symbol of the avalanche of pamphlets and of embittered feeling which was now precipitating itself on the enclosure of the Scotch Episcopalian community. Amid the rush and roar of theological excitement, however, Alexander Ewing calmly and resolutely maintained his own position, though, as in so many other instances, he had to stand alone. His contention for the elimination of the Scotch Office did not meet with a solitary supporter in the various gatherings of his Episcopal brethren. He especially regretted that his dear friend, the Bishop of St. Andrews, had become a zealous apologist of the Laudian Office, and

consequently withheld his sympathy and aid from himself in his endeavour after "entire identity with the ritual of England."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

"I am satisfied that the view I maintain is that of three-fourths of our clergy, and if you saw the number of letters which I have received from the laity, you could not doubt for one moment that it is theirs too. The writers are quite unanimous in affirming that our present agitations arise from our retention of the Scotch Office."

The following letter will explain the object of the address which at this time the Bishop sent round to his own clergy for subscription:—

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *July 24th.*

"I propose sending the inclosed circular to my clergy. I shall be glad if you can sign it, and if the Bishops of Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh can do the same. But if you think you cannot do so, and if, as is probable, others will refuse their signatures, I shall be prepared to circulate it alone. I feel that we are allowing the real meaning of our late acts to be misunderstood, and the opposite party do not in the least realise how thoroughly in earnest we are. Mr. Cheyne continues to officiate as a deacon, and the world is simply laughing at us and our Church. Were I not thoroughly convinced that reformed Episcopacy is the best thing going, I should be tempted to cast in my lot with the Moravians. I have called special attention in my pastoral to Bishop Eden's strange statement at our late synod as to the north being so attached to the Scotch Office. Why, fifteen years ago, the synod of Moray petitioned against its continuance!"

While the excitement arising from the late judgment and appeal in the Cheyne case was rising to its height, Bishop Trower resigned the see of Glasgow,

and Dr. Wilson, the present bishop, was appointed in his stead.

Before starting for his autumn tour to the churches of the north, and during the course of it, he thus writes to his brother:—

August 29th.

"On Thursday Nina and I set off for Ballachulish and Kinlochmoidart, and thence we go to Inverness for the meeting of the Church Society. We hope to be home in October. . . ."

"I believe that the oil of joy is what I want to keep me going, but, perhaps, I should get intoxicated if I always had a store of it; and when I am physically well my spirits seem almost beyond my control.

"I send you a little book, which I hope will reach you for your birthday—Tennyson's 'Idylls.' It contains the most exquisite thing ever written—'Elaine.' . . . ".

"I have got two tremendous scolds about misdirecting your letters, and I am in a perfect fright lest I should get another for misdirecting this one, for I have not the least conception where you are. I never can realise facts unless they are metaphysical ones."

"Dean Ramsay has published a pamphlet recommending a reform of our canons, especially of Canon XXI. We shall have a war, but it will end well. Bishops Eden and Wordsworth are both for the Scotch Office, because with that they slew the Goliath Cheyne."

On his return from the north the Bishop heard with deep concern of the illness of his mother-in-law and much-loved friend, Mrs. Stewart, and to her daughter Clifford he thus wrote:—

"Life's sufferings are indeed mysterious! It is the hour and power of darkness; but it is all education, and so severe that Jesus, at seeing it, 'wept.' But there is no other way to life, and it is *life* which is coming—no doubt of that. 'The wilderness *shall* blossom as the rose.' We

have seen nought yet but the wilderness. As the apricot, with all its aromæ, is made up of the sun and rain, so are we of all the varied suns and storms which have passed over us, and thereby we enter into eternal life. Believe this, and *lay hold* of eternal life.

"Pray, dear C.; pray without ceasing."

The preceding letter was quickly followed by his personal presence at Pennycuick, and he could not find it in his heart to leave his friends again until after the death of Mrs. Stewart.

"DEAREST CLIFFORD,—It will be some time ere we shall be able to think of the true life of your mother, apart from the humiliation and horror of the sick and dying bed. The dissolution of the body is a fearful thing, and every thinking person must feel it to be so—but it ends, it ends, and Lazarus sleepeth.

"'Attendre et espérer.' These are Divine words, though they are only the words of Alexandre Dumas. But *God, Father, Friend, Brother*—what need we more? At times the cup is bitter, the prayer we prayed seems to be altogether unheard; yet from the hand nailed on the cross can come to us nothing but good. . . .

"I wonder we do not lead higher lives! Christ sweeps by the apostles, not as wishing to pass, but they do not know Him; and they cry out when they see Him that He is a spirit.

"I think it not so hard to die in the midst of those we love, and who love us, as away alone in foreign lands; and yet when the eye gets dim and the heart and flesh are also failing, to go out anywhere must be very much the same. The only difference is the character of the person who died—was he a righteous soul, to whom righteousness was dear, to whom a heavenly kingdom would be akin?"

In November Bishop Ewing again repaired to Edinburgh to be present at the final adjudication of the Cheyne case; but when the day came he was too ill to

appear at the synodical meeting. He sent in his written opinions on the case; but, though the paper was privately shown to the bishops, it was decided that it could not with propriety be read in court, as the precedent might be dangerous.

But if the Bishop regretted his own absence, it was still more regretted by his friend the Bishop of St. Andrews, who wrote: "Pray do take care of yourself. I had rather live to see another Bishop of St. Andrews than another Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Not to have had you with us a second time on the seat of judgment was a bitter disappointment. However, your mind and spirit were with us."

CHAPTER XX.

VISIT TO POLLOC—LONDON—THE ARGYLL FUND—CHARGE ON THE EUCHARIST. 1860.

IN a letter of the 30th of December, 1859, in which he thanks his brother for a welcome present of books, Bishop Ewing has supplied us with the following charming "interior" of the life at Bishopston:—His eldest daughter absorbed in Ruskin; his second buried in a book of Scottish ballads, and not likely to rise for the rest of the day; Sam comforting himself, he having had one of his eyes nearly scratched out by a thornbush, by pursuing knowledge under difficulties; baby delighted with the similitude of a wretched old man on the cover of a picture-book, which he seemed to value as a very happy likeness of his own father; and the Bishop himself greatly enjoying a volume of Robertson, "who always brings life and light with him."

Though himself a prisoner in the house, the usual Chrismas festivities were duly celebrated, and "the neighbours danced with the children to the music of the piper," while the house itself seemed to "rock with the reels."

Alexander Ewing had now occupied the see of

Argyll and the Isles for a period of nearly twelve years, and if his venerable friend and patron Bishop Low had still survived, he would only have found that all the high and sanguine expectations he had cherished respecting his young successor were more than fulfilled. The Bishop had selected him because, as he wrote to one of the laity of the diocese of Argyll,—

"He was a sincere Christian and a gentleman—one who knew the world, and whom the world, in its turn, could not fail to know and appreciate; one, moreover, who had not sought the episcopal office merely to make a livelihood out of it, and gain honour at the same time, but who had private means of his own, which freed him from any such unworthy imputation, and which would enable him to maintain, with sufficient external dignity, the position he had been chosen to fill, while he felt confident that out of his patrimony he would liberally contribute in aid of the many claims of Argyll and the Isles."

But Alexander Ewing had not only, as Bishop Low had anticipated, contributed generously in aid of the claims of the Episcopalian Highlanders; he had made large sacrifices of his patrimony in their behalf. For his own part he would have greatly rejoiced if he could have lived always and only the life of a giver; but he found that he had been dispensing his bounties with too liberal a hand, and he was laid under the necessity of taking into consideration what further domestic retrenchments could be made, and whether some means could not be adopted of increasing permanently the revenues of the see.

It would have been but reasonable to predict that if the trying circumstances amid which he was administering the affairs of his diocese were

made known to his personal friends and to the friends of the Church, he would not be left to struggle on single-handed in his work. There were a few at least, like his greatly loved and always loyal friend Dr. Tait, the Bishop of London, who, after once hearing the facts of the situation, would hold it sin and shame to suffer the intellectual and spiritual energies of so fine and gifted and devout a nature as was that of Alexander Ewing to be drained off from the services of the Church by harassing secular anxieties. But not even those who knew Bishop Ewing best, who had had special opportunities of noticing the effects of the rare power which he possessed of attracting the interest and regard of men of all shades of ecclesiastical opinion, would have ventured to anticipate the response which, in the course of this year, his appeal in behalf of Argyll and the Isles called forth.

While the Bishop, according to his wont, was at this New Year time consecrating himself anew to his "Father's business," and while he was revolving many plans for the future, there came a sudden rift in the darkness which surrounded him, and this was a letter from Sir John Maxwell begging him to pay him a lengthened visit at Polloc, and to bring his eldest daughter with him.

Early in January he set out with his second daughter to leave her at Calton Môr, intending himself to remain there only a few days; but once more he was laid up with a severe illness, and the end of the month had come before he could undertake the journey to Polloc. His pen, however, was busy,

as usual, and from Calton Môr he wrote, among other letters, the following to his brother:—

". . . The revivals you speak of certainly create excitement, but not at all of a satisfactory character. It is to the *possession of our souls in patience* that we are called, and it is patience which wins the day—patience and trust. Is the providence of God less, or his Fatherliness less, or His special care less real, because we do not see miraculous interference with nature's proceedings?

"I am persuaded that for some considerable time we have been living merely on words, and in our teaching have been substituting them for life and reality. Half of our religious expressions are purely scholastic terms which have become antiquated, and do not in the least speak to us of nature or fact. Many of our divines are good linguists, but few of them know much of nature, of science, or of *life*. If I had health, I would open a school of science at Lochgilphead, for the special benefit of young men who are looking forward to ordination, or who may have already been ordained; for even those of that number who have been to our universities and public schools have had very little, if any, rigorous scientific training, and habits of accurate natural observation would only, as I conceive, enable them to apprehend more thoroughly, and to grasp more firmly the ultimate principles upon which all true religion must be based. Of course I could only undertake to communicate the elements of scientific knowledge, of astronomy, chemistry, geology, &c.; but these I *could* teach, while it would be one of my great aims to make the study of nature a genuine preparation for the consideration of the higher claims of Revelation. Moreover, there is a large class of young men who have little talent for languages, but who have very decided scientific taste or capacity, and some of them might easily avail themselves of such an institution as I am dreaming of"

Again, a few days later:—

"I have to go over to Lochgilphead to-morrow for a

confirmation, and Ea is one of the candidates. . . . I am better, but not strong. But Mr. Malcolm's stuffed birds and natural history books with their illustrations create in me new life. Yes, I am making progress in 'the new theology,' as it is called, and, if spared, I think I could do something in that department; but as yet it is only some aspects of nature that I really know anything of with exactness, while I believe we overlook too much her great teaching, notwithstanding that our Lord has said to us, 'Consider the lilies of the field,' and 'Behold the fowls of the air.' I do not mean that we shall find in nature an explanation of the darker aspects of humanity, or of Providence, or the cure for sin; but she will give us faith and reverence, and her lessons must be altogether in harmony with those of Christ, who is 'the Door' and 'the Way.' There cannot be antagonism between the two, and if there ever seems to be, it must arise from our own misinterpretation, for is it not written, 'I and my Father (the Creator) are one.' But I must repeat what I did in a former letter. We have been starving our souls by endeavouring to live on words, and the words, being mostly obsolete in meaning, have simply engendered strife. But the stars do lead us to God, although no special Epiphany star is visible among them. Astronomy, looked at with the instrument which Christ has put into our hands, is an everlasting Epiphany; or are we to be contented with seeing less than the old Hebrew did who could sing, 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' But Nature's million aspects are disregarded—the million voices, calling us to 'come and see,' are unheeded. Men hear not, see not, and will not believe, *unless* they have some sign like transubstantiation, which yet supplies no sign at all, or apostolic succession, as if any number of men, continuing to assert through ever so many ages that a thing was true, necessarily proved its truth! On this last hypothesis, Galileo must have been a great heretic. Well might a certain generation be addressed in the words, 'Oh ye of little faith,' because they were looking out for little things—some material infraction of God's eternal laws—and were blind to the perennial miracle which obedience to these

laws implies. And surely the great sign which Christ gave to the world in His life, as in His death, must have been strangely misunderstood before the Papal Father of Christendom could prepare to bombard his children in Bologna, instead of falling on their necks, or going out after them until he found them. But yet I am really hopeful as to Italy, and were it not for the inevitable scolds of a certain rector, I would write to the noble Cavour, and suggest to him a programme of Church reform. I would offer him, moreover, the service of one pair of lawn sleeves, which are ragged, no doubt, and old, but which might only, in consequence of their antique and worn condition, be more readily accepted, as indicating that the arms inside of them have had some experience in lathe-turning and in the manufacture of chessmen for the board. *Vedremo.*"

To his BROTHER :—

POLLOC, *February*, 1860.

"It is very dark, yet I am sure that God is smiling on me. I have been thinking a good deal lately about the words, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe,' and have been feeling how much we all underlie the censure which they contain; for, like children who wish to see the inside of a watch, and who do not heed, or do not understand the movements of the hands on the dial-plate, we do not recognise the divine significance of the daily events of life, and want to *see* something more, as if seeing were believing, or as if mere flesh and blood ever could see, or reveal the Divine. By the way, there are some remarkable things in Thomson's 'Hymn on the Seasons' on this subject, in advance of his times. See especially the concluding lines :—

> "'. . . . I cannot go
> Where Universal Love smiles not around,
> Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
> From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, and better still,
> In infinite progression; but I lose
> Myself in Him, in light ineffable.'

"I do not intend to housekeep again for a long time. I believe I should have died if I had remained at Lochgilphead, living the old life; partly from the work, and partly from the memories of the past. Curiously enough, the tables here are covered with new books on the subject I have been writing to you about, without my knowing that any one was specially thinking of it—the relation of Revelation to physical nature. There are some bad books, no doubt, among them; but they all unite in proving what the want of the age is, for Nature asserts herself on every hand."

To the SAME:—

"I am sorry to say I must go to Edinburgh on Saturday about this trial. Bishop Terrot wants a consultation before Tuesday. Sir John goes with us to Erskine's. The trial is likely to prove a very serious and protracted affair. At least, I have received a printed defence by Bishop Forbes, of more than a hundred pages."

To the SAME:—

"At last this trial is over, but what is worse than I feared, the judgment is postponed till the 15th of March. I shall go back with Sir John to Polloc for a fortnight. Mr. Keble was at the trial, and left to-day in very low spirits. We all thought Mr. Henderson too much for the Bishop of Brechin. As to the judgment itself, I should be prepared to move that we should not deliver any penal sentence, and chiefly on the ground of our sanctioning the use of an office for the Holy Communion which teaches we know not what. So long as that is used, similar troubles will and must arise. . . . . I wish you were here with Erskine. He is the man of God indeed, and with reverence I may say of him, that he takes away the sins of the world from all who have the happiness of knowing him."

After returning to Polloc from Edinburgh, the Bishop was again seized with a severe illness, and was unable, when the day came, to attend the

adjourned meeting of the synod. He had, however, thoroughly made up his mind as to the verdict, which, in his opinion, ought to be pronounced in the case of Bishop Forbes, and he forwarded to his Episcopal brethren a letter in which his views were carefully set forth. The reader already knows what these were, and it need be only added here, with reference to them, that if Bishop Ewing's suggestions had been accepted at an earlier stage of the proceedings to which the Charge of the Bishop of Brechin gave rise, the trial, with all its attendant pain, would have been altogether prevented; for the Bishops had issued a pastoral, affirming the doctrine of the Church respecting the Holy Communion, which Bishop Forbes had "depraved," and Bishop Forbes himself had printed a statement explanatory of his views, which the Church might have regarded as a formal submission, especially as it contained the writer's distinct "repudiation" of both transubstantiation and consubstantiation. But Alexander Ewing's counsels of moderation were not reckoned "thorough" enough, and the trial came, in the course of which so much was said, and so very little was settled.

The particular illness from which the Bishop suffered at this time was congestion of the lungs, accompanied by much fever, on which there supervened acute pain in the head and extreme prostration. On his convalescence he was able once more to enter into all the social enjoyments of a house, within which there were usually to be found so many guests whom it was good to know, remarkable either for their

culture or their character, and not a few for both united.

To his BROTHER:—

"If I could always live as I do here, without anxiety, in a large warm house, I might live for ever. Sir John is certainly the most genial, large-hearted, and best-tempered man in the world, and his conversation and his views are so striking and edifying, that no one, save a scamp or an idiot, but would be the better for his society. The house itself is replete with all that can minister to the comfort of the outward man. It is situated, besides, on the top of a coal-pit, and the master can order up any quantity he pleases! I begin to pick up, and to sing in the sunshine indoors, although the country all round is white with snow, and the birds are '*chittering* on every thorn.'

"Mr. Campbell of the Row is here now, and is of much benefit to us all. He is great upon the subject of Divine love, love being regarded by him as synonymous with righteousness, holiness, and justice, and law being the expression of it. He dwells much, too, on the truth that the things which are 'eternal' are as near to us now as they are to be hereafter, which, no doubt, they are, the things eternal being those things which the eye never can see, the inward realities of truth, righteousness, and love. Erskine has been here also, so you will understand if one is not the better for being here and meeting with such men, one must be incurable.

"Have you read Campbell on the Atonement? It is a very weighty book, though rather obscure in style, only the principle is clearly enough maintained that the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord was shed to cleanse from sin, and not to satisfy a merely forensic justice."

As the spring-time advanced, Bishop Ewing wrote to his brother that he began to long for a walk in the rectory garden at Westmill; for though each morning only brought with it a new welcome from his host,

yet believing that a visit to the south might more speedily restore him to working vigour, he took farewell of Polloc and started for England.

When Dr. Ewing had secured the friendship of the Bishop of London, the whole future of his life was lit up with unexpected brightness. It was Dr. Tait who suggested that a meeting should be held at London House, and that the Bishop of Argyll should lay before it a statement of the circumstances amid which he had been labouring ever since he entered on his episcopate. He added, in talking over the proposal, which originated entirely with himself, that if Bishop Ewing would invite a few of his own personal friends, he would take care that some influential representatives both of the clergy and laity, known to himself, should receive a summons to be present on the occasion. Accordingly it was decided that a conference should be held, and, fortunately, we have the following account of it in the Bishop's Charge of this year:—

"I left this diocese in February last, as some of you are aware, considerably worn out in mind and body, having been detained by the courts of our Church and the trials, which it was my duty to attend, beyond the time when my medical advisers had directed me to seek a warmer climate. On reaching London I said to the Bishop of London I should do well to leave the Highlands to stronger hands, and to seek a mission under a southern sky. I added that my Highland diocese, from the distance between the different localities in its wide embrace, and the prevailing poverty of the congregations, demanded not only better health but greater wealth than I possessed to do justice to it. Bishop Tait replied, he thought the latter requirement, if proper steps were taken, would not be

difficult to secure; and, chiefly through his exertions and influence, the very interesting and important meeting took place at London House on the 30th of June last—important because, since 1685, no such interest has been manifested in behalf of our Communion. The Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh were present; and the Archbishop of Dublin, I am allowed to say, would also have attended had he been in London. These dignitaries, supported by the other prelates of the English and Irish Churches, and a very influential body of laymen, formed an assemblage which bade me take heart and courage. I confess I myself was overwhelmed with joy; and I deemed that the many years, now two-and-twenty, which I had devoted to the Scottish Episcopal Church, were not lost, on seeing such a recognition of our claims to the sympathy of our brethren throughout the Church of God, and more especially in the apostolic and honoured Church of England. I am free to say, however, that before this time I never found our low estate in the North any barrier to a kindly reception in the South. I believe that the very helplessness of our Church in worldly things made the attention of those in power there the greater. It is to their honour. On the 30th of June last, assuredly all combined to give our Highland and Island diocese their attention and regard. A committee, as you are aware, was formed, including the leading names in the Churches of England and Ireland and of our own Communion, to consider how best to minister aid; and I am in hopes that effectual assistance will be given, and a position secured to us which has hitherto been precarious. My own health obliged me to go abroad immediately after the meeting; but I trust that by Christmas next a report will be issued, which, if it show no great amount of money at our disposal, will at least supply grounds for hope that a better state of things has begun. This meeting at London House will inaugurate, I do not doubt, and lead the way to, co-operation and assistance, not for Argyll and the Isles only, but for every diocese in Scotland."

The Bishop, however, was received with much

greater cordiality by the meeting, and the various speakers gave expression to far deeper sympathy with him in his work, and to a higher regard for his own character, than the reader could discover from the preceding statement. But a published report of the meeting at London House supplies the names and facts which were omitted in the charge.

What measure of assistance for his own work the Bishop derived from the labours and generosity of the committee appointed at London House will appear on a later page, but meanwhile he could think of the future with hopefulness, and, to use his own words, "it seemed as if, after a long night of darkness, light was about to break forth, and after long struggle and anxiety rest and resources were at hand."

In the month of July the Bishop set out for Ems and Homburg, accompanied by his eldest daughter and his brother; but instead of deriving from the waters the benefit which he expected, he was more prostrate in spirits at the latter place than in any previous illness. Clearly the message which Alexander Ewing proclaimed to the world had not been learned by himself in dreamland. It came to him in the night watches of loneliness and anguish, and he uttered it as he did because the eternal truth of which he bore witness, had been as the very anchor of his own soul when deep called unto deep within him.

The synod of Argyll and the Isles had been summoned to meet this year at Cumbrae on the 12th September, and considering the severe illness which the Bishop had recently passed through, it would not

have been surprising if he had merely presided at the annual gathering without delivering the usual charge. But when the synod assembled, the charge was ready, although the ink of the latter portion of it was scarcely dry when the Bishop entered the church.

"The Bishop assumed that the first feeling which arose in the minds of those whom he addressed was that of thankfulness for being still spared to work together and to rejoice together in their common labour as actors in the great drama of Providence and Grace, which as it had necessitated their birth would unfold the full meaning of it when they were ready to bear the revelation of the eternal purpose of the 'Paternal Heart of God.' After striking this key-note, the remaining portions of the address follow in harmony with it. Differences of opinion on secondary matters he took for granted existed between the Bishop and his clergy. He did not deprecate these 'if only he and they were only honestly living up to that vision of truth which presented itself to their own eyes, if only they were resolved to follow the light on to the perfect day.' The Bishop further asked, 'Was the gospel which they published not only a message to, or for, every man, but one which had its witness and assurance *in* every man? Did they understand that their one great work was not to devise or perpetuate instrumentalities for effecting a technical salvation, but on the contrary that of awakening or developing in their brethren the *Divine capacity* which their Heavenly Father had created in them all?' This participation in the divine nature was the 'mystery hid for ages but now made known,' it was 'Christ in man the hope of glory,' it was the bond which at once united man with God and man with man.

"If man thus stood in such intimate relationship with the Father of his spirit, and if his life consisted in the cultivation of communion with Him, in the mind and spirit of Christ, the Bishop proceeded to inquire what was the place and character of the Holy Eucharist as one of the great

means which had been ordained for aiding us in our spiritual development.

". . . The first Christians regarded the Eucharist as a symbol of their own lives, as well as of the death of their Lord, and partaking of the bread and wine in the light of that conception, they returned from their worship to their work refreshed and strengthened. At the holy table they accepted Christ, anew, as the life of their lives, in conscious fellowship with Him, in conscious adoration of the Father, and, realising how He had offered himself without spot to God, they presented themselves, anew, in his name, as living sacrifices. They felt themselves related to their Great High Priest, *not after the law of a carnal commandment, but in the unity and power of an endless life*, the one life of sonship. But alas! it has to be recorded that the mere outward expression of the inward self-consecration became, in course of time, the equivalent of, or substitute for, the reality itself.

"The Eucharist lost its divinely symbolic character, and the ordinance, by means of which the worshipper had proclaimed to others, and solemnly confessed before God, his resolution to live and die with Christ, in thankful remembrance of the inestimable benefits which he had received through His incarnation, was transmuted into an apparatus manipulated by a priestly caste, from contact with which alone eternal life was to be secured. The shadow was made the cause of the substance, and as such was worshipped.

"Again, Christ's miracles appealed *to the senses*. It was 'good wine' which the villagers drank at the marriage feast at Cana, the lame actually walked, the sick were healed, the deaf heard, and the blind saw. Here, at all events, were palpable results, whatever may be thought of the means by which they were produced. But, according to the notion of the Sacramentarians, a material miracle is wrought, while no proof whatever is at hand to testify of the fact. An invisible miracle is a contradiction in terms. It is simply as absurd to affirm its occurrence, as it would be to speak of an inaudible sound. But the affront to the *spiritual sense* implied in the materialistic hypothesis of the Eucharist is even greater than that which is presented to

the sensuous perception. For as the meat and drink of Christ was *doing the will* of His heavenly Father, in the conscious assurance that the world was dear to God, and as it was through the doing of that will that He 'lived by Him,' EVEN so His followers were to be partakers of the same spiritual provision. But on the hypothesis in question the highest spiritual benefit was obtained in consequence of a mere material act which was substituted for the assimilation of the mind of Christ, and the ordinance which was to be the means of awakening spirit and life became simply an ordinance of matter and death. 'It is with our minds only that we can enter into the mind of Christ, as it is only with our minds we can understand the thoughts of a fellow-creature. But, according to the materialistic conception of the Sacrament, the secret of Hamlet would be mastered by eating a bit of Shakspere's body.'"

But while the Bishop endeavoured to set forth the simplicity which is in Christ, and to make plain to his clergy that all the institutions of a Revelation which is in itself light must all bear witness to the light, he shrank from definitions, and he intimated without reserve his dissent from the sentences which had recently been pronounced against a presbyter and a prelate because of their teachings on the subject of the Holy Communion. Moreover, he was careful to announce to the synod with how much pain he had noted the excommunication of the Duke of Argyll by the Bishop of Glasgow; and the allusion to this fact led him to ask again whether the reason why the Episcopal Church effected so very little good in Scotland was not simply this, that she had been so careful about the many things of ritual and organization, while she had largely neglected the one great thing of bearing witness to the redemption of humanity by Christ.

Among others who listened to this charge was the preacher of the synod sermon, the Rev. Cecil Wynter, who had discharged the duties at Bishopston during the Bishop's absence; and he has allowed the following graphic account of the proceedings at Cumbrae to be printed here:—

"On Wednesday the day began with Holy Communion at 8:30 A.M. The Scotch Office was used. At eleven morning service, also in the little church in Lady Glasgow's garden. After prayers the Bishop delivered the charge. In substance it was admirable—I never heard a better nor a wiser one, nor one more adapted to the wants of the Church. It evinced, on the one hand, great gentleness and toleration, and, on the other, great plainness of speech. In fact, it was one which must have commanded the admiration, and ought to have commanded the assent, of all who heard it. It must have made a profound impression on all who heard it, and, if fairly reported (there was a reporter there), it must needs make an equally profound sensation in the Scotch Church at large.

"I was much struck with your brother's bearing *as* bishop; it really was quite delightful. He looked a bishop, he spoke as a bishop, he behaved as a bishop. I think I never saw in any one man such a union of dignity, sweetness, patience, and toleration. He has filled me with great respect for his talents and his wise use of them. It seems to me that his loss would be the greatest loss which could befall the Scotch Church.

"At two o'clock the synod met. I was much interested in its proceedings—especially it seemed to me that the free outspoken intercourse between a bishop and his clergy must be of great utility. Mr. Cheyne's case was brought on by Mr. Cazenove, Mr. Keigwin, and Mr. Mapleton. The discussion might have been an awkward one, but for the Bishop's great patience, great courtesy, and, if possible, still greater discretion. Anything like a strong curb would have produced inexplicable confusion. Then we

had dinner in the college hall at six; at eight evening service, and I preached. . . . Such is a *précis* of my first intercourse with the Scotch Church. In many respects it impressed me most favourably. Whether Cumbrae, with the tone of mind prevailing there, is a benefit to your brother's diocese seems to me a question. Whether Episcopalians there look to their Church as a means of sustaining their inner life, or whether they regard their ritual only as the expression of a high-caste religion, seems to me also a question. My complete ignorance of course suggests these questions; and I speak of them only as questions, and not as convictions. Mr. Boyle himself, beyond a doubt, looks to his Church in its best and highest sense."

Immediately after the breaking-up of the synod the Bishop started on one of his customary diocesan visitations, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wynter. In writing of it to his brother, he says:—

"Mr. Wynter, who has been most kind, and of the greatest possible service to me, will tell you how splendid and wonderful the far-off West Highlands are, and that when the Bishop travels amidst their glorious scenery he has some advantages which do not fall to the share of the ordinary tourist. Every house is opened to him—everything, I may say, is placed at his disposal; in fact, our reception has everywhere been most cheering, and I am afraid that I have not cultivated enough the kindly feeling which has always been manifested towards me. There seems to be a much wider field in these parts for genuine and delightful work than I had supposed."

When the Bishop's charge was published it was read with much satisfaction by the great majority of the laity in his own and in other dioceses; but it did not commend itself to the approval of the Episcopal Bench, and he had thus to write of the reception he

met with at a meeting of the Council of Trinity College, Glenalmond, which assembled at Perth:—

To his BROTHER:—

POLLOC, *September*, 1860.

"The bishops were not exactly what you could truthfully call pleasant persons in their behaviour to me at Perth, and it seems that I have offended some of them at least in many ways—by my Vaudois scheme, by the meeting at London House, and by my allusion to the judgments in the Cheyne and Forbes cases in my recent charge. Indeed, one of them told me that I 'deserved a presentment.' Never mind, *the earth still moves*, as Galileo said, and one day the Scottish bishops will take more kindly to the views which I have endeavoured to set forth. The laity are all or nearly all right; and one of them, belonging to my own diocese, said to me the other day, when speaking of my charge, that I had only uttered what he had been regarding as the truth in these matters of redemption and the meaning of the Holy Communion for the last thirty years."

From Polloc, as his head-quarters, the Bishop in the course of the later autumn made flying visits to various localities in his diocese; and though he was now in the enjoyment of much better health than he had experienced for a considerable time, his friends were all urgent in advising him not to encounter at present the loneliness and rigour of a winter at Bishopston. He followed their counsel, and in the society of Sir John Maxwell, and of the many friends who were from time to time gathered under his hospitable roof, this year came to a close.

CHAPTER XXI.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ARGYLL FUND—MALVERN —AGITATION ABOUT THE SCOTTISH OFFICE.—1861—1862.

THE meeting at London House in June of last year originated, as it will be remembered, in a suggestion of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and the proposal to form a Fund for aiding Bishop Ewing in his work, which that meeting heartily accepted, was moved by Archbishop Sumner. Several of his friends, however, such as Sir John Maxwell, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and others, who knew how burdensome the administration of the diocese had been to him, announced to the secretaries that they would hold themselves aloof from the Argyll scheme unless it contained a special provision for reimbursing the Bishop for the great personal losses which he had sustained; but the proposal did not meet with his approval, in fact it gave him great pain.

To his BROTHER:—

"The meeting itself was no proposal of mine. The idea of the Fund was broached, first of all, by the Archbishop, and I thankfully accepted the proffer of assistance which it held out to me for carrying on my future labours; but what I had spent in the interest of the Highlanders I

had spent hoping for nothing again, and I am greatly distressed by this *retrospective* aspect which it is now sought to give to the Fund. Indeed and in truth I shrink from the whole affair.

"No doubt the secular demands and anxieties arising from the work in which I have been engaged have been a special cross to me, and it has often been very hard, amid the fretting considerations of material ways and means, to realise how great and glorious my calling is, and that its chief requirements are spiritual knowledge and love. Accordingly, in asking others not to reimburse me for past expenditure, but simply to bear with me the burdens of the future, I was actuated by the wish that I might be enabled to give myself to the spiritual oversight of my diocese without distraction. Even to make this prospective appeal for aid was a bitter morsel to me, involving as it necessarily did so much of purely personal statement and explanation. At the same time, I could only in my heart regret having furnished these if they should be found to mar in any way the great work itself, or if they should give any one occasion to suppose that I was not careful in all things as a minister of God's Word and Sacraments ought to be."

In the end the Bishop only consented to the reimbursement proposal on the understanding that it should be limited to a very moderate sum, and that a statement of receipts and expenditure should be laid before the subscribers. His hope was that by their united efforts an efficient and permanent endowment might be secured for the see of Argyll and the Isles; and as a step towards this consummation, he felt that a second meeting would have to be held in London. In the meanwhile he was giving a course of evening lectures on astronomy at Lochgilphead. On the completion of the series Bishop Ewing left for London; but on his way south, accompanied by

his two daughters, he spent several days in the society of Mr. Erskine, first at Polloc, and then at Edinburgh.

To his BROTHER :—

EDINBURGH, *February*, 1861.

"Dear Sir John was more delightful than ever, only excessive in his kindness to me and mine. I found it hard to tear myself away from Polloc; for, apart from the spiritual and intellectual entertainment which never fails there, we had an indoor temperature of 60°, and I was exceptionally free from suffering. But 'onwards' is our marching order, and we must learn to find the eternal life in each day's duties, and discover the sacramental significance of the various circumstances amid which our path lies. I met Erskine there, and we are now his guests at the Douglas Hotel. It is always a great gain to be with him. I learn more from his conversation than from all the books I read. His looks and life of love are better than a thousand homilies; they show you how divine a thing humanity is when the life which we live in the flesh is that of conscious union with God. His abiding attitude of soul is that of one who is ever listening and saying, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'"

To the Rev. F. D. MAURICE :—

CLAPHAM RECTORY, *February 26th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have come to London with the intention of spending two months or so here, in furtherance of the interests of my diocese and of that Fund which you were so good as to take some interest in instituting. I do not know that I can count on any help in the way of your allowing me to preach a sermon on its behalf some Sunday ere the end of May; but if you could let me (one afternoon or evening) say a word for our poor old confessors of the truth that Christ 'redeemed me and all mankind' in a Calvinistic land, you will much oblige me and benefit them.

"I have just come from being ten days (on my way from Argyll) with Mr. Erskine in Edinburgh.

"The last thing almost he said to me was to bid me remember him to you. He is very well and very earnest; sorry about the 'Essays and Reviews;' sorry that Christian truth should be thought attainable by criticism and analysis, believing more and more in life being an education and a 'song of degrees.'"

After a considerable interval of fairly good health, Bishop Ewing had lately been suffering from a new and particularly distressing affection, a numbness of the leg and arm. Dr. Gully, whom he had been recommended to consult, took, however, a hopeful view of his case. "In fact he told me," writes the Bishop, "that I might live to a hundred if I would only keep out of Scotland and try his water cure." Dr. Gully did not, however, advise that he should place himself under treatment at Malvern until the end of May, and the intervening three months were divided between the rectories of Westmill, Clapham, and Chelmsford, and a short residence in London.

To BISHOP WORDSWORTH:—

WESTMILL, *March 21st.*

"I asked Dean Ramsay to show you two letters on the subject of a bill to remove the disabilities of our Church—one from the Bishop of London, the other from the Bishop of Oxford. They wrote to me, not I to them, in the first instance. There will be no difficulty, except such as may arise from the Scottish Office; and I have said to my correspondents that its simplicity was shown in the late trials, and now it will die a natural death, and that no one particularly cares for it. Am I right? The Bishop of Oxford says it is a nice question whether the Office does not contain grave doctrinal error. Once more I must say that I think one Church for England, Ireland, and Scotland is worth even the sacrifice of the office in question; for, were we one, Trinity College

would not be without students, our bishops without candidates, and Scotland, as a whole, ignorant of us. I have always been of this mind, from having spent the greater part of my life in Scotland. I know you take another view, but I must candidly express my unvarying opinion. I was much touched with your account of the death of the dear good Warden of Winchester, who died as he lived—righteous in all his ways. He was very kind to me and my dear wife at Winchester long ago when we went there to see him, and I have always entertained for him a more than ordinary respect and esteem. It is all right with him; would it were so with those of us who have yet to pass through the dark valley, that so we might enter in where he has entered.

"All the world here is greatly excited about the 'Essays and Reviews.' I am grieved to see Temple and Jowett in such company, and I am further grieved to find that Jowett is so little positive; but I think the truth will gain on the whole, and that the volume will lead people to seek more after God than they have done, and may convince some readers that they have even not found *Him*, although they have found good and right words about Him. A day is coming when Calvinism will no longer do, when men will throw their idols to the moles and to the bats, and say, 'We also, like Tyre, have been in the Garden of Eden, and we knew it not.' But, meanwhile, alas for those 'who call bitter sweet, and sweet bitter!' and who make the great Father in the image of a weak mother who loves her children with a partial love, and chooses as her favourites the wrong members of the family.

"Jowett's great mistake, as it seems to me, lies in supposing that we can discover God by criticism; while, on the other hand, the fatal blunder of the advocates of authority consists in the assumption that confessions enshrine Him. The living God himself is the only satisfying treasure, the only one which gives, or is in itself, all that we can really need, and which surely cannot be far from every one of us."

Among other friends whom Bishop Ewing first met

at Polloc were Archdeacon and Mrs. Mildmay, of Chelmsford Rectory; and in the month of April, in acceptance of their invitation, he proposed paying them a short visit, *en route* for Cambridge, where he had undertaken to be present at a meeting of the Anglo-Continental Society. This society was just at that time specially interesting itself in the spiritual future of Italy. The Bishop was unable to attend the meeting, but he sent to the secretary of the society a letter expressing his great regret, and enclosing the outline of the paper which he had intended to read before the society. The following short extract from the latter is taken from the *Cambridge Chronicle*:—

"It appears that the best mode of assisting Italy, and the most proper for the Church of England, is to endeavour to breathe into the nostrils of the present organization a better life, rather than to attempt to organize a new body altogether.

"It seems, at this moment, as if this mission were opened in Italy. Italy, by the most remarkable resurrection in history, has arisen as one man from the dust, and the model she has chosen for herself is that of the English nation. Let us hope that she will rise in religion to the level of England; that is, to the level of a Church combining apostolic order with evangelic truth—the most remarkable and highest combination of established religion the world has ever seen. She is precisely the species of Church suitable to the Italian mind, which requires antiquity and ritual coupled with evangelic truth. She is in such combination with the State as would allow a constitutional government of Italy to adopt her as their model, and her learning supplies that need which at this moment the Italian clergy so greatly require.

"There is great hope of the Italian clergy. They have never had put before them in their own language, and as is now possible, both from civil freedom and historical and

critical research, the precise historical and traditional errors on which their later and present system is founded.

"I believe the Church of England can help much. 'In what manner?' asks the present Society. I conceive as follows:—By those resident in Italy showing 'privately to those of reputation' the way of England and her reforms, not by drawing them to a separate altar, nor urging divisions; and also by the dissemination of such works as the Anglo-Continental Society have published, and especially by the giving of the Anglican Prayer Book in Italian to the priesthood. I could detail many anecdotes of its good effects."

The Bishop's illness detained him at Chelmsford Rectory for several weeks, in the course of which the following letters were written:—

To his BROTHER:—

RECTORY, CHELMSFORD, *April*, 1861.

"With reference to what is called the 'non-natural' interpretation of any passages of Scripture in which direct affirmations are made respecting the will or character of God, the very language seems to imply that their natural sense is either nonsense or that it compromises the morality of the nature of God. As to the last, it may be said that we are not the proper judges, and that Scripture was given to us to teach us those truths respecting the Divine righteousness of which we were in total ignorance. But we must make answer, that in morals there cannot be two conflicting standards of right, each equally entitled to our allegiance, and that if the sense of right, under the guidance of which we educate our children and pronounce moral sentences continually, does not announce to us a rightness identical in *kind* with that which reigns supremely in God himself, our morality becomes divorced from religion; nay more, all religion worthy of the name is destroyed. It is true that God is not subject to law, but then He is the Living Law himself, and the laws which He has written in our hearts are the witness and assurance

that He is. Any professed revelation which dispensed with the existence of the absolute law of righteousness in the Supreme Being, *i.e.* in our acceptance of the term, would at once derogate from that which, in the regard of creatures fashioned as we are, constitutes His highest glory; and, if logically followed out, would be subversive of all reverence and love towards Himself, while it would petrify the springs of those deeper feelings of which, indeed, we are not always conscious, but which, all the same, in reality sustain the freshness and purity of our thoughts and actions in our intercourse with our fellow-men. Any declarations contained in the Holy Scriptures which seem to affirm a contrary doctrine, must either be interpreted 'non-naturally,' or we must acknowledge that we do not in the least understand their meaning.

"Our guiding star must be, 'Let God be true, although every man be found a liar.' He cannot deny Himself, and *there must be some great mistake somewhere* if Scripture ever seems to us to announce as divine a mode of procedure which our consciences would never accept as a warrant or guide for the conduct of our daily life. This is not free and easy talking, caught up from the 'Essays and Reviews.' I am simply endeavouring to put into plain language the common, if sometimes not quite explicit, feeling of all who believe that God is 'the Pattern in the Mount,' of all that we mean, yea, and of more than we mean, when we speak of a 'Father' on earth. For who can utter from his heart these words, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name,' if he does not believe that God is the Father of us all, that all men are His offspring? On what ground, save on that of his Fatherhood, with all that that wonderful relation implies, are men to 'hallow,' that is to adore with endless thankfulness, His name? Be quite sure of this, that 'the letter' often 'killeth.' Certainly some letters do by themselves; and when we find that any individual utterance in Holy Scripture is, or appears to be, antagonistic to the lessons which are communicated by the Bible as a whole, *we must subordinate the one to the many.* We must never suffer 'a letter,' however long it may have been reverenced, to kill

the spirit in obedience to which our true life consists. But I can only throw out these hints at present."

To the SAME:—

THE ATONEMENT.

"I am very anxious to say a few additional words to you on the subject of the Atonement, and of the so-called 'doctrines" which are usually grouped with it: and first of all I must remind you that, partly from the merely mercantile, partly from the merely forensic, terms in which they have been enunciated, these 'doctrines' have never, in these last days, called forth a spontaneous response of approval from the human heart, have never rightly commended themselves to the reason and conscience of man. But it was surely to these faculties that the apostles appealed, and before we can rationally expect any results from our teaching at all like those which followed from the acceptance of theirs, we must be careful to see that our message is identical with what they published. St. Paul, for instance, had no doubt that the gospel which he taught made such an appeal to man's deepest nature, that human thought would be taken 'captive' by it the moment that its true significance was recognised; and I cannot but believe that the one great work to which we are now called is that of publishing the good news in its primitive simplicity. We must, with all our souls, renounce the element of 'bargain' in our presentations of the Gospel, and try by all means to show to our brethren that we have to do with a living Person who, amid sorrow and suffering and death, opened to us the eternal purpose of our Heavenly Father.

"The Divine element of the Atonement lay in the Incarnation, in the self-subjection of the Son of God to all the conditions which now attach to our common humanity, for He made himself very one with us, and the *human* element of it is the result accomplished *in us*, when we become in heart and will one with Him, and so, necessarily, one with God. I am sure that we *get off the lines of the highest theology*, the moment *we forget that man is God's child and God's creature.* For we straightway, in that event, fall into the

snare and delusion of thinking of Him as a *kind of independent entity* who originated Himself, and who *chose* the situation in which he finds Himself. But I need scarcely say that such a conception of man's present position implies absolute Atheism. To place mankind at the 'bar of God,' according to popular language, and to suppose that a satisfactory account has been given of the relations in which we stand to the Judge of all the earth by so doing, is simply to convert the Almighty and most merciful Father into what you southerners would call 'an Old Bailey magistrate.' Of course, such a magistrate may be a very good-natured or, on the other hand, a very unjust judge, but in any case he is not the creator of any given criminal before him; and what I wish you specially to realise is this, that the forensic analogy, when logically carried out, simply demands the belief that God's hands did *not* create and fashion us. The Judge of Calvinistic theology is no longer the Father of our spirits: man is self-made, and God is only an Administrator of the law. I am far from saying that I have 'attained' even to the mind of St. Paul on this subject; but I have no doubt whatever that the two ideas to which we must allow fullest prominence in any theory we may formulate respecting it, unless we are to forfeit worship of heart and soul and loving surrender to God's will, are these: first, the absolute oneness of the Father and the Son; and, secondly, the sonship of humanity in Christ. If we apprehend the former truth in its simplicity and integrity, we shall then distinctly perceive that the notion of the Son 'satisfying the Father,' in the conventional sense of the phrase, is simply impossible. Or shall I say, at the risk of seeming irreverent, that the 'satisfaction' could only take place in the form of a 'legal fiction,' which might be roughly represented by supposing that in order to assure a certain number of debtors that their obligations had been honourably met by a friend, the creditor should inform them that he had transferred so much money from one of his pockets and placed it in another, and this, be it remembered, *not* as indulgence to them, but in *justice to himself*. No, no! Penal offering by another, who by helping God is better than God in

reality, and manifestation of the existence of 'rectoral government' by supplementing that which the history of the world and the experience of the individual, and the unfailing stripes of conscience as a part of that experience, fail to indicate, all that must be thrown to the moles and the bats. And we must discover what is the fitting language in which to declare to the nineteenth century what St. Paul proclaimed in the first—that the Son of God came among us to reveal the way, by which alone we can return to 'His Father and our Father, to His God and our God,' and thus *to be saved*, that is, have the saving health of God flowing through all our thoughts and words and acts. Surely we have the secret of this salvation, security for the uprising of our hearts into a newness of affectionate and adoring life, in the words, 'Herein was love, not that we loved God; but that He loved us, and gave His Son that we might live through Him.'

"The outward sufferings of Christ were, so to speak, the accidents of His mission. They were the results of the contradictions of sinners against Himself, things which He encountered and endured and triumphed over in His love for us, when He came down into the 'far country' to plead with us, to awaken within us the resolve, 'I will arise, and go to my Father;' but they are no more to be looked on as *penal*, than were the sufferings of all that 'goodly fellowship of the prophets,' who prepared His way.

"If I have not altogether failed to convey my meaning in a hastily written letter, though the substance of it haunts me night and day, you will see that what I chiefly wished to say was this—that whereas the current theology affirms that Christ was in the world reconciling God to man, the glorious and Godlike gospel proclaims that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, and, consequently, to all the discipline which He has appointed for us during our sojourn on earth.

"One sentence, however, before I close, on 'Eternal Judgment.' That expression, as I conceive, simply means *that we are always under unchanging laws.* It reminds us that God is *always* judging us, or rewarding us, 'according to our works,' ordaining for us that that which we

sow we shall also reap. But whereas it is said that, 'after death is the judgment,' I can only understand the words as conveying to us the intimation that the righteous judgments of God which are now always taking place, but which we do not always recognise, will at last be made manifest to the heart and conscience. As to the passage about the sheep and the goats, we must interpret it by that other great statement in the Book of the Revelation, that there was sorrow in heaven because no one could open the book, but that when the Lamb took it and opened it, 'Every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them,' broke forth into praise, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, *be* unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.' In other words, all that seems dark or oppressive to us must be looked at in the light which has been given to us by Him who is the Lamb of God, and of whom it is said that He taketh away the sin of the world. *His love can any day convert the goatage into sheepage*, and with less it could never be satisfied. In some such way as that thus indicated we can more than justify the ways of God to man. We show that His ways, instead of needing our apologies, will only in the end call forth the spontaneous adoration of all the human family"

To the SAME:—

"I have just finished a letter to the Bishop of London, 'On the Present State of Religion and Politics, by Ignotus,' and am about to correct it for the press. But, apart from it, let me say that the text of which I spoke in my last letter, about the 'sheep and the goats,' when interpreted literally, and in disregard of its spirit, is much more likely to produce scepticism than Christianity, for it is impossible for us to worship reverently a Being who is less righteous and less merciful than we ourselves should be, were we able to realise in our lives the ideal which is in our hearts. But man cannot be better than his Maker; there can be no pure and noble wish in his heart which His Creator did not Him-

self originate there; and whatever the 'letter' of any passages of Scripture may seem to affirm, we must cling to the belief that His 'thoughts' are better than our best ones, even as the heavens are vaster than the earth. Assuredly to 'justify the ways of God to man,' in the sense of endeavouring to demonstrate that His 'ways' must be infinitely 'higher' than ours, is one of the chief ends of our Christian ministry."

To the SAME :—

CHELMSFORD, *April*, 1861.

"I have lately had my attention called to some observations of Reuss, on the meaning of the preposition ὑπερ, which is generally rendered 'for' in our version. With some of these I quite agree. Of course nobody in his senses could suppose that when it is said (1 Cor. xv. 3) that 'Christ died for our sins,' the meaning of the expression was that He died *in the stead* of our sins. But, on the other hand, I hold that Reuss has entirely misunderstood the significance of 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, when he affirms that 'for' in the passage is synonymous with 'in the place of,' as if men did not *now* die. What the apostle maintains is this rather, that Christ died *for* all, *i.e.* for the sake or benefit of all, in order that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves. He died, not to prevent, but to effect, on very purpose that men might *die with Him* unto sin, and live unto righteousness.

"But it is wonderful to find people harping still on the dead letter and ignoring the spirit which giveth life. Only in the present passage, as in so many others, the 'letter' itself bears witness against the dogma of substitution, which men have simply read into it. But granting that the language of St. Paul could not yield to honest interpretation the meaning which I have assigned to it, what could a few chance phrases weigh against the whole tenor of the Revelation given to us by Christ, against, that is, the character of God Himself as the absolutely 'righteous Father,' and against the experience which has taught us that only by making His righteousness our supreme law

are we really 'saved'—saved, that is, from the curse and misery of aimless or selfish lives?"

In the early days of May the Bishop was able to leave Chelmsford, when he took apartments in London. He had scarcely settled in these when they became a rendezvous where were to be met representatives of various shades of political or theological opinion. For Bishop Ewing had in his large toleration room for all sorts and conditions of thinkers, while his tact, his humour, and his wide knowledge supplied a broad platform on which he could hold liberal intercourse with all those whom culture had in the least elevated above the frivolities of the gossip of the day, the narrowness of a clique, or the shibboleths of a sectarian theology.

To his BROTHER:—

SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON.

"Here am I with visitors coming and going all day long; and, just a few minutes ago, when the Bishops of Moray, Aberdeen, and Argyll and the Isles were seated in solemn conclave about our 'Disabilities Bill,' who should come in but the Duke of Argyll! He remained an hour with us—bishops though we were—and very 'jolly,' as the schoolboys say, he was. The Archbishop of York and his daughters are coming here to tea on Saturday, when, perhaps, you may be able to join us. The Archbishop is so very kind, and I have little doubt that he will help forward the removal of our disabilities to the utmost of his power. Respecting this same matter we had an interesting interview with Sir G. C. Lewis the other day, that is Bishops Eden, Suther, and I, but he thinks that it would be all the more to our advantage if the bishops were themselves to take the measure in hand."

But while Bishop Ewing was giving much time and

thought to the secular claims of the Church, the end for which all churches exist was only assuming grander proportions in his regard; and we have seen, in the letters to his brother written from Chelmsford, how he was wrestling with the letter of Scripture, resolved never to relax his hold until he had brought it under subjection to the truth and love which came by Jesus Christ. But, curiously enough, whenever he met with Mr. Erskine, or was engaged in correspondence with him, he invariably assumed the attitude of a humble and reverent disciple, although he might at the time be grappling with problems towards the solution of which he could gain but little direct help from his friend. As an illustration, the reader is referred to a letter which the Bishop received from him in the month of May in this year, and which he afterwards printed in the Third Series of "Present Day Papers,"* giving to it the title of "Moral Training."

In this letter, which was partly occasioned by a question of Mr. Stanley's, Mr. Erskine wrote that he was much surer of his own consciousness than of any fact in the outward world; he was sure that in grieving over his own evil and condemning it, he was doing so in agreement with Him who gave him, and gave all men, their spiritual nature; and that the one great purpose of God in the creation of man was to teach him to receive His own spirit, nature, and character into himself. Again, he maintained that it was to give "a wrong interpretation to conscience" to call our present state a state of *probation*, instead of education, making us feel as if we were continually standing

* "Present Day Papers." Third Series, p. 36.

before a judgment seat, instead of being in our Father's school. The light within each man was there, not to condemn, but to save; in other words, condemnation was not the end, but the means, and man was called on to be one with God in His grief and wrath over sin, until the wrath was pacified.

But towards the close of his letter Mr. Erskine tells us that it was not so satisfactory as he could wish. Nevertheless, the Bishop not only abstained from all criticism of its contents but passed it on to several of his friends. Among these was the present Dean of Westminster, who has courteously granted permission to publish in these pages the letter which he addressed to Bishop Ewing on returning to him Mr. Erskine's communication:—

May 29th, 1861.

"My dear Bishop,—Many thanks. The letter is very interesting, particularly that part in which he speaks of his own experience. But he has not quite understood my question. I have no difficulty (nor do I think others have) about propitiation, which has a sufficiently definite place in the Bible, or pacifying God's wrath, which, in connection with Christ's death, is never found in the Bible at all.

"The perplexity of which I spoke is that which arises from the contemplation of the imperfect measure in which mankind has been cleansed, purified, sanctified, redeemed, reconciled by the death of Christ; and I fully believe that from feeling this imperfection men have been driven to all those figurative and metaphysical explanations of those sacred words *which have no foundation in the Bible.* I entirely agree with you that the Resurrection is a vital part of the scriptural account of the Redemption.

"Strike out Easter-day, and Christianity would be a grievously truncated religion—Puritans and Calvinists are

kept in check by it more than by anything else. In their scheme Good Friday, sadly corrupted, finds a place, but Easter-day finds hardly any place at all.

"Yours truly,

"A. P. STANLEY."

The Bishop remained in London to attend the first annual meeting of the Argyll Fund, which took place on the 26th of June.

A full account of the proceedings of the meeting at London House, including a *verbatim* report of the speeches delivered, was published with the Bishop's sanction by the committee of the Argyll Fund. But the main reason for which it is adverted to is that it tells us with what feelings the Argyll Fund was regarded by one of the Bishop's brother prelates in the Northern Communion. Dr. Eden, the present Primus of the Scotch Episcopal Church, was present at the meeting, and his speech was not only exceedingly gratifying personally to Dr. Ewing, but it so clearly and forcibly represented the actual position of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, especially its pecuniary position and not less its non-proselytizing character, as to render all further statement superfluous in vindication of the movement which Bishop Tait had originally suggested in behalf of one of the Scottish dioceses. Dr. Eden said:—

"I am not a member of the committee, nor am I connected with the diocese of Argyll; but I am keenly alive to its wants from kindred wants in my own, and I believe there are special circumstances in the diocese of my friend, the Bishop of Argyll, who has laboured so hard, that would induce me to plead for him independently of those of my own. One result of the meeting held here last year is that

the real position—the pecuniary position, I mean—of the Episcopal Church in Scotland has become better known. I doubt whether you would find twenty people in England (who have not had the opportunity of communication with the Episcopalians of Scotland) who would believe what is the fact—viz. that the Scotch bishops for some years have been living on incomes of £127 a year, and that without any house or residence. I am sure this is an idea as to what a bishop could live upon which never entered the head of the people of this country. And even this is not the gift of the Episcopalians of the present day, but the result of contributions made fifty years ago in England and in Scotland, to form a fund to meet in some degree the wants of the Scotch bishops. From that fund last year the Scotch bishops received, after deducting expenses, £17 each, certainly not a large addition to their incomes; and I afterwards received a letter from the secretary, warmly congratulating me on the prospect of the amount being this year increased to £18! I state this in order to show that the position of a Scotch bishop even this year is not one to be coveted. Our object, as the Bishop of London has said, is not proselytism. We have quite enough to do for our own people, and to provide means for the clergy that they may teach the people. We are misunderstood if it is supposed that because we are preaching distinctively those doctrines which the system of our Church requires—the profession of which alone justifies us in continuing what would otherwise be a schism in Scotland—that because we maintain those distinctive principles we are desirous of disparaging others, and endeavouring to draw those who belong to the Established Church of Scotland into our own. I repudiate, on my own part, and that of my brethren, any such notion. We have, through the means of the Church Society, to which every congregation makes an offering, been enabled to raise a sum of money towards increasing the incomes of the poorer clergy. I dare say my friend the Bishop of Argyll might mention many instances, as I could do, of the total inadequacy of the incomes which the clergy receive—in some cases not more

than from £3 to £11 a year—from their Gaelic congregations; so that if it were not for the society I have spoken of, and which contributes about £40 a year more, they would have scarcely anything to live upon. I mention this to show that we are not asking for assistance without being in poverty."

Immediately after the meeting the Bishop went down to Malvern for a few weeks.

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

DR. GULLY'S, GREAT MALVERN, *July 10th*, 1861.

"You must think me the most ungrateful of men not to have, long ere now, replied to your last long and valuable letter. The fact is, I was all that month overwhelmed in London—by London—and the attention necessary to a measure connected with the future of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and getting a meeting together in behalf of the diocese of Argyll, and immediately after that I came off here to put myself under Gully, and under water.

"But now as to your two letters. I cannot say what help and comfort they have been to me and others; for you know, my dear sir, I am but a medium for communicating your spirit-rappings and sensations, a bank for issuing your notes. Stanley, Jowett, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Oxford (with the last of whom, *en route* here, I stayed three days last week), Miss Winkworth (who is here), and many others have read, and were all more or less benefited, by them.

It is a most charming place. I wish you were able to come, or I to go and see you. I owe you more, dear sir, than to any man alive: I owe you belief in God—in God as my and our true Friend and Father. I am told not to write. Pray help me, now and then, as you are able, with a line."

To Miss SOAMES:—

DR. GULLY'S, MALVERN, *July 19th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR LUCY,—Your letter was a very welcome one,

as I am here all alone, and find existence, in consequence, at times somewhat dull. Yet Malvern is a most charming place, and more than justifies all you have said about it. I am convinced, moreover, the system which is carried out here is admirable, and must cure in any case in which cure is yet possible. I believe in Gully from having read his book, and to me he is very gentle, and 'roars like a sucking dove.' Drowning a bishop would, perhaps, be as bad as 'burning one,' which, you know, was supposed to be the indispensable condition of railway reformation; and as Gully does not mean to reform, he is most attentive to me. But he says that it is perfect folly to suppose that I shall derive any benefit from a residence of only three weeks, or even three months, under his care. Nay, more, he is of opinion that three years would not be too long a time for me to make proof of Malvern, because I have from childhood been subjected to a wrong method of treatment; whereas, were I to submit to his, all the past mismanagement notwithstanding, I should be able to stand the winters and face the summers of Argyllshire with thorough impunity, and enter upon a geological period of longevity which would, indeed, equal in duration the rudest one in which water was not made use of. When I leave Malvern I am to take a bathman with me and a tub, and at the railway (or wherever I may be) I can have my bath all the same. This prescription may not only be of use to me, but may spread the knowledge of the system far and wide. In short, I am not sure that I may not at last realise my long-cherished dream of life in a caravan, and go about the world exhibiting all the stages and appliances of the water-cure, with living models of the successful treatment both of chronic and acute disease inside, and portraits of Gully, Dr. Wilson, and your friend outside, with a band composed of bathmen playing on shallows, sitzes, douches, and other instruments. Then a seal, a mermaid, and a whale might be shown—the last, as called in occasionally for the benefit of the douche bathers—and a sea unicorn, with sharp horn raised, to produce (on the patient) a new form of running."

The synod of this year was held the second week in August at Cumbrae.

AUCHINDARROCH, *August 24th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. ERSKINE,—I dare say by this time you have got a copy of the *Glasgow Herald*, which contained an abbreviation of my late 'charge.' You will have observed that it was little more than a *résumé* of the 'conclusion' of your volume of the Epistle to the Romans. I intend in my charge, when it is published at full length, to direct attention to the entire volume, not only because I do not wish to take the literary credit for thoughts which are not my own, but because I find in it, as in all your writings, the dawning light of that *day* which is coming on the earth, when all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest, as a Father—a truth which has not been known or taught as it ought. Hence the darkness and imperfect benefits bestowed by Christianity. Theologies, Reformational and Roman, have heretofore obscured the light, though no doubt they were needed (as schoolmasters), else they would not have been permitted. If you have time to write, letters will find me at the Earl of Morton's, Fort William."

To his BROTHER:—

INVERLOCHY, FORT WILLIAM, *October 2nd*, 1861.

. . . . The counsel of the Lord that will stand. Nothing ought to stand which is not right, and Argyll Funds, and Bishops of Argyll, and all the rest of it, had better go to the wall if they are not required. I fancy that something of the kind *is* required—is required assuredly for the religion of the upper classes in Scotland, and for the preaching of the gospel of the universal Fatherhood of God. Nevertheless, the end we seek to promote by them, utility, may be best served by their destruction; as poor Captain Brown said the other day at his execution at Harper's Ferry: 'I am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose.'"

To his BROTHER:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 5th*, 1861.

"The effects of the opium, as you describe them, were very remarkable. It shows we can renew our youth (a secret hitherto possessed only by the eagle), and it shows that we are capable of being unwound backwards to that beginning when life first stamped its pictures on our souls, making up *J. A. E.* and *A. E.* We have come a long way, and we have travelled fast,—some have entered in beyond the veil. I hope that our later and separate experiences will not sever us from those who went but a part of the road with us—who sooner took their rest and sleep. Dearest Katherine! so lonely here. However, God always remaineth, and will do all in love, else why did He make us? He needed us not. He certainly did not make us different from what He intended. He did not create us for our loss. But the way is hard, and 'the well is deep,' yet we have 'something to draw with' in Christ."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *December*, 1861.

"I send you these few lines and in haste, to say that I have written to the episcopal synod clerk to intimate that I see no necessity for the calling of a synod at this moment. A synod now would be misunderstood and misrepresented, and would lead to great confusion. As to the other matter, the Disabilities Bill, a committee should be appointed, with power to act as occasion may require. . . .

"Could you come and see us? It is only in the winter I am at *home* here; but our winter is as good as the summer of some people, and, at any rate, it is sometimes quite as good as our own summer! It would give us such very great pleasure to see you and Mrs. Wordsworth and your daughter here. My daughters and my son Alick, who is now at home from India on sick leave, would be enchanted. You would see an episcopal *palace* (!) and church in one, have daily service at eleven, piper in the mornings, with ponies in the afternoon, and always *me!* Do come. Rail to Greenock. Steamers from Greenock at 9 A.M., arrive here at 3 P.M.

"P.S.—I think the synod will be postponed, so come before Christmas."

The meeting of the episcopal synod alluded to in the Bishop's last letter ultimately took place in Edinburgh in February, 1862.

To his BROTHER:—

EDINBURGH, *February 9th*, 1862.

"So dear good Mr. Cayley is gone, rather suddenly, but peacefully; a very great and terrible loss to Sir John and to me also. He was the most amiable, faithful, and charming friend I ever knew, with the deepest sense of the wisdom and love of God.

"I am glad you have discovered the value of Campbell. There is no doubt that Christianity is progressive, 'first the blade, then the ear,' &c.; while the ripeness is to *know* God, whom, however, we can never fully know, we being finite, and He infinite; so that the grand and wonderful hope set before us is that of an ever-increasing knowledge, and, in consequence, of an ever-deepening and ascending hymn of joy and hallelujah."

POLLOC, *February 20th*, 1862.

"MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,—I like to forget sometimes that you are a bishop, with synods and definitions at your call, and to remember that you are only that 'true dear heart' which sent me so kindly a greeting to-day through good Sir John. In the memorable words of your great relative, I can only say, 'Thanks to the human heart by which we live, thanks to its tenderness,' which is divine. Not that I do not magnify our great pastoral office; but, alas! it is mixed up in our case with so much care and strife, that, on the whole, I would rather recognise my brethren when they have laid aside their panoply.

"I am much better for the rest here, better every way, listening, I hope, more to the voices within than to those without, putting away sin by the sacrifice of myself—the great sacrifice, well-pleasing, and full of fruit. But, alas! the old voices outside are never still, and ever cry, 'Give,

give.' I dare say you were somewhat interested in the proposal about Africa. I felt, however, and feel, that we are in too feverish and transitional a state for undertaking a mission, and that in sending out a missionary we should be in danger of commissioning a mere conveyer of specialties—no great boon to Africa, and not exactly an honour to ourselves.

"I have not sent you my late charge, thinking you might mistake me in it. I shrink from controversy, but I should much like to go over with you, face to face, the passage on the 'Bread of Life,' as symbolised in the Eucharist. Sir John bids me say he will be delighted to get as many copies of the sermon on the 'Establishment of Christianity' as you think right to send him. He is, as you are, a believer in the duty of the State to maintain Christianity."

Once more established at Bishopston, Bishop Ewing published a letter to the Primus, and wrote many letters to his clergy and his private friends, in all of which he reiterated with ever-increasing emphasis his old rallying cry, *Identification with England.*

"Better," he said, "would it be that we should have two communities, one realising the solemn duties of the holy ministry in full unison with plain, earnest, honest old England (for at heart and in the majority of her members she is loyal to the Reformation), and the other amusing itself with offices, &c., than to go on as we have been doing so long—a distress to our own laity and a scare to all Protestants who know anything about us. Without identity with England we must give up our future."

But much agitation was meanwhile caused by the report that the aged Bishop Terrot wished to resign the office of Primus. Bishop Wordsworth, in a very kind letter, written in March of this year, informed the

Bishop of Argyll that it was his intention to vote for "a truly Scottish bishop." Bishop Ewing did not, however, in the least covet the honour which his friend the Bishop of St. Andrews was anxious that he should obtain, and he wrote to the Primus entreating him to postpone his resignation, at any rate until after the meeting of the general synod in July. Among the reasons which weighed with the Bishop in urging Dr. Terrot to retain his primacy was the hope that the synod would adopt a motion which he meant to bring forward, and that in consequence the laity would have a voice in the election of his successor. Bishop Terrot continued in office until the spring of the following year, when Bishop Eden was unanimously elected.

So far as personal regard or appreciation of his eminent classical culture was concerned, no one would have hailed Bishop Wordsworth's promotion to the office of Primus with greater cordiality than Dr. Ewing; but he was of opinion that his proposal for the *amendment* of the Scottish Office would only secure the adherence of the Romanising party, while it would alienate the Protestant members of their community. Accordingly he writes:—

"I sent you ——'s letter that you might learn from it the animus of those with whom you sometimes act. They seek their own things, and, failing to get *them*, they would not hesitate to destroy the very roof under which they were born and their common mother. They express themselves as prepared to give up the Roman features of their office, but they mean only to make a bargain for themselves, and not to take up the Anglican position at the Reformation."

And again a little later, 21st March:—

"I see ——and all the rest are making political capital out of our synod in behalf of their Office. Do stand firm, for it will be quite absurd in them to continue to use the language they have treated us to hitherto in the *Guardian*, &c., about 'National Liturgy,' 'preserving Scottish distinctions,' and all the rest of it, when they find that Scotchmen, properly so called, are opposed to this wonderful nationality, the nationality of utterly unknown and obscure men, who have given rise to the saying concerning our Church, 'When her children asked bread of her, she presented them with an Office.'"

In the midst of his other anxieties and endeavourings the Bishop was maturing a plan for the training of Gaelic-speaking students under his own supervision at Lochgilphead, and for no reason did he more heartily rejoice in the formation of the Argyll Fund than that it enabled him to lay the foundations of this scheme. He fully unfolds what his aim was in the following letter to Mr. Maurice:—

"I trust to be in London ere long, and to see you. Meanwhile, I beg to say that I am very anxious to train up some young divinity students in a little college here. My special aim would be to impart to them some scientific training, and, if possible, so to habituate their minds to the recognition of the sovereignty of the Divine laws, as to make it impossible for them to think these laws could ever be broken with impunity, or that the removal of penalty could ever form part of a scheme of salvation. Do you know of any young man who could help me in the work, to act as my vice-principal? As yet, indeed, I could offer little in the shape of remuneration, but I have no doubt the thing will grow. There is no institution of the kind that I know of, though one is vastly needed. Would it have been possible for one to have slain a thousand (I

speak it not profanely) had any scientific knowledge been prevalent among our clergy when the 'Essays and Reviews' were fired? One of the essayists—Jowett—I know well, and have long known. Christianity is not 'too good news to be true'—that is his underlying principle—for nothing can be too good news to emanate from One who is infinite love. On the other hand, the message would be too good-natured to be true if it meant, as is popularly supposed, that freedom from punishment is salvation. Jowett is too wise and good a man to entertain a notion like this, and his position is easily apprehended if approached in the right spirit. What we want are proofs of God's being Love, and knowledge of 'what manner of love'. His is. Alas, our warfare here is about Scotch offices!"

To the Hon. G. BOYLE:—

"I wish we could have met; I have much to say about many things. I hope you were not much annoyed by the ill-natured letter in the journal about the Ardgour School. I have a good deal of that sort of thing to stand as well as you—provost and founder, founder and provost! However, there is nothing worth a thought but the discovery what the will of the Lord is, that will which is ever good and gracious, pouring out on all hands of that inexhaustible fulness, which in material things takes the shape of air and earth, continents, oceans, fishes, animals, and in spiritual things the multitude of the souls of men, and the means of their education from lower to higher stages as they are able to bear it: first, the example, then the precept; first the overt act, then the hidden principle; until we find out the root of all—God in Christ, forming out of the dust of the earth Eden for man and Calvary for Himself!

To Miss WINKWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *May*.

"I have recently been again undertaking a course of journeys through almost all these West Highland regions.

Since I came home I have had so much to do in putting this place, schools, &c., in some order, that I have had, or fancied I had, no time for anything except grave business letters—'yea or nay.' It is a great question how we can make the most of our lives, so as to be able to give our best. If we let the soul run away with the body, the body breaks down, and, what is worse, affects the soul, which grows feebler and more irritable, yea, more inclined, I find, to evil, and, moreover, the 'vision flits less palpably before us,' and we die. Yet it is better, perhaps, with Manzoni, 'sciogliere all' urna un cantico che forse non morrà,' and die ourselves, than to live with the undying cantico unsung. You know, I dare say, Manzoni's 'Il Cinque Maggio,' a noble ode in the Goethe external way. Some must be martyrs, and their blood is the seed of the Church; that is, some of the *élite*, or elect, for there is an election by grace, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the brethren; and so, 'no man liveth or dieth to himself.' Blessed are those strong and healthy country stems on which the roses are grafted! But, after all, the chief thing is to enter into the joy of the Lord, which, I take it, is 'not to be weary in well doing,' but to bear each other's burdens, which is the fulfilment of the law of Christ, who is God. We do not know how or to what extent *feeling* is possible to the Divine nature, or sorrow (which is the shadow and other side of love); but He that planted the ear shall He not hear? He that is Love shall He not sorrow? And when we read that 'the Spirit helpeth us with groanings which cannot be uttered,' we seem to get into the very essence of the Divine nature; for is not this St. Paul's way of affirming that God is ever desiring to help us, but that in bestowing the help He cannot violate the conditions which are essential to the discipline and development of a human being? I believe, however, that in this there is a cycle too, and God *shall be* all in all: His Will be done everywhere, and all things gathered into one. All this you may feel to be speculation, but it seems to me that one lives more by one's apprehension of the character of the Divine Father than on the gifts we receive from Him. I am much interested in what you tell me the Unitarians

say of Mr. Maurice. "I only wish (as to Mr. Maurice) I could take him as I would a little boy, and hold him, and bid him tell me *at once* what he means — tell quickly. His way is so circuitous, though the end is always good."

To Sir JOHN MAXWELL :—

PALERMO, *April 7th*, 1865.

"I dare say that my dear Nina told you of the safe arrival of 'Les Mondes Habitées,' and my great pleasure in reading it. I believe that it is just in its premises and in its conclusions.

"One star differeth, indeed, from another star in glory, but the glory is one, and can be but one, for there is but one righteousness, one God, and but one kind of the highest class of animals, viz. man, made in the image of God.

"Accordingly in Christ, the God-Man, we have the ideal of humanity, not only as it exists here, but wherever it is to be found amidst 'the many mansions' and 'other folds' which are scattered throughout the universe. Somewhere in those mansions our brethren and fathers now are. It is a blessed thought that we are going to them, and that we shall not find them very different from what they were here save in sin, and that we shall know them again, only without their imperfections.

"The more we know, the more certain and *understandable* the future becomes; the night seems less dark when we stand a little in its shadow. The stars come out as the sun of day sets with their million lights and blessed revealings. . . .

"I have directed the publisher to send to you 'A Pastoral Letter to my own Clergy and Laity of Argyll,' and also 'An Address to the Younger Clergy and Laity.' They will not contain anything new to you, being mainly the views you have been so long familiar with in your house —'God the Father of us all bringing us to holiness through suffering'—*per patienza si passa nel paradiso.*"

CHAPTER XXII.

MARRIAGE—GENERAL SYNOD—SCOTTISH OFFICE—REVISION OF CANONS. 1862—1863.

ON June 28th the marriage of Bishop Ewing with Lady Alice Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton, took place in the parish church of Hanbury, near Bromsgrove, of which the Hon. Henry Douglas, the brother of the bride, was rector.

Leaving Hanbury, the Bishop and Lady Alice spent a few days at Scaldwell Rectory, the residence of another brother, the Hon. Arthur Gascoigne Douglas, and then came a short visit to Westmill. From Westmill, after attending the Third Annual Meeting of the Argyll Fund at London House, the Bishop, accompanied by Lady Alice, started for Edinburgh, to be present at the *general synod*, which was to meet there.

In the organization of the Scottish Episcopal Church there are three courts, all designated as synods, viz. the Diocesan, the Episcopal, and the General Synod, in which the supreme legislative authority is vested. The general synod has two chambers—an upper, in which the bishops sit alone, and a lower, consisting of deans and delegates, one delegate, along with the dean, being sent from each diocese. It is by this

court that the canons of the Church are framed, and no canon can either be enacted or abolished without the consent of both chambers. Only four of these synods had been held in the course of the present century, and consequently the meeting summoned for the 12th of July was looked forward to with all the more interest from the circumstance that it was going to be specially occupied with the consideration of the existing canons of the Church.

The canons constitute what may be called the Act of Conformity for the clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and by one of them (XXI.) the so-called Scottish Communion Office was again declared to be of "primary importance in Scotland," and its use was enjoined, not only as had been heretofore the case, "at the consecration of bishops," but also "at the opening of the general synods." It was this canon which was to furnish one of the main elements of discussion at the approaching general synod; and as Dr. Ewing had for the last twenty-four years protested against it, as constituting at once a dividing line in the Church itself, a barrier to many of the Scottish laity, who, but for its existence, would be found within the pale of the Episcopalian communion, and a partition wall between the Episcopalians of England and those of Scotland, he went to Edinburgh deeply impressed with the gravity of the situation.

The synod was duly constituted on the 12th of July, and, to Bishop Ewing's great satisfaction, a resolution was carried in both chambers by which the Scottish Office was deposed from its place of primary

authority in the Church, and the Book of Common Prayer substituted in its stead. The motion which secured the votes of the majority of the bishops came before the upper chamber in the form of an amendment proposed by Bishop Suther, and in seconding it Dr. Ewing said:—

"I support the amendment of the Bishop of Aberdeen, in the hope of putting an end to the controversy and mischief which have flowed from the possession of a double ritual. It is not a question of expediency. We grant that the food is the same; but we divide the family, and serve two tables. This is beyond the question of expediency; and we are not justified, I hold, in dividing the Church and rending the body of Christ without overwhelming and imperative necessity, which in this case is so far from being so, that, as a matter of fact, the distinction of doctrine in the offices cannot be ascertained or distinctly stated. All are ready to communicate by the one form; all will not by the other. It seems to me a clear case that, where no sufficient cause exists to the contrary, a union should be effected by the adoption as a rule of one use."

In both chambers, in addition to the displacement of Canon XXI., it was also resolved that several other alterations should be made in the canonical code. None of these latter were formulated, and ultimately the decision of the court in the important question of the retention or removal of the Scottish Office proved to be only of a provisional character; for the general synod, although it might have then and there established a uniformity of ritual for the Church, contented itself with the expression of its opinion, and resolved to refrain from formal legislative action until

the mind of the Church at large should have been ascertained by means of its diocesan synods.

On the breaking-up of the general synod the Bishop and Lady Alice spent a few days at Polloc before proceeding to Cumbrae.

To Mr. ERSKINE.

THE GARRISON, *July 25th.*

"I do not know that I have a word to say, beyond expressing my intense sorrow at leaving you. I suppose one should not have these terribly strong affections, but for two days I have made myself and others miserable by lamenting that we are here, when we might have remained till now with you all had we managed better; for, as it turned out, we were not wanted here in the least (for business). We may go back to Sir John's for a day or two *en route* to Lochgilphead, but then Mr. Campbell will have gone. I learnt, and Alice also, a great deal in those few happy days we were together, especially this—that it is a life of rejoicing, and not of sorrow and burden, to live unto God. How difficult it is to procure acceptance for any truths, save those which come stamped with Church authority—which implies substituting the opinion of one, or many, in the place of the self-revelation of the Father of our spirits. Dear Alice is an immense help and consolation to me and to Nina.

"We go next week to Bishopston. I cannot hope to see you there; but whenever we can get away from our bounden duties we shall run down and see you and Mrs. Stirling at Linlathen.

"If Jowett is with you give him my best regards. I wrote to him not long ago. If he can come to us on his return from Aberdeen I should enjoy it much. At your leisure pray send me a line, giving some expression to the thoughts which most possess you, so that I may have them by me to read and ponder over, concerning 'the sternness of love;' the one body and its elected members; the relation of all the present discipline to the higher sphere into which man is to be transplanted; on unity

being completion, not one-sidedness; and, indeed, on anything which exercises your mind. Only impart it to me, though I be but a slop-basin; and, above all, speak to me of the 'Ubique.' Give my best affection to Mrs. Stirling."

To his BROTHER:—

CUMBRAE, *July 24th*, 1862.

"We had a most charming visit to Polloc. Erskine is gaining more and more in the knowledge of God and apprehension of his ways day by day. Although Campbell does not say much, what he says is marvellously weighty. At present Erskine's great idea is that *the Son* is the Head of the whole creation, in whom all humanity is to be gathered together in one, the 'elect' members being only ordained and chosen for the good of the whole body.

"Campbell's book is wonderful; after that one has only to sit dumb. I feel as if I talked Paganism when I preached, as I did, before him and Erskine."

These words only corroborate the observations previously made on the extreme veneration with which Dr. Ewing received all the utterances of Thomas Erskine; but if the reader will turn to the letters of Mr. Erskine, which were published in the "Present Day Papers," he will find that the not less subtle and discriminating than eminently godly man entertained a very different estimate of Bishop Ewing's claims as an original thinker from that of the Bishop himself, and that he regarded him not as a disciple but as one with whose views he had perfect sympathy:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—You know that there are very few persons with whose conceptions of the scope and purpose of Christianity I have so much sympathy as with yours." —Series iii. p. 44.

And again:—

"VESCOVO DELECTISSIMO,—You have written me an excellent letter, and very like yourself. I have scarcely any man now who writes me letters like himself. Most letters are not like men at all, but are like other letters." —Series iii. p. 32.

The synod which Dr. Ewing had summoned for the end of September sat for three days, and its proceedings were in all respects of the most satisfactory character. On the first day of the meeting, but before the formal opening of the court, the Bishop had the happiness of consecrating the church of St. Paul's at Rothesay. Next day Dr. Ewing delivered his charge, which was almost exclusively devoted to the discussion of the three amended canons which had been sent down from Edinburgh for consideration in the provincial synods. These related to the Scottish Communion Office, the admission of the laity into synods, and the use of occasional services, other than those specified and provided for in the Book of Common Prayer, in unconsecrated and unlicensed buildings. In speaking of the last of these subjects, the Bishop said that the missionary character of their Church, and its existence in the midst of populations adverse to or ignorant of set forms of prayer, formed a sufficient ground, to his own mind, for giving liberty of worship to the clergy within the limitations suggested.

To the question whether the laity should be admitted to seats in the courts of the Church, Dr. Ewing had long been prepared with an affirmative answer; but he confessed that the subject was at present beset with many difficulties, and that it was easier to say that they should have *a part* than *what part* in the

deliberations of the various synods. On one subject, however, *the right of the laity to vote in the election of bishops*, he felt no difficulty, but heartily agreed with those who wished to see that right fully acknowledged.*

It will be remembered that at his synod in 1860 the Bishop gave full expression to his views on the nature and significance of the Holy Communion, and it might consequently seem that that portion of his charge at Rothesay which related to the amended canon on the Eucharistic Office did not call for any special notice. But the occasion was all-important to Dr. Ewing, and with "perfervid" insistency he continued to demand the dethronement of the Provincial Communion Office.

On the three questions submitted to them, his clergy expressed their concurrence in the views of their diocesan by a majority of nine to three. Dr. Ewing was much gratified by the result; and if he had occasion to speak of the satisfaction which the tone and bearing of his clergy had afforded him, his clergy did not fail to testify their sense of obligation to the Bishop, and accordingly the following resolution, moved and seconded on the part of the minority, was carried unanimously: "That this synod is desirous of recording its sense of the great fairness, kindness, and attention with which all motions and objections have been heard by the Right Rev. the Bishop of the diocese."

But while the two issues sent down from the

* Since 1863 this right has been recognised to a very considerable extent, the laity having, to quote the words of Bishop Wordsworth at the episcopal synod in Edinburgh, 1875, "rights equal, or very nearly equal, to those of the clergy in the election of bishops."

general synod were simply the retention or abolition of the Scottish Communion Office as of primary authority in the Church, the Bishop of St. Andrews was preparing to submit a third one to the consideration of his brethren, and that was the adoption of the formulary as amended by himself. With this proposal, as already intimated, his friend Bishop Ewing had no sympathy whatever; and feeling, moreover, how greatly the introduction of a third alternative would complicate the synod's proceedings, and imperil the settlement of the question on the lines which the synod had already laid down, he poured forth letter after letter of earnest entreaty to Dr. Wordsworth imploring him to reconsider his resolution.

ARDCHATTAN PRIORY, BANAVIE, *August 30th*, 1862.

"Believe me, dear friend, I am as anxious to save you as to save the Church. I suppose that you cannot now modify your proposals? Could you not say that you had tried to harmonize all things, but that it was impossible and that you thought it best to finish in the line you had begun? Depend on it that you will do no good and get no thanks. You will not hear me, your best friend, but go taking counsel with wizards and witches, when Samuel loves you still, and would come to you *naturally*, not by incantation in newspapers. But, assuredly, he that takes to the sword will perish by it; and you do not realise yet how persistent is the purpose of a Scot."

BISHOPSTON, LOCHGILPHEAD, *September 9th*, 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am by no means offended at your amusing yourself with me or my views; but in that disruption which seems pending I wish we could have counted on the Bishop of St. Andrews as with us. Forgive me, my dear friend, if I say that I do not think you are aware of the gravity of the crisis, and that, when it

comes to the point, you will only get the thanks of the people whom I do not think you mean to help. I fear that what you think a wise medium is precisely the medium we had before, the use of two offices, which has simply brought us to this pass."

BISHOPSTON, LOCHGILPHEAD, *September 15th*, 1862.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I do not think that by any further correspondence on this question we can benefit one another. It has been a sore struggle to me; and if, after twenty-four years of exertion to get our Church based on uniformity with England, and so on peace, the future is to be as the past, I feel I am not equal to it, nor should I do right in sharing it. I shall be glad if the basis of July is preserved. I am satisfied with it—it is enough, I think; and those who, in the main, think with me, and who have been long looking forward to this revisal of our canons, will, I believe, accept this, but not less—not *two* offices—not the old story. I cannot recommend them to do so. A large secession (or Church) will spring up, based on the Book of Common Prayer and alliance with the Church of England. The blame will not lie at my door, but at that of those who came to us from the south—not Scotchmen—and who look to a certain party for guidance and approval. I would, dear friend, you had not been of them; but our courses, I fear, must separate. Do not say I took you by surprise. I trust that until the end of this general synod at least we may have your presence and assistance. *You* helped in giving us the Prayer Book (at our late synod), pray enable us to keep it, and do not undo by a codicil all the testament prefixed. Do not leave us now, your own friends in truth and heart."

The general synod reassembled in October, but the final decision as to the Scottish Communion Office was again postponed, for it soon appeared, in the course of the proceedings of both chambers, that several members who had voted with the majority in July

were not prepared to repeat their vote now, and besides, the proposal of an amended office already alluded to was brought forward by the Bishop of St. Andrews. In these circumstances Bishop Ewing moved the further adjournment of the general synod until February in the following year, influenced in part by an honest desire that his brethren might have leisure for calmly considering Dr. Wordsworth's emendations, and not less by the hope that the majority of them would in the interval clearly recognise that the one consistent and really Catholic course to pursue was that on which the synod had already entered.

To his BROTHER :—

POLLOC, *Friday, November.*

"MY DEAR JOHN,— . . . I came here yesterday, leaving Alick ensconced with Erskine. . . . Linlathen is a fine place, with very fine pictures and a good library, and the old man lives in excellent, though reverent, style; and his sister, Mrs. Stirling, is a female edition of himself. I came hither from Wordsworth and St. Andrews. St. Andrews is a fine, wild, solitary, sea-worn, and windy place, with ruins of churches and castles enough to show that a great race of ecclesiastical mammoths had disported themselves there and left their exuviæ behind them. There the modern Bishop re-writes old liturgies for the modern generation. *I* say, let us look to the French Revolution. The respectable Girondists go to the wall—the Mountain or the Buona-partists, either, or both, win. I am at present with the Mountain. From St. Andrews I went for two days to Ramsay, who is, I think, quite safe for next synod as to the Scotch Office. The Bishop of Oxford, who is staying with Ramsay, is for revisal. Here Sir John is pretty well. He has Mrs. Bruce (the general's widow) with him. She bears her recent loss courageously, like the Queen. . . . I

suffer very much from my side and limb, but I can only believe that this trouble (like all others) is included in a great plan, of which, if I saw the whole of it, I would not reject any of the parts, bitter as some of them are. There are three or four books I have lately seen worth your reading—'Praying and Working,' by Stevenson; 'Memoir of the Rev. M. Philips;' ditto of Edward Irving,—all good. .. "

To his BROTHER, on the death of his father-in-law:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 25th*, 1862.

"I was very sorry to get your announcement this morning of Mr. Cattley's departure to his place of rest. I was not surprised at it from what you have lately said, but yet he is early removed for one who had such apparent health and vigour of frame. We shall all miss him much. But Maria, her mother, and sisters are most to be felt for, and there is little at present which can be said, save that it is the will of God, who brought us here and who takes us hence, in neither case consulting our own wishes. But as we were assuredly born for our own good, so are we taken hence for the same; and we are all under the same conditions; and in a little while shall all be together again in that place which He has prepared for us, and is preparing. If we carry about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus, neither our own dying nor that of others will be so painful to us. *I in them and they in me*:—We can tread the same path together if we feel each other's hands in the darkness. We behold the place where the Lord lay at every open grave, and we may know that as He is not there but risen, so they who are in Christ are risen with Him, and now present with the Lord. No change, or shock, or sudden fear can come to them again. They rest undisturbed by change from head to foot, in the rest of Paradise. They hear, perhaps, the far-off sounds of earth, or it may be see those dear to them at such times as they ought to be seen—when they are in communion with God, and through Him with one another. Such things should make us pray. Having

such hope, our conversation should be in heaven. . . . I would we were nearer to you, although it is little we can do. Assure Maria of our sympathy, of mine of course, but of Alice's also, who herself has known what it is to lose a father dear to her."

During the first few weeks of the opening year, which the Bishop spent in the retirement of Lochgilphead, he was full of hope as to the results of the approaching synod in Edinburgh. His hope, however, was doomed to grievous disappointment. The synod, indeed, deposed the Scottish Office from its position of primary authority, but at the same time allowed to *new congregations* the privilege of choosing either the Scottish or the English form in the celebration of the Holy Communion.

To his BROTHER :—

THE DOUGLAS HOTEL, EDINBURGH, *February 15th.*

"You will have received three days' numbers of the *Edinburgh Courant*, which will have shown you the result of the synod. The Scottish Office party have had a great victory, for of the three courses—abolition, emendation, or free course to the Scottish Office—the last is that which has been carried; and although the laying down of the Prayer Book, as *the law and ritual of the Church*, is a great point, yet it is counterbalanced by the admission of the Scottish Office to new congregations. Ramsay gave way in the lower house, Wilson in the upper; and so we were beaten. I protested, but I shall do nothing more; and, in truth, there is nothing more that I can do."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH :—

February, 1863.

"This synod has thrown our Church back twenty years. We have, I fear, done a very foolish or a very wrong thing. There was no feeling for the Scotch Office until the last

fifteen years. It is altogether a Tractarian galvanisement. But I shall not say a word more. I have done what I could, and the matter must rest. We have subjective religion and God, even if there is no external guide among us."

If Dr. Ewing felt bitterly the ruling of the synod, he had the gratification of receiving many letters from the laity, expressive of their approval of the course he had pursued throughout the proceedings of the court, and of sympathy with him in his having to contemplate the apparent frustration of the arduous labours in which he had been engaged for so many years.

Although the decision was so adverse to the wishes of Bishop Ewing, he considered that the Bishop of Ross and Moray had conducted the business of the synod with so much wisdom and fairness that he wrote the following characteristic letter to Bishop Wordsworth, who had not been present at the recent deliberations:—

POLLOC, *March 13th*, 1863.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been ten days or a fortnight disabled by neuralgic pain. I believe it will be difficult to do much as to a memorial without being misunderstood; but the Primus went so far out of the ordinary course to prevent misunderstanding, ill-will, and such like, that I feel I owe him personally a great debt. All that I proposed and meant was something like this—that the four or five bishops who were present should give him a little thankoffering for personal good feeling preserved in the midst of difficult and dangerous discussions. You were not present, and owe nothing, but let me know if you approve of this. Do you concur in the restoration of Mr. Cheyne? I have, of course, no difficulty,

nor in the reversal of the Bishop of Brechin's s....., if he move for it."

To his BROTHER (on the Bishop's forty-ninth birthday):—

LINLATHEN, *March*, 1863.

"You and I only can now carry about any record of our early days, and it is pleasant to recall them together. But there is, I believe, a great day of restoration coming, when the past will be given back; a day of revelation also, when that past will have a meaning for us it does not now possess, and we shall see the beautiful design and purpose of God traced out in all its completeness on the *upper* side of the web of life."

CHAPTER XXIII

MARRIAGE OF HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER—DISABILITIES BILL —PRIVY COUNCIL DECISION ON ESSAYS AND REVIEWS— FULHAM. 1863—1864.

THE Bishop's journey to the south this year was not to be followed merely by a repetition of the usual round of visits. He was going to be present on an occasion to which he never looked back except with the greatest thankfulness, but to which he could not look forward without suffering intensely in what he calls "those terrible affections." His eldest daughter was going to leave the shelter of the roof-tree at Bishopston, and that was simply to have one of the chiefest joys of his life torn up by the roots. But on the other hand it was an immense comfort to him to reflect that her new home was one which he could easily reach, and that for her future husband, after frequently meeting him as the guest of Sir John Maxwell, he had learned to entertain the highest regard.

Dr. Ewing, accompanied by Lady Alice and his children, started for Westmill on Easter Monday, and a few weeks later, in the parish church there, on June 4th, Margaret Stewart, his eldest daughter,

became the wife of Alexander Crum, Esq., of Thornliebank, Glasgow.

It was at this time the Bishop was preparing a pamphlet on "The Future," in which we find foreshadowed all his later hopes

> "That good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all."

And among other readers into whose hands the tract came was Field-Marshal Sir William Gomm, who thus expressed himself concerning it:—

"The kind Bishop of Argyll, at the close of a conversation the other day, much too brief for my desire, and after placing in my hands a precious little tract entitled 'The Future,' impressed it pointedly on my mind that the requisition of 'progress,' urged upon us at this day and with hourly increasing intensity, must not pass unregarded by us, but that a reasonable concession on our part had better be prepared for. To the main points of the excellent Bishop's doctrine, as set forth in the tract which he has so kindly left in my hands—'the one standard of morality,' 'the fatherly character of God,' 'the claims of conscience,' 'refraining from wresting passages of Holy Writ to square with our own preconceived purposes,' and more—how can I do otherwise than implicitly bow?"

A note is also found amongst the Bishop's papers from his friend Miss Winkworth, in which she asks where this little pamphlet can be procured, as it had occurred to her that it might prove of service to several of her acquaintances, who had been repelled from the profession of Christianity by the popular statement of many of its doctrines, and had thus been led to the adoption of a mere abstract Theism.

The following letters will sufficiently indicate the

life led by the Bishop, and the subjects of temporary or of more permanent interest which were occupying his thoughts in the summer and autumn months of this year:—

To his BROTHER:—

CLAPHAM, *Ascension Day.*

"We had a very pleasant and striking evening here last night. Among the guests were the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Ridley, Lord Claude Hamilton, and Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. She sang 'John Anderson' in such a way as made me feel that in music and in song we come very near to the principle and Divine origin of things. I dine to-night at Lambeth with all the Bishops."

To Mrs. CRUM:—

EULHAM, *June 24th*, 1863.

"Mrs. Tait comes here straight from being with her sick boy, and I do not like Lady Alice running any risk; but I shall be very sorry if she misses seeing Fulham, which is, as ever, quiet, green, and resonant of nightingales and religion. I have just been confirming for the Bishop at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to-day, and as I remembered old times in that church, when your mother and all of us were together there, it was very sad. But yet, as good Mr. Erskine says, we shall meet in the 'Ubique.' In the meantime let us work on in faith and fear.

"I saw Alick, Ea, Sam, and Lewis off on Saturday by the steamer to Edinburgh, and to-day I have a letter from dear Ea saying they have reached Glasgow. I wish I were with them. We enjoyed Oxford and Cambridge immensely."

To Bishop TAIT:—

BISHOPSTON, LOCHGILPHEAD, *July 2nd*, 1863.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I can scarcely imagine myself again n this Patmos, having been so recently in the great exchange of all the earth. Thank you for all your great nd varied kindness, and for the great peace and pleasure I had in being with you. Would it had been longer! and

do not forget us on the west coast. If you can come, it will not be the worst we have which Lady Alice and I will set before you.

"It was very encouraging to me to see the opinions now becoming the head of the corner which twenty-six years ago made me embrace the Episcopal ministry in Scotland—not Episcopacy, not sacramental instrumentality, but the truth that God the Son 'hath redeemed me and all mankind.' *That is the rock on which the Church of England is built*, and on which, so long as she rests, the gates of hell will not prevail against her, for the gate of hell is *not* to believe that God is a Redeemer, or that He is *my* Redeemer. And now, pray forgive a voice from the wilderness—'A mouse may help a lion.'

"1. Do not condemn a large interpretation of God's love.

"2. Do not remove old landmarks: *the sea is rising and will remove them itself.* I would be liberal as to the future, a conservative as to the past, *i.e.* tolerate Wilson and ask Stanley to leave the standards alone.

"Pray do not trouble to answer this."

To Miss WINKWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *July 28th*, 1863.

"I write not as I wish, but as I can. I am always oppressed with care and work, for I am but a missionary bishop without a mission; that is, reviving the decaying embers of a Church which will not revive.

"I am very glad to hear what you say about the Goldschmidts. They are very interesting to me, as lights whom God has given us of very high and noble lustre. She is singularly pure and he very quaint and earnest. He told me that he had helped in the chorales because he owed much to the Church of England, and had its interests much at heart."

To his BROTHER:—

BISHOPSTON, *August 29th*, 1863.

"We have just got through a long synod, of which you will see an account in the *Glasgow Herald*, which I shall

send you. It was very pleasant and not unprofitable. I fear my charge was dull, though the subjects were important—'Inspiration of Scripture,' 'Eternal Punishment,' 'Subscription to Standards,' and 'Church Finance.' We were able to take almost all the clergy in here.

"Monday is your birthday: I do not like to think how long it is since the first one. At the same time I cannot but believe that our life has far more in it than is suggested by the growing and shedding of leaves; that in His book 'all our members are written,' and that amid all changes and chances, He is working out our eternal happiness. Less than this, or other than this, makes the reason of our creation by an Almighty and most merciful Father unintelligible. Many happy and happier returns."

To Provost CAZENOVE:—

BISHOPSTON, *August 29th*, 1863.

"MY DEAR CAZENOVE,—I have read your tract, and cannot but admire its spirit, being written, as I conceive, to prevent evil to the souls of men. But I suppose there is no way in which we can define love; you must love to know what love is; but what Infinite Love is, and what the sorrow is of Him who is Infinite Love, when, in the exercise of free will, his child goes into error and rebellion, no man can measure. I am sure that He can never cease to love us, never cease to desire our restoration, and that none of us will be able to place ourselves finally beyond the reach of his mercy. It seems to me an unworthy conception of God to imagine that He is anything else than Love, while it is simply impossible to look upon Him as a mere workman, who is either controlled by necessity or who effects his arrangements without a final cause. In the case of such a creature as man, what could that final cause have been but his good? It must have been for His own pleasure that God created man, else He is not God; but if in creating him He proposed a lower end than his ultimate and abiding good, then it cannot be said that He is really good to him. But He is almighty, and He is Love, able to accomplish, and only rejoicing in, the well-being of his creature. My hope of salvation; how-

ever, is drawn from the righteousness, and not the so-called mercy of God. Being righteous himself, He cannot rest until He has made me and all men righteous, has brought them, that is, into their just or right state as revealed in Christ. This is not a question of abstract speculation. The character of God is so compromised by the contrary opinion, that it is not in our option to entertain it. Of the times and seasons 'no man knoweth,' but the New Testament, teaching all, points in one direction, It speaks of Christ as 'the Saviour of all men,' and the Gospel is to be 'preached to every creature,' because it embraces every creature.

"It is only fair to add that the Christian teachers, subsequent to the apostolic times, affected by the barbarism of their age and copying one another, deviated considerably from the track of the apostolic meaning. If the Gospel has in part proved strangely inefficient, it is because part only of the Gospel has been preached.

"You will take these lines as an off-hand expression of the thoughts which have occurred to me after reading your essay."

To Sir JOHN MAXWELL:—

BISHOPSTON, *September 1st*, 1863.

"There will be a charge of mine and a report of our synodical meeting in the *Glasgow Herald* of Wednesday. My object is, mainly, to show that the Bible proves its inspiration from above by its power of drawing us to God; that God has a purpose of good for all, to be accomplished in due time, *i.e.* as sinners relinquish sin; and that we should not attempt to alter our religious standards at this time. Lady Alice and I start to-day for Mull, Appin, Craignish, and all charming sorts of out-of-the-way places. She is indeed a most apostolic wife, doing much and enduring much for the work's sake."

To Bishop TAIT:—

CRAIGNISH CASTLE, *September 1st*, 1863.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been so busy preparing the charge for my synod, that I have not until now been

able to consider your letter to the archdeacons as I wished or it required. I feel that the letter (you will excuse me for saying so) is wise and discriminating in the highest degree. Nevertheless, I am not, and I have not been, ever satisfied that much can be done at present in the way of alterations of subscriptions or standards. The questions now at issue are beyond solution by small amendments, and great ones none of us are prepared to make. I think that when such questions are in the field as 'has God indeed spoken, and to what extent?' any move which does not relate to them is, in military language, changing our front in face of the enemy—an operation of great hazard. I do not think, moreover, that any great number of men whom it is desirable to satisfy would be satisfied by such alterations as *we* are prepared to make, and the others are not worthy of much consideration—not so much, at least, as removing landmarks for their sakes. I am, on the whole, inclined myself at present to an attitude of simple conservatism, believing that the only difficulties really pressing are not those which alteration of standards or subscriptions would satisfy. My own opinion is, that standards go a very little way towards the formation or maintenance of belief, and that this is pretty much formed, and held, apart from standards, and is untouched by them, people throwing them off, perhaps, with violence, when they oppress the conscience by their sanction of visible evils, as at the time of the Reformation, but when they do not, sitting quietly under them, as if unconscious of them, or signing them merely as conventionalities. If the clergy could agree by memorial to their Bishop upon what they would like done, I would gladly go along with them. I doubt if it is wise to go ahead of them, except in matters of faith. I look upon standards as a sort of property, which, without their own consent, I would not take from the clergy. Let us seek to alter opinion rather than change the standards. These must be changed (or will be) so soon as opinion is really formed and pressing. I doubt very much if it is so as yet. I am sure that it is not so as to what changes are desirable.

"You see how old a fogy I grow, and how the fog (I

believe the root of 'fogy') is settling down—the fog of conservatism—while you are trying to alter the ship's rigging (if not her hull) ere the storm comes upon her.

"I do not think that either her rigging or her hull is the cause of the storm."

Early in November Dr. Ewing returned to Bishopston.

To Dr. WORDSWORTH:—

"If the fit seizes you to travel, pray do not think that it is impossible to come here. Summer and winter are pretty much the same in these parts; the weather is most uncertain, no doubt, but just as likely to be fine as bad. Last week the winds and sleet were dashing everything to pieces, and the breakers were over the Ardrishaig pier. To-day it is as quiet and sweet as a saint who has seen for the first time the Scottish Office."

To his BROTHER:—

"I have read Mr. Wilson's defence, but I do not think it has much more light in it than his essay had, in which, however, I thought his 'germinal seed-plot' a very valuable suggestion. For the purpose of his defence, as a clergyman of the Church of England, it might be necessary that he should only claim the liberty to hold a certain opinion about the possibilities of the future; but that is very low ground to take when the subject is nothing less than the ultimate triumph of good. Unless it be held as a matter of faith, and not as a speculative dogma, it is practically valueless. With me this final victory is not a matter of speculation at all, but of positive faith; and to disbelieve it would be for me to cease altogether either to trust or to worship God. For all my worship and trust in God arise from my belief that He is good, and that He is almighty, and certainly He could not be both were evil to remain the master of one human soul. It is true that I can only think of the destinies of man with the faculties which God has given me, but I cannot suppose He has given them to me only to subject Himself to my condemnation. It is

incredible to me to suppose that He has given me an Ideal higher than Himself, and that by following this Ideal I shall not come to Him. I know that the highest and best attribute I possess is that which leads me to seek the good of others, to be good, and to do good. When I obey the promptings of love in its noblest sense, I feel that I am elevating my own character, and that I myself am rising towards an Object, *which, if it is not God, ought to be God.* The arguments based upon the present state of the world have their weight, but it is quite illogical to maintain that because evil exists now it must exist for ever. If we look at the phenomena which are most apt to stagger us—sin and sorrow, pain, disease, and death—can we say of them in the aggregate, or taking special cases, that they are either needless or unproductive of good? If there were no death, then life for creatures like us in a limited world like this would be impossible; and if we were mortal, and yet not liable to disease, we should either have to die without warning or at a fixed time of life, neither of which alternatives could surely be regarded as improvements on the present arrangement.

"But we must distinguish between an aspect or condition and the reigning law. Now death or destruction is not the law. If it had been, there never would have been a creation at all. On the other hand, the vastness of creation, which may be infinite, is in itself a proof of the benevolence of God, and is prophetic of future good. And in the light of the development and progression which science has now discovered in the natural history of creation, who will venture to set limits to what man in the future may be? If this future is not in store for man, we then have to face a quite incalculable waste of discipline and experience; our joys and sorrows, our aspirations and hopes, are worse than meaningless if this life be all; but further, this life—that is, the life of flesh and blood—is not the whole of man. There is in him a higher life which can only be described as 'the life of God in the soul of man.' It certainly is a fact, if only a fact in natural history, that such a life *does* exist. Thousands have borne witness to its reality, and so far from being merely what may be called

the animal life raised to a higher power—for some would tell us that the spiritual life is merely the exhilaration of the animal spirits—it has a thousand times forsworn and utterly renounced the things which minister to the mere animal nature. The account which this life gives of itself and of its origin is to me very intelligible and easy of belief; to deny this account is, on the contrary, to affirm that which is utterly unintelligible and utterly incredible. History, personal experience, and all that we can imagine as yet coming on the human race in its *temporal* development, become as in a moment transfigured by the belief that the life which now is, is the genesis of a development which will only have attained its end when, in the words of St. Peter, we are 'partakers of the Divine nature.'

"I must not go on, lest no one but myself should read this letter. But these trials of the Privy Council, your letters, and the forcing on us old questions—what ground we have for belief in a future life, and what is the meaning of the aspirations of our own hearts—make me, and, as I see by your letters, make you, ever and anon to heave the lead, to ascertain whether or no there is a bottom."

To his DAUGHTER:—

"We have shoals of poor and sick people on our hands from failure in the Loch Fyne fishing, and from general scarcity of work. I am longing for my new curate to help me. Lady Alice is, however, a very great acquisition among the poor, and we are getting quite a congregation of the lower orders, which I have *long wished to have.* Ea is managing the music in church very well, although we miss sadly, dear child, your own voice. To-day we had the first of the Advent hymns, 'Creator of the starry height,' and for a voluntary, 'Sleepers, wake,' from the *Elijah*, and both did very well. The church was full and the offertory was collected by the sergeant of Volunteers!

Ea is to have a carol class this week, and Lady Alice has a very good Sunday school in the church, and there is to

be a grand male choir, headed by Sergeant Badger! That, I think, is all our news.

"After all, you will say that my Argyll Fund is getting on! Well, it is beginning now to improve. I have been hard at work at it for the last month, and I do hope something may come of it. I do not see why all possible and impossible elevation schemes should be tried for the heathen and for publicans, and our poor Highland people be altogether overlooked! To try and raise them has been my work here for the last fifteen years, but, alas! without much fruit. But we must hope, believe, and persevere."

To his BROTHER:—

December 4th.

"I have just ordained a very nice young man from Ballachulish. He acts as chaplain to me here. He lives in the village, and comes to me every morning. Please God, I shall now have a succession of these Gaelic-speaking lads, one always with me, to be trained for the Highland ministry, until our charges there are all supplied with a new set of clergy, preaching *the Gospel* in the native tongue."

To Bishop TAIT:—

BISHOPSTON, LOCHGILPHEAD, N.B., *January 15th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR LORD,—A Bill will shortly be submitted to your lordship for your consideration, and that of your Episcopal brethren in England and Ireland, praying for your support in behalf of its object—the removal of the legal disabilities at present affecting clergy episcopally ordained in Scotland. It is most probable, I conceive, that the Bill will receive your Lordship's support, and that of the majority of your Episcopal brethren.

"It will rest with the English and Irish Bench to make such provisions as shall secure the Churches of England and Ireland from any detriment which may arise from any alteration of the present law.

"With the character of this provision, of course, I have nothing at all to do; but in the interests of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, I would here humbly suggest that

the opportunity should not be lost of the passing of this Act to secure some advantages (beyond the direct benefit contemplated by the Act) which it would be extremely to the benefit of the Episcopal Church of Scotland to possess.

"The Episcopal Church in Scotland does not, and has not, enjoyed the security and confidence of Episcopalians there, mainly, I conceive, from the somewhat too great and dangerous liberty which she possesses of altering or changing her formularies and standards, without sufficient consideration for the interests at stake, by the action at their pleasure in point of fact of a limited number of clergy.

"In the interests of the Episcopal Church, therefore, I would humbly suggest that the passing of this Act should be coupled with the condition that its operation should be limited to the period wherein the Episcopal Church in Scotland should retain her present standards and formularies, viz. the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer, with this further addition, that 'whereas an office for the celebration of the Holy Communion, considered by some as not identical in doctrine with that of the Church of England, is in use in some Episcopal congregations in Scotland, its use shall not be extended beyond the limits of those congregations which have hitherto adopted it.'

"I believe that the introduction of some such limitation or provision would have a very great and beneficial effect in securing for the Episcopal Church in Scotland a confidence on the part of Episcopalians in general which it has not hitherto enjoyed, and the absence of which is evinced by the comparative indifference to her well-being which exists among the more influential members of the Scottish Episcopal community. Moreover, without some such provision, the Bill will, no doubt, meet with a very unfavourable reception from numerous and powerful members of either House of Legislature, who would be disarmed by its introduction; and, indeed, without some such special guarantee for uniformity of standards, it is probable that the Bill would be unpalatable to the bulk of the members of the Church of England at large. To the Episcopal Church in Scotland the removal of the legal disabilities affecting her clergy

would be an inestimable boon and a cause for the deepest gratitude; but I am well aware that it would be received with double gratitude and approval by the great majority of Episcopalians in Scotland if it contained some provision which would tend to secure the stability of Scottish standards, and their uniformity with those of the Churches of England and Ireland."

To Mrs. CRUM (after her illness):—

February, 1864.

"I was indeed glad to receive your first chirrup after the Highland storm and darkness. It is something to go about again, seeing the green fields and leaves, even if they are but last year's evergreens. But to-day those John the Baptists, the blackbirds, were preaching of the summer in the wilderness here, and the furze blossoms were out to hear them; and so there is coming a fuller radiance of the everlasting light, that 'impeded motion,' as Professor Thomson will call the sun, our earthly symbol of the heavenly manifestations. I long to get down to see you and dear Sir John Maxwell. Time! Time! Blessed be God that the night which cometh is also day, and that day another and a better than the present, will give us all that the light of this world hides from us.

"To God the Father, Shepherd and Habitation of us all, and to his never-changing Will, which is the great gravitation which binds together the seen and the unseen, the near and the distant, the known and the unknown. I commend you, dearest child, in warmest affection."

To the Bishop of ST. ANDREWS:—

BISHOPSTON, *February*, 1864.

"DEAR WORDSWORTH,—I have pleasure in writing that name—an admission which may savour of impertinence to you, and on which I shall not improve by further saying that I for a moment delude myself thereby into the thought I am writing to the "great of yore." You see how I get out of it by saying *of yore*. But before I go on, I must explain, *apropos* of a previous letter, that I think 'the recollections of childhood conveying intimations of immortality' is the finest of *his* poems.

"The Irish Church is, I take it, on her last legs. But England will remain if she keeps mistress of the position, and is equal to the wants and knowledge of the age. I am, however, against altering the standards, save St. Athanasius!

"I hope, ere long, to see you. We go to the low country on the 16th, and then to Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c."

To his BROTHER:—

BISHOPSTON, *February 3rd*, 1864.

"The question as to everlasting punishment holds now a very different place from what it ever did before. In our public ministrations we must never shun to declare what seems to us the whole counsel of God, but in private life we must be careful not to press our views on an unprepared sympathy, but rather seek to give relief to those who feel that the adorable character of God is seriously compromised by the popular teachings respecting the life to come. I think the Bishop of Capetown has weakened his case by introducing so many counts in his indictment against Colenso; by so doing he has censured views, that on future punishment among the number, on which Colenso has sympathisers.

"The judgment of the Privy Council on the Essays and Reviews is fixed for the 8th of March, the Bishop of London writes to me, on which I say, 'Observe that Colenso was only killed on the head of Every Man, by Capetown firing off the Creed of St. Athanasius. Do not *you* fire that *Mons Meg*.* It is a barbarous old piece, honeycombed, rusty, more dangerous to friends than foes, and may kill you.' The judgment certainly is important;

* Mons Meg, as all visitors to Edinburgh Castle know, is a huge piece of antique artillery, located on what is called the Bomb Battery, and fabricated at Mons, in Belgium, in 1476. The inscription on the carriage on which the old piece is mounted informs the reader that it was employed at the siege of Norham Castle, in 1497, and to make the Bishop's language intelligible to those who are not acquainted with its history, it has to be added that it burst in 1682, while discharging a salute in honour of the visit of the Duke of York. Mons Meg was carried to the Tower of London in 1684, but restored to the Castle in 1829 on the petition of Sir Walter Scott.

although indeed, happily, it will not alter the facts of the case, nor, if against Wilson, bring everlasting punishment on him."

To the Bishop of LONDON:—

BROOM, *March 10th*, 1864.

"I cannot but send a line to express my thankfulness to you and to others that the Church of England has been saved from those shallows on which ere long she would have been left dry. I am not much concerned about any other question than that raised by Mr. Wilson, whether the word *aionios*, when employed with reference to the future punishment of man, means *without end*.

"I am, it is true, reminded by Bishop Terrot that if we disallow that meaning to the term when it relates to man's punishment, we must in consistency restrict it to the same limited significance when we apply it to God himself! But I cannot suppose that His eternal nature or the destiny of mankind is affected by our interpretation of the Greek or any other language. Nay, if anything purporting to be revelation contained such a dilemma as this, that either the moral and intellectual nature of man or the revelation itself must go to the wall, I should say the latter must give place to the former. But we have to thank you, my dear Bishop (and, I rejoice to see, the two Archbishops also), that the choice of these two alternatives is not a burden resting on the clergy or laity of the Church of England, and that they both, as loyal sons of the Church, may, 'without controversy,' cherish the blessed hope of 'the restitution of all things.'

"Sad would it be for that Church, and for the Christian, if the rule He gives us to our conduct was not the rule for Himself as for us: 'Overcome evil with good.' Is not that the rule of the absolute goodness, if it be given to us to make us better? We believe that God created man that he should be partaker of His own holiness. Let us not doubt but that this end *will* be accomplished, it may be 'through much tribulation,' nay, it must be, but doubtless His kingdom *will* come, and His will be done everywhere eventually. We are in the beginning of a new life for the

Church of England, a life of emancipation from conventionalities, as in Luther's time from Rome, and as in St. Paul's time from Levi."

The following is a reprint of a letter sent by Bishop Ewing to his clergy at this time:—

BISHOPSTON, *March 15th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I think it desirable to address a few words to you on the subject of the late decision of the Privy Council, with the view of recommending caution, ere committing yourself, one way or other, to the agitation which has been commenced upon the question.

"We can never approach anything wherein the highest interests are involved with too great care and reverence.

"An interpretation has been permitted of two important words, different in some respects from that heretofore popularly affixed to them—the meaning of the words 'Inspiration,' as applied to Holy Scripture, and 'Eternal,' as applied to punishment for sin. It has been allowed by the late judgment that the word 'inspired,' as meaning infallibly overruled by God, does not apply to every word contained in Holy Scripture, and that 'eternal' damnation does not necessarily follow ignorance or unbelief of every Article contained in the Creed called that of St. Athanasius.

"The late judgment cannot fairly be said to extend further than these permissions. Whether the standards of which they are the interpretations originally bore a more limited signification than that now allowed is a question of opinion; we must, however, remember, that the standards themselves are but the expression of previous human opinions which have varied from age to age with the progress of the Church. The Foundation has ever remained the same.

"The Holy Spirit is the great interpreter, and as He applies to our hearts that alone which is in accordance with the truth, and as without Him that even which is in accordance with truth is unprofitable, we must believe that

while His aid and the foundations remain, the variation and alteration of human interpretations is not that which should most concern us.

"Those who receive truth merely on human authority are unconscious of its power, and until they know its power they can scarce be said to possess it.

"It may be the Divine intention in this decision to lead us from the letter to the spirit—from human to Divine interpretation, from resting on outward authority to living by inward power. Theology is something very different from the interpretation of texts and words; it is, therefore, a sad phenomenon to observe human definitions so take the place of God Himself, that men should suppose that in having them they have Him, and that in losing them they lose Him. Let us be conservative and guardians of the faith once for all delivered to the saints; but let us be sure that it is the faith itself which we guard, and let us not be disquieted by the loss or alteration of human interpretation, nor fear that its loss or change alters our relations to God or affects our possession of His promises. Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary for salvation; if mankind bind it by human interpretation, the same interpretation may loose it. Scripture itself is unaffected by interpretations of it; and the Holy Spirit remaineth. The late judgment taketh nothing from the spirit nor the letter of God's Word; let us not, therefore, be alarmed, nor act as if it had; but in patience possessing our souls, let us be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

"I am, ever yours affectionately,

"ALEX. EWING,

"Bishop of Argyll and the Isles."

Among others the Duke of Argyll wrote and congratulated the Bishop on the wisdom and moderation of his Circular, and expressed the wish that all his right rev. brethren would manifest similar discretion.

To the Incumbent of BALLACHULISH:—

POLLOC, *March 24th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR MACKENZIE,—I am very much obliged to you for your sending me the extract about Cardinal Wiseman. It is very much to the purpose. I have long felt that we have been trading in words instead of things, and that the things are seldom reached by those who are very conversant with the words which represent them. People have been satisfied, especially in Scotland, with witnessing what is called 'a good confession,' with orthodox words, orthodox creeds, and have supposed that they have got what these represent when they have got the sign, as if a man were to suppose that he knew all about an orange who had never tasted one, but had only heard one described. These definitions are good, and are needed, but they are the picture and not the reality. I think that God is silently breaking into this dead sea, and is touching it with new life; when He begins He will also finish, and He will not leave us until He bless us with a higher blessing than that we have had. He is calling us to Himself.

"I fear, however, that the clergy, as a whole, will turn away from the light in a blind conservatism, supposing that harm is meant when God is removing the old landmarks that He may extend our inheritance, not diminish or destroy it; we must see truth in its own light, feel its intrinsic power ourselves, otherwise for us it is practically non-existent. What should we think of a man who knew Euclid, but only accepted the demonstrations on the authority of the book? We must seize the thing, my dear Mackenzie, and never be satisfied without the reality, to which the sign merely points; failing in that, for us there is no life, no enjoyment, no God, in fact, only the sign, the name, the shadow, and these will not save us. We must, no doubt, retain creeds, standards, everything, as far as possible, as of old; but try to put life in the dry bones. I should not have written to you so fully had I not seen by your remarks on Cardinal Wiseman that you are alive to what is going on."

To his BROTHER :—

POLLOC, *March 25th*, 1864.

"I have just got your note, and am glad to be still spared to reply to your congratulations on my fiftieth birthday. Who would have thought that I should live so long! How few now remain here who started with me in life! I hope, with you, that we have acquired some more assured and better knowledge of the meaning of things than what we had in the days of our youth. But the acquisition is a slow process—slow and difficult—this is the mystery; yet God's light is shining above us, and showing much greater clearness than ever before, and it is only the cloud and sin in our souls which hinder us from rejoicing in the Day Spring from on high, which hath visited us to give light to them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death."

In April Dr. Ewing went to Edinburgh to attend an episcopal synod. He was once more the guest of Mr. Erskine, but only purposing to remain with him for the few days during which the session of synod might last. However, he was prostrated by a severe attack of bronchitis, and instead of a few days he had to pass a month in the house of his friend.

To his BROTHER :—

"Alice has been to me nurse, chaplain, and secretary. She has done all my work for me here, and that means an immense amount of writing. The old prophet comes up and prophesies every night, mainly on these favourite themes, which, however, can never become hackneyed: that the only true religion is, first of all, the recognition of Christ in us, and, secondly, listening to His voice, in the assurance that wherever He leads us we shall inevitably find life and God, though to the outward sense we may for the time be brought, not to a feast of fat things, but to a waste and howling wilderness."

"Thanks for Bushnell. There is a great deal in his book, though it is overlaid with Americanisms. The only

evil I can discover in his remarks about Evil and the providential government of God is his own style. His view of the death of our Lord is no doubt striking, and probably conclusive. But I do not know that the *dying* of Christ affects me more than the fact does, that '*He* was acquainted with grief;' for in this fact, Christ being what He is, we have expressed to us the Divine sympathy with our sorrows in a way which leaves nothing to be wished for."

"*April 5th.*—If you will look at the third or fourth last numbers of the *Spectator*, you will find a review of a pamphlet by the Rev. Archer Gurney, who argues for the non-eternity of punishment on the ground that evil, not being a constituent element of the Divine Will, must be finite—an unanswerable argument. But what a sign of the times it is when newspapers write on questions of the deepest religious moment as pressing topics of the day."

"*April 24th.*—I am better, and ought to be, for I have got into sunny rooms—Mr. Erskine's own rooms—but progress is slow. I should like to be in London in the midst of all that is going on. I see that Convocation is busy in trying to make a separation between the clergy and the people of England. The laity do not as yet know what the real question at issue is. By-and-bye they will learn that it is nothing else than that of private judgment, or, in other words, whether we are to follow the leading of God's Spirit or the guidance of the priests.

"I am sorry to hear of the illness of Garibaldi. He is a rare human flower which blossoms but once in a thousand years.

"Mr. Erskine said the other day, when he came into my room, 'Humpty Dumpty has had a great fall;' but I am better now."

To BISHOP TAIT:—

April 28th.

"I cannot resist writing a few lines on your defence in Convocation of the great interests at stake, and to say how deeply I (with many others) feel indebted to you for the great courage you have shown. For, at

present, the views of both the great parties in the Church are antagonistic to the truth, though I hope the Evangelicals will ere long discover what their attitude ought to be, which as yet they have not suspected. For no doubt a reformation of the Reformation itself is going on, and it is high time it should.

"The Reformation formulæ have become idols, the Infallible Book has taken the place and is doing the work of the Infallible Man, and a superstitious veneration of the letter of Scripture is destroying belief in the inspiration of the human spirit. I am glad you said a word about the lost. Christ came to *find* the sheep which were 'lost.' The Bishop of Oxford will say, however, 'We want some other mode of salvation than by 'Christ.' I believe that salvation is only by Christ, but that it eventually will include all. After the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of Romans, St. Paul says, 'I beseech you, *therefore*, by the *mercies of God.*'

"The Holy Spirit does not cease to operate after our death. Christ 'went and preached to the spirits in prison.' God does not cease to be a Father at death, and He is to be 'all in all,' according to His own revelation. Evil has nothing divine in it, and must end. And it is written that 'death and hell are to be cast into the lake of fire.' But I must not detain you. One word of encouragement is, however, sometimes welcome to the wearied soldier. I am getting better, but very slowly—down-stairs only for an hour or so. Nevertheless, if not elsewhere, in the 'Ubique' we shall all meet, by God's love and grace."

To his BROTHER :—

April 28th.

"I hope next week to start for York and London.

"The Bishop of London has great courage, and I am very glad he said what he said, and especially about the 'lost.' But, of course, some people would make this objection to his statement, 'Why, this means salvation outside of Christianity, and what warrant have we for believing any such thing?' In answer one would only have to say, 'God's Spirit is not limited either by time or space.

He himself is always a Father, and Christ is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

Early in May Dr. Ewing was on the eve of starting for Clapham Rectory, when he was grieved and shocked at hearing of the death of Mrs. Bowyer. In consequence of the intelligence he proceeded to Westmill Rectory, where he found "nature bursting into life in all directions, the boughs with blossoms, the birds with singing, and the insects with humming."

It was not, however, long before he found his way to the house of sorrow, and on the 17th of June he thus writes:—

"Poor Mr. Bowyer! His garden and his children are all looking fresh and fair. He, too, is much as he used to be, not letting his sorrow be seen. I believe our being here is of some use and comfort—

'Wrestling we, and she at rest.'

We know so little of the unseen world, yet it seems to me not improbable that she ministers to those whom she loved and whom she has left behind."

To his BROTHER:—

FULHAM, *June 21st.*

"The place is so lovely! Even after your quiet Westmill this is quiet, and has what I like—the steamer on the river, if you peep through the trees. I am quiet, and keeping quiet. Just now I am alone in the Porteus library, making little sallies into the woods. Bishop Tait did not come from town till late last night, and may not do so to-night. He is exactly the same as ever—good, humorous, and Scotch, with gravity. Mrs. Tait very kind."

To Mrs. CRUM:—

LONDON HOUSE, *June 23rd.*

"I have come in to spend the day with Dean Stanley

at Westminster, and find it is Convocation time, and his house full of clergy. I have come here for quiet. I suppose you are enjoying your rest after the bustle of London. It was pleasant and profitable to see you and your husband; long may you and he be spared to revisit these glimpses of the moon. I miss you much, dear child, and I dare say you miss the ways of the sweet Church of England, the mother of us all. *Our* little chapels do not give us her *home* and her strength; nevertheless, they are the best things we have, and I rejoice to think you and Crum do all you can in that way. There is nothing brings or keeps us together so much as the Church. It is not that people like or dislike this or that, but lives which are lived in the same channel must flow together, and the great channel of union is the same Church."

The result of an interview with Dr. Gull was the advice of the latter that the Bishop should give the waters of Ems a second trial, and that he should afterwards winter abroad in some warm climate.

Any hesitation which the Bishop might have felt about carrying out the first part of the programme prescribed for him was entirely removed by the generous proposal of the Bishop of London, who volunteered to occupy Bishopston for two of the autumn months, and to represent him in his diocese.

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

FULHAM PALACE, *June 25th*, 1864.

"I am anxious to know what you would say to a notion recently propounded—that Time is but a condition and ends with death, and that, consequently, there can be no progress hereafter. I cannot *conceive* such a state: I see in the most distant stars conditions of motion which imply *Time*. We have, no doubt, in the questions of the day, got far beyond conventionalities: the questions asked, and unasked, are tremendous. Take, for instance, an article in last week's *Saturday Review* on Newman's "Apologia."

All the reviewer can say on behalf of the existence of God is that there is more advantage than disadvantage in believing it; and all that Newman says is, that he is sure of it, but cannot prove it, and that there is no answer to the question, that is to say, *he* has no answer: 'How do you know that you know God, or think you know Him?' This is the abyss, the horror of darkness which yawns around us in this our day, and which can be bridged over neither by the magical ceremonies of Rome nor by the formulæ of the Reformation, which are mainly concerned with the state of the individual soul, but only by a faith which removes mountains and casts them into the depths of the sea; and which makes of things that are not as if they were. This is a faith, however, which does not create God, but which is created by Him; which could not *be* unless He had preceded and given it. Pray let me have what you think is the true answer."

CHAPTER XXIV.

EMS—BISHOP TAIT IN ARGYLLSHIRE—PALERMO—CHARGE TO HIS CLERGY—ADDRESS TO THE YOUNGER CLERGY AND LAITY—MARRIAGE OF HIS SECOND DAUGHTER—TRACT ENTITLED "THE INTERNAL WORD." 1864—1865.

THE Bishop remained in London to attend a meeting of the Argyll Fund, and then left England with Lady Alice and his second daughter.

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

STANHOPE STREET, *July 3rd*, 1864.

"I fear, my dear friend and brother, I am not to return to you, at least for a long time. The bronchitic attack I had in Edinburgh has left its marks upon me, and I am sent abroad. Lady Alice and I had set our hearts on being in the Highlands in the summer, but it must not be. She goes down this week to put the place in order for leaving, and then we go (D.V.) to see what the waters of Ems will do for me; these first, then goat whey and Italy—nice sounds! I hope nice things. But I am too worn now to care much for anything, save being with those I love, and in familiar ways and works.

"The Bishop of London goes to Bishopston for August and September, and will do any episcopal acts for me in the diocese. There are two churches to consecrate."

The following letter was written in answer to one received July 14th:—

EMS, *August 5th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR MR. ERSKINE,—I had purposed sending you an account of ourselves, but have been forestalled by Lady Alice in her letter to Mrs. Stirling. I hope I may elicit an answer to this query as to your welfare at Linlathen—a happy response on that head and some branch lines on other subjects. You said you had some thoughts of writing a few letters on subjects on which your mind had been dwelling. I wish you would address these letters to me: first, because I should get them; and next, because as I have every one of the letters which you ever sent to me, I *ought* to have these to complete my set! Dear Ea has copied the old ones into a volume, which I have here, and which now waits for the others. I despair of getting you to write anything new, even of your concluding the 'conclusion,' and so my hope is in these letters. Think of my sitting here, away from all news and books, save old French books, new novels, and *Galignani*. I think I am in a condition to weigh and profit by anything you can say.

"There are many things which I should like to ask, but I had rather have the subjects on which your own mind has been dwelling. One question, however, I should like you to give me your thoughts about. Are those dogmas to which there is no response within us of absolute obligation? Is our own intelligence or recognition the limit of revelation? Our intelligence must be the measure to ourselves; there may, however, be much revealed which we can only accept on authority, and in which we ourselves recognise nothing divine; and if so, what are the means we possess for discovering legitimate (or the limits of legitimate) authority? This is more than *one* question among many. The great question, as soon as revelation has been admitted, is, on what grounds are we to accept it—*its own light, or the statement of the authority which proclaims it?* In the first ages miracles seem to have done very little towards the commendation of revelation. The *facts* which did commend it—the life and death of Christ—no doubt were received on authority by those who were not eye-witnesses, and authority, to a certain extent, comes in here. Nevertheless, it was *the light* which streamed from

that life and death which ultimately did commend the claims of Christ to the world, and secured His own acceptance—as the Revelation of God—by the conscience of mankind. Is conscience, then, it will be asked, the supreme judge of morality? If it is not, and if we must learn morality from without, then authority is really our only teacher; but if authority is not our teacher in morality, is there any place left for it at all?

"The weather here has been most beautiful, and the baths have undoubtedly done much for me already.

This foreign paper tries one's patience, and will try yours to read. Hoping to hear from you at great length, and trusting that you are now entirely recovered from the effects of your accident,

"Yours always,

"A. E."

Having derived considerable benefit from the baths of Ems, the Bishop set forth on his journey south, and the following letters will supply some interesting glimpses of the journey:—

To his DAUGHTER:—

LITTLE FALCON HOTEL, BERNE,
August 25th, 1864.

"Berne is full of memories in which you will share. Your mother was with us all at the Little Falcon. So much has happened since then! She is at peace with God. We, I trust, are on the way—an easy way, if we would take God's method. I looked with sad interest on the statue of Rudolph von Erlach, for which your mother had a great fancy; and it was from her admiration of the hero himself that we chose Rudolph as the second name for Lewis. . .

To Bishop TAIT.

VEVEY, *August 31st*, 1864.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,—I hope you have had some of the splendid weather we have had here, but I have my doubts as to your present enjoyment, as for the last ten days we

have had intense cold, and the snow half down the hills, and I, of course, have been a little on the sick list. Whenever we can, we shall cross to steady heat on the south side of the Alps.

"I trust you are able to turn in that little bothy which you now inhabit, and which, after Fulham and St. James's, must be somewhat severe in its dimensions. But look on it as a shooting-lodge, and if there be fine weather it will do; if not, woe on me for introducing Argyllshire to you. Above all, *do nothing*. But, if possible, see the West Lochs, Killisport, and Sweyn, Eilan, Oransay, &c.; where Christianity early came.

"I hear Lord Morton wants you to consecrate his chapel. Pray do so, if you can easily to yourself, and at the same time lay hands on the good Hugh McColl, the future apostle of Kinlochmoidart, a Gaelic-speaking candidate, who would have been ordained by Wordsworth ere he left Trinity College, Glenalmond, but my letter did not reach in time. Mr. Simpson will present and answer for him. Then you could see Ballachulish when up there, and Glencoe; and if you could give the Highlanders a *screed* in the Ballachulish Church, they would much enjoy seeing so 'ancient a hero,'* as they called Bishop Blomfield.

"Now one thing, after saying you should do nothing, I am afraid to ask—viz. that at my synod, which I dare say you will attend, you would say a few words—a very few—of brotherly or fatherly encouragement and counsel. A very few from you would do good, and be much preferred to my observations. I have been writing a charge to send by the post for the dean to read; but then, I think, as you would have to *sit* it through, it would be harder upon you than speaking a few words yourself, which you can do so easily and well on that head, respecting which we are all so defective, and which Newman (as you well observed) never seems to see to have any connection

* When Bishop Blomfield was at Ballachulish, Bishop Ewing took him to visit one of the most venerable members of the Episcopal community there, who was greatly pleased with the compliment, but, owing to his defective English, remarked that he was proud to see so *ancient a hero* in his house.

with belief—viz. What is it all for? What glory to God or what good to man does all the elaborate apparatus entail? Pray say and do this, and relieve my mind and please and edify the clergy.

"I have seen a good deal of a very interesting (Roman) bishop from Transylvania, Baron Haynauld, who has resigned his bishopric to please the Emperor, but the Pope will not accept his resignation. He is a patriot, and they have elected him deputy to the Transylvanian Diet. It is pleasant to hear his remarks on Colenso, 'Essays and Reviews,' &c., all of which he has read about; while he wonders we do not settle the matter by an unanimous decision of bishops, as was done in the case of the Immaculate Conception. I say, 'What if the decision were not true?' He says, 'We have no means of knowing truth but by authoritative instruction.'

"'There it is—'under which King Bezonian?' I should be inclined to say that nothing to which there is no internal response is true, or, if true, is necessary for belief.

"Such facts as that God desires our being good, are, I think, responded to by all, and are sufficient to show what He is, and we ought to be, and *must* be, to be happy. Yet how slow is the learning of this truth, and how many seem to pass through life unconscious of the teaching of God! Nevertheless He is ever teaching, by storm or by sunshine, ever. I hope, my dear Bishop, your energy may be felt through my rather dead regions, where great good might be done. I have been looking at your foreign clergy, as I came along, with earnest eyes. There is a very important field before them from the intelligence of their flocks; and, so far as I yet see, they are a higher stamp of men than they used to be. Do not trouble yourself to write. My best affection to Mrs. Tait, who, I fear, will not forgive me for bringing her into such a wilderness."

To his BROTHER:—

"I hope to hear from you at 'Sion.' No marvel of nature can surpass the views here now. Ea and I went to Champonneyrè yesterday, and the views of the Vallais were like Paradise regained. I get on with my charge, and hope to send it to you from Como.

"The Bishop of London, Mrs. Tait, and the children spent a night on a rock last week near Arran, as a conclusion to a picnic. The party seems to have been in real danger, but, most mercifully, no lives were lost."

The incident alluded to was published in the newspapers of the day, but an account of it written at the time by one of the party and printed for private circulation is, with the writer's permission, republished here.

THE SKATE ISLAND.

BISHOPSTON, LOCHGILPHEAD, *September 2nd*, 1864.

"You will probably like to know whether we are having sufficient change from the ordinary routine of Fulham and London House; and, therefore, I send you this account of our doings on Tuesday and Wednesday last, the two last days of August. On Tuesday, at ten A.M., by special invitation of the lieutenant commanding Her Majesty's steamship on this station, we went with a large party to Arran —a good day—its mountains and lake showing well, and all things most agreeable. Luncheon on deck. Brodick Bay and the Duke of Hamilton's castle and garden looking their best.

"A little delay at Arran, for two of the party, made us later than we expected. Still, all was prosperous. Tea on deck, dancing sailor's hornpipe, reels, quadrilles, songs, guitar; and then, as it got dark, and set in unfortunately for a rainy night, we sat all together talking pleasantly under canvas, and scarcely noticed how dark and wet it had become. All was very pleasant and snug, when the clock struck (or the bell rang) eight. In a moment a cry, 'Breakers ahead!' 'Stop her!' 'Back her!' then three tremendous bumps under our feet—a horrid scraping noise —the vessel was fast on the rocks, and, to all appearance, if she ever got off them, would either swing over or would go down from the hole which we could not doubt was drilled in her bottom. 'All hands astern;' a frightful rushing of seamen and marines; some of them, half

dressed, turned out of the berths into which they had just turned in. The darkness intense, but breakers and land within a hundred yards dimly visible.

"Every one behaved beautifully. In two minutes the captain had made up his mind: 'Lower the boat; ladies and passengers on shore.' One lady, who was very delicate, fainted; and the doctor determined for her and her husband that it was best to stay on board.

"Two journeys of the boat took all the other passengers and some six sailors ashore, but the landing was not very easy. The sea was now running very high, the boat could not come within some yards of the rocky beach. But, providentially, some time before half-past eight, we, that is, seven ladies of all ages, myself, C——, M——, Auchindarroch and his three sons, and three other gentlemen, found ourselves on what we supposed to be dry land—or at least land—without any accident.

"The ladies led by the gentlemen, stumbled up the rocks, which were not steep; and the tide, rising rapidly, kept following them with a tremendous roaring. Ten minutes later no boat could have lived in the surf; and when we bethought ourselves that some covering would be desirable if it could be got, young Auchindarroch swam to the ship, and had a tarpauling thrown to him, which proved in the event a godsend. And now Auchindarroch and another gentleman began to reconnoitre the land.

"They soon returned, declaring it to be an island, and a very small one—whether covered by the sea at high water or no, it was at first impossible to say; but, after a little exploring, they found a grassy spot at the top, which looked as if the sea never reached it, and there a shed or large tent was erected with the tarpauling, and another smaller tent. This, of course, took some time. Meanwhile I stayed with one sailor looking after the boat. The steamer was looming over our heads, apparently brought nearer and nearer to the shore by the tide, or seeming to get nearer, from the wind blowing away the screen of the darkness, and making the sight of the vessel easier. It seemed to me as if it was on the point of falling over, as it rose in the darkness high above the sea. And now our

own boat, hauled up on the rocky beach, was overtaken by the surge and filled with water, while it was tossed from side to side, and was like to be shivered to atoms—the one sailor and I vainly tugging at the cable to draw it up the shore. The outcry we made soon summoned the other sailors who were ashore, and I shall never forget their wild chorus as they tugged at the cable, shouting a song, and keeping time by the chorus. At last their tugging hauled the boat up, and it seemed at last to be saved from the advancing tide.

"Soon afterwards the steamboat moved, the lieutenant having, as we afterwards learned, sent out an anchor in the other boat and dropped it at some distance, and then hauled the vessel off by it. We heard their cheering as they got off the rocks, and saw no more of them that night, though from time to time our lookers-out reported that lights were to be seen which they supposed belonged to the vessel.

"And now we all gathered under the tarpauling, every one wet to the skin excepting me. For my own part, the Colonel's excellent felt cloak, which I had fortunately brought with me, was a wonderful source of damp heat. It was obvious that, whatever was to become of us in the morning, we must stay where we were for seven hours till daybreak. All agreed there was no house on the island. Some maintained they had seen two sheep in the darkness; but the existence of any living being but ourselves on its inhospitable shore was stoutly denied by others. Some thought we were on the Skate Rock, but a gentleman (Mr. McKinnon) who had shot all over the Skate (famous for otters) declared he was certain that it was not the said Skate. Some thought we were about Ardlamont Point; others, that we were far higher up Lochfyne. Meanwhile, the pelting rain and utter darkness prevented any useful observations.

"The foresight of the doctor, or some other kind genius, had sent in the boat a bottle of sherry and two bottles of rum; and we all kept as close together as we could; a strange group, as, lighted by the boat's lantern, we crouched under the canvas, lying on the damp boggy

ground, or leaning against the rock. We had scarcely crawled into this place, and begun to realise our position—some of us not so young as we once were, and most of us accustomed to all 'the comforts of the Saut Market'—when a sailor proposed to keep up our spirits by singing a song. It was well enough in its way, and certainly better than the other which they had sung in hauling up the boat, but not very suitable for people who, through God's great mercy, had just escaped from imminent peril of death. I therefore proposed some hymns instead. We sang both Keble's and the other evening hymn, 'Jerusalem the Golden,' and others used in the chapel here, in which most of the party had been worshippers last Sunday. Then we had a short prayer, commending ourselves to God's good keeping, and prepared to keep each other awake as best we could for the seven hours before us, as it was voted dangerous for any one to fall asleep in our soaking state. I pulled out of my pocket John Shairp's poem 'Kilmahoe,' and read aloud the 'Sacramental Sabbath.' The Presbyterian minister of Lochgilphead (who was one of the party) read the next canto. However, it seemed that something livelier was needed to keep the party awake, and the wonderful spirits of young Auchindarroch (just come home from India with the 74th Highlanders, as fine a specimen of a spirited young soldier as I ever saw, who had really done wonders for us on our leaving the vessel) were far more effectual than the grave attempts of the minister and myself. Auchindarroch, too, was a host in himself—keeping everybody's spirits up, and letting nobody fall asleep. His youngest son, ten years old, was the only one who could not be kept awake.

"And thus passed the seven hours. There were endless speculations where we might be, anxious questionings as to the ship, much thankfulness that we had not all gone to the bottom, and somewhat fearful forebodings as to what might be the effect on elderly ladies and gentlemen, to say nothing of young ones, from so unexpected a conclusion of our pleasure trip. About three next morning some streaks of day were descried, and at last our scouts announced that

the vessel was at anchor at no great distance. It was resolved that the indomitable young Auchindarroch, with two sailors and another gentleman, should row to the ship and ascertain how matters stood. About four certain tidings were brought to us that the vessel was safe; that when she cleared the rocks, to the captain's surprise and great relief, he found that, as she had struck on her keel, no hole had been made in her iron bottom—at least, she had not let in any more water—though at first she was reported to be letting it in, though slowly. This intelligence put a happy end to our speculations as to the fate of our friends, and also solved for ourselves the question what we were to do. Before, opinions had been evenly balanced between landing on the Ardlamont shore, close to which we thought ourselves, where there is no road, and beating our way across country to the nearest point, where we might be taken up by the *Iona*, from Glasgow (this was one plan); and as the other alternative, rowing across to the Tarbet side of the loch, and storming Stonefield House for breakfast. The easier course remained—to row back to the steamboat. Very thankful were we all when the captain welcomed us back, and the doctor gave us mulled port to warm us. We all agreed that the captain was right in sending us at once ashore in the great uncertainty, though those, no doubt, fared best who remained by the ship.

"All seem to agree that iron-bottomed vessels are more difficult to deal with than wooden in such circumstances. Soon we were making progress for Ardrishaig. Before six A.M. on Wednesday we landed at the pier, thanking God; and we were in bed at Bishopston before the little girls had even found out that we had not come home at eight the night before, as we expected. . . . .

"Certainly you will agree that this is even more unlike a quiet Fulham evening than the night we spent six hours with John and Lady Menzies two years ago, amongst the bogs of Rannoch and Loch Erichtside. But all is well that ends well. No one seems to have suffered, and it is not bad for any of us to be taught, practically, how near we may be to the greatest danger when we are least thinking of it."

But we resume the story of Bishop Ewing's own journey contained in his letters:—

To his BROTHER:—

SION, *September* 10*th*, 1864.

"'Dominus diligit portas Sion super omnia tabernacula Jacob.' Nevertheless, this Sion is a desolation, and full of cretinism of mind and body, as all humanity will be which is forbidden the exercise of the understanding. A swallow, hurt by some one, came in at Alice's window. She revived it somehow, and it has again found its nest literally in the temple of Sion. But the Sion—the house of God wherein David dwelt—was, no doubt, the assured confidence that all is well, and that we are going from one degree of strength to another, just in proportion as we are able to bear the lovingkindness of the Lord, and do not, by withstanding it, necessitate our being sent back to learn the first elements of Christ."

To the Bishop of LONDON:—

SION, *September* 10*th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Do not think this is from another world; but if it were, I hope it would come to tell you that there is nothing different there save in degree from what we experience here—that Sion is still Sion, and that the blessedness of those who dwell in the house of God there is only the blessedness of a greater trust in Him. . . .

"I was so glad to hear from you that you got on well at Bishopston. It is but a little place for you, but it may do for the holidays. . . . .

"But now of Dr. Pusey and this movement, of which I I see a lengthened account in the *Guardian* just sent me. He cannot do much harm, there is so much good in him; but the Church of England would surely have been on the wrong tack (and he knows it), in a Catholic sense, if she had *defined* in the Gorham case, or any of those matters left undecided by the Privy Council. Dr. Pusey seems to think there is no belief if there is not definition of everything seen in the Mount, even to the scarlet and blue edgings. In this age, when the conveyance of property is simplified,

property is as much property as before. He is a religious botanist, with a large *hortus siccus*, and long dry names. Nevertheless, the poor and ignorant are saved, and although England may be hazy as to the Monophysite question, I think the mass of the English people are in a healthier state of mind than Dr. Newman.

"Better, not worse, things are coming. England is rising into a larger and better creed day by day. The Lord hath not cast away His people nor shortened His arm. Let us lead, dear Bishop, the rest of our lives according to this beginning. . . . . .

"I am afraid, however, these are but vain words, all of which you know. Only you seem to feel that the times are very trying and very dark. I am sure, looking at matters from a distance, that all is well. Let us pray God that we may ever see His face.

"I hope when, please God, we meet again, to give you still further news about your foreign clergy, and to be, perhaps, of some use to you in suggestions I should like to make. . . ."

To his BROTHER:—

PISA, *September 27th*, 1864.

"We came here yesterday from Bologna.* Como did not suit me; I caught fresh cold there. I intend to go to the baths here (at St. Giuliano) for some weeks. Already since I came here I am a different creature. It is all moonshine going abroad to better air unless you cross the Alps, aye, and get away from the air of them. No doubt these two months, September and October, and April and May in spring, are the pick of the Italian climate; but, nevertheless, at all times the air is totally different to any in which the Atlantic currents are mixed. It has been one succession of breaths of heaven, and even Alice and Ea,

* At Bologna there was a service in the hotel, and the Bishop came down to be among the worshippers. The service began by the officiating minister giving out a hymn, and then asking if there was any one among the congregation who could "raise the tune." As no one volunteered, Dr. Ewing himself led the music. It was not until the service was over that the Bishop discovered that he for the nonce had been "precentor" to a Wesleyan preacher.

who are not enthusiastic, were enchanted with Milan, and are so with this place."

To MRS. BISCOE :—

PISA, *September 27th*, 1864.

"You and old times rise up on me strongly—here, where all is so unchanged. I hope you will write to us here, and let us know all about you and yours, especially about my god-child. Remember us all to the dear circle at Newton. It was, and ever will be, a green spot in memory.

"Ems undoubtedly did me good, so I shall try the waters here. I wish very much to be set up, so that if possible I may return and work in Argyll, for the prosperity of which I have so long laboured, and which I love so much. But the great Father knows best. Were it not for my belief that it is so, and that life is a long education to teach us the nature and meaning of things, and that God is good, and that in wishing us to be good He gives us the best proof of what He is and what we should be, and is thus training us for His presence and eternal freedom —were it not, I say, for my belief of this, and that this is the course He is taking with me, and therefore with every other human being (and I know He is taking it with me by His ever giving me the fruit of the seed I sow, that I may choose the good and refuse the evil), I should certainly think it better that I had never been born. But I believe that this is the meaning of life to me and to all; and I thank the great Father for life, and the assured hope which I have that, in giving me life, He gives me more than life, viz. the earnest of a futurity of bliss in the company of those I love, and whom He has introduced to me here that we may be together for ever with better understanding of one another and of all things, and above all of Himself, the wise and long-suffering Being, whom we so little know, and whom, since His manifestation in Christ, it is so sad and solemn a thing *not* to know."

To his BROTHER :—

BAGNI DI SAN GIULIANO, PISA, *October 3rd*, 1864.

"I am working at my Charge, but as I see more light

daily on many points, it may be some time before it is ready for publication. I have been reading lately an 'Italian Pastoral,' by the Archbishop of Genoa, against Protestantism. It throws much light on our condition.

"The season is over, and there is scarcely a soul to be seen. There are, however, five sisters of charity on a holiday from their hospital work at Pisa, as full as colts of life and curiosity, and as the wise virgins (which they are) of love and piety.

"The eldest, the 'Sorella Ancilla,' has just been with me. She has seen forty years of hospital life and suffering in all its forms by day and night. Yet she holds to the name of *Father* as God's name, and that all things are working together for good. She certainly has seen life in its most terrible aspects."

To Bishop TAIT :—

SAN GIULIANO, PISA, *October 5th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR BISHOP AND BROTHER,—I have just received your long and most welcome letter, giving an account of the synod and of all that is going on. You are indeed taking as much trouble with the diocese as if it were your own, and were it your own it would soon be a different diocese. But God's will be done. Your going to Fort William and Ballachulish will do good and be deeply felt by those who have not had much to comfort them in church matters, such as dear old Mr. McGregor and some good old souls at Ballachulish. Pray talk to Mr. McGregor (the banker) at Fort William, and ask Mr. McKenzie (the minister at Ballachulish) to show you some of the old people, McColl, the tailor, Duncan Stewart, Livingstone, and all the old elders (churchwardens I should say) who survive. I am much obliged indeed for the kind words you said of me, which good Mr. Simpson reported. The Church is now on her legs in Scotland, and if she commits no great *bêtise* will, I hope, walk alone ere long, and to some efficient purpose. I am glad you enjoyed your Oban episode; it is hard to say whether the true rest is doing nothing or other things than one usually does. I hope the last will answer in your case, and the first in mine.

You have at least something to look back to if you fail. I can only say that I have been 'burying myself with the burial of an ass,' I fear. This last applies also, I hope, to——. I trust he is now doing so. He appears to be like Samson, with his eyes out, trying to pull down the house with the lords of the Philistines in it. I hope old Westbury will not be killed, and will get at Samson among the ruins. They will have a nice time of it in the dark together. Maurice, too, and Jowett will be at him —poor old prophet. Jowett I see has been visiting my daughter (Mrs. Crum) near Glasgow. She writes that he is more like an angel than ever—all this you see is Episcopal.

"I am indeed glad, my dear Bishop, that you and yours got off that rock unscathed. It might have been a sad rock for Argyll. As it is, you and Mrs. Tait will only feel how little our life is in our hands, and will have some thankfulness and interest beyond common in Loch Fyne. I am so glad the children liked Lochgilphead, and especially Craufurd, of whom I hear a very glowing account from our friends there.

"I hope you have had the *piper*. I asked Captain Murray to send for him, but he is not the old piper (though he has my pipes). The old one, alas! went the way of so many, and could not play 'farewell' to whisky. I am glad you found the ponies, carriage, or anything else of use. I have my misgivings, when I think of the climate and all the work you have done, whether it was fair of me to say that there was an empty house at Lochgilphead. Next vacation you must come *here*. And now I shall tell you what there is to be had here. First, a whole palace for two shillings a day —beautiful marble baths, warm mineral water at 95 degrees; Giovanni, a man with a cap always on, and a beard, dirty hands (always on), who waits, accompanied by two women who do the rooms, and are not in the least incommoded by our presence, and seem to have great interest in seeing us in bed; a *trattore*, who brings breakfast, dinner, and tea from some distance, apparently different distances, the solids not unwholsome

food, though some of them but little known in England save in the Zoological Gardens. For all this he charges only twelve shillings a day. Giovanni and his wife's cost is only twenty pence, so that altogether we live at about fifteen shillings a day for four people. Then the hills about are lovely and odoriferous, and the waters are like crystal. Visitors there are none, the bath season being over for Italians, and hence the above prices. At present all is well. We are only by rail two and a quarter or two and a half hours from Lucca, Leghorn, and Florence, so if this place does not answer we can be off. San Giuliano is the saint of wind, and it is possible he may prove too strong a hand for me at the bellows. I should add that we have five dear old nuns on a holiday from their hospital. We have a good priest too, and are seeing (as I did at Ems) Romanism under one of its best features—attention to the poor. I do not find that any of these, when they are honestly asked, profess that they have any other reason for the faith which is in them than *we* have. They do not say that they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ simply or solely *because* the Pope does, but because they see Jesus to be the Lord *by his own inherent light.* Authority may show the way to light, but it is not light itself. I could write on to you, dear Bishop, but I must not; letters must be to you an abomination, and on foreign paper abomination A 1. So I stop, and so ends a little foretaste, communion, and shadow of that sweet rest and union which shall be ours when all the corn of wheat which lives to itself, and therefore abides alone, shall die and find an eternal life by dying. May we love one another, and then we shall know what God is. My love to your wife and children, and to all dear friends around you, in which Lady Alice joins.

"Pray tell us about Cona Glen."

To Mrs. Crum:—

Palermo, *October*, 1864.

". . . The cathedral is very impressive and original, half Norman and half Saracenic, with a mixture of classical

columns. But the country is miserable, and so is all that I have seen of Sicily, from the priesthood and the Government between them preventing profits to the cultivator. A perpetual Garibaldi and a perpetual Adam Smith are required. With a good government and good trade regulations, Sicily might still pour forth enough to supply all Europe with oil and oranges, and take goods in exchange. We are very well off for lodgings, in a sort of hotel removed a little way from the town, and Lady Alice and Ea trot in and out to Palermo buying biscuits and mosquito curtains. At night we read aloud. But, dearest Nina, what would I give to be well and at home. I am long past the time and strength now for caring for foreign parts as such.

"Speak to Lewis of me, and tell him how often I think of him. Dear child! I lose all those early days which can never be recalled, the flower of childhood, more beautiful and more tender than the sweetest flower that grows. What fleeting shadows our dearest treasures are! Yet they are shadows of the pattern in the Mount, the substance of which is in God Himself, and doubtless He is keeping them for us against the long day of eternity, when they will come back to us one by one, glorified indeed, but as old remembered forms. There is much laid up for us there, but what we find there will in part depend on what we have made of our lives here. Much, however, will be added, but I think for a long time at least we shall live in the music and memory of the past restored to us. I hope you see a great deal of Sir John. There is no one out of my own family for whom I have so great an affection. I look on that winter which you and I spent there with Cayley and Erskine as the turning-point of my second life. It gave me rest, peace, assurance, when all things and all hopes were broken and gone in Argyllshire. Blessed be that ever dear and good man and all his house. I have been reading Campbell on the Atonement to-day; tell him I am looking at his pencillings with great interest."

Shortly after his arrival at Palermo the Bishop was

seized with a very serious illness, which prostrated him for a month, and necessitated the most assiduous nursing of his wife and daughter. "Dear Alice," he writes, "she had such an earnest desire for a clerical or episcopal life, as handmaid to God's minister, and as yet she has seen so little of it—nothing in fact but illness."

To Bishop [illegible]:—

PALERMO, *November 1st*, 1864.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,—How sorry I am not to address you any more in Argyllshire. I felt so strong when you were there, 'bearing my burdens,' as you did, and so 'fulfilling the law of Christ.' I got a newspaper giving an account of all the good things you said at my synod, and I hear of all the kind things you have done everywhere and always. Truly, dear brother, your visit will be long remembered in the West, and for this reason above all: I think that it is Christianity which makes one all that is truly reverend, and people saw that you were what you were by its means, not a Christian simply because of your office. I cannot but hope that with good effect you have spoken to the Presbyterian mind of the diocese, and on the High Church element you already have left your mark by the conversion of our friend at ——. He used to think that a man is good *because* he is a bishop, not fit to be a bishop simply because he is good; but I trust he will rise to better things, though he has fought long against them.

"I hope that the weather was not *very* bad; the climate is the only real fault of Argyll and the Isles. I have not had any account of any meetings (but that of the synod) or of any particulars as to your leaving. I trust, however, that all went well, and that, on the whole, you did not repent of going to the Highlands; and I do trust that Mrs. Tait found our little parsonage sufficient for her always hospitable purposes. She has made to herself many friends in our neighbourhood, and I like to think of her and your children being

familiar with our goings out and comings in. Now, alas! Bishopston is desolate enough, and must remain so until, if God will, our return—I would that were soon. I suppose that I am past the age and have not the health now to enjoy life abroad. Since I came to Palermo I have suffered much; I could not have imagined such pain as I had for a week; however, I am now better, but have only been out once. The weather is *sultry*, and has been ever since we came here, with mosquitos and all the evils of the tropics.

"Bishop Trower was here when we came, and stayed a week. We had not been quite so cordial in our relations as we used to be since the matter of the Duke of Argyll's excommunication and my protest. I was consequently glad of the opportunity of explaining that I waited until he had resigned Glasgow ere I made my protest, and that I had declined going to Inverary lest secondary motives should be attributed, and so we parted good friends. I had much talk with him on the recent Privy Council decision, and tried to convince him that an antagonistic verdict would have been suicidal for the Church of England, that not Rome itself could, or would, decide as to the extent or exact validity of Inspiration, and that in deciding as she did the Church accomplished a great deliverance, and showed her true knowledge of her office and her fitness for the guidance of the nations, not by the removal of dogma, but in directing attention to the central object of her testimony—the Revelation of God.

"Those who are removed from the field of action, and who only see questions through the medium of party newspapers, do not know the real position of affairs, and are apt to get alarmed, mainly from imperfect information. But, dear Bishop, I must stop, first because I must now remember that you, alas! are in the midst of all your letters and old claims and calls, and that I have now no longer claim or call upon you, and then that I am, though not *long*, still *tedious*. May He who guides us when we go out, not knowing whither we go, bring us altogether to that one mansion where there is no more going out—you, my dear brother and sister in the Lord, and your dear

children, where we shall be, not as now, each in his separate cell, but indeed together, and always."

To the SAME :—

PALERMO, *December 9th*, 1864.

"MY DEAR BISHOP TAIT,—I was hoping to write to you a more interesting letter than my last, but I fear I have but little to communicate. My first feeling is again of thanks for all you have done in Argyll and Scotland. I am sure that the only true hope for the real welfare of Scottish Episcopacy as a Church lies in its giving prominence in its teachings to that on which you (and I, in a little way) have laid stress. But, as I said before, the Church does not recognise her calling as she ought. I hope our Church Society will really be of use to us, but it has hitherto done little, from the laity not caring to support it; and in Argyll, save the Appin and Lochaber people, who are poor, there are few to help. One plan suggested for the society's operations has the great defect of making garments for people who do not exist. *The* plan, I conceive, is to support liberally one or two bishops and clergy, who might collect a *Church* and then to organize. Organization will not *make* a Church; you must have your living soul as well as the red earth for Adam.

"I am busy with my Charge, which is, in fact, a defence of the Church of England. I read your excellent address at Edinburgh * with great interest; it was a difficult subject well handled, and wisely. If the Church (as the Abbé Ventura well states) does not keep ahead of the world, the world will soon turn round and teach her. The day has gone by, happily, for mere theologies, and now, I trust, we are coming to the real thing—*the kingdom of the truth*. Alas! our friends at Oxford and elsewhere (bishops, cabinet ministers, &c.), the 'rulers of the darkness of this world' (the bishops, no doubt, meaning well) advance under cover of theological formulæ to 'put out the light.' The Church of England does run risk from

* Delivered at the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh.

this reaction, and certainly the Judicial Court decision has somewhat to answer for. But apart from the special truths at stake, the Church had to choose between the past and the future, between the armour of Saul and the weapons of the present, with which to encounter the progressive thought and intellect of the age. And, dear Bishop, do you not feel that you occupy firm and joyful ground in resolving to stand upon the truth alone, the truth as revealed, not in words merely, but in the monitions and drawings of the Holy Ghost—the truth that God is our Father and is doing all things well. In the light of this truth we can look upon our opponents lovingly and say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But it requires much faith in the character of God and in the future of man to use these words when we see the attempt deliberately made to put out light. . . .

"Yet we shall, I think, see the day when these decisions, or non-decisions, of the Privy Council will be looked upon as the salvation of the Church and the *Habeas Corpus* of our clergy, as the assertion that 'Scripture contains all things necessary to salvation' is its *Magna Charta*. And if Denison and his friends would but consider how the law saved *them* they would not now so condemn it. Assuredly the 'Crown in Council' is a good thing, if, when warring priests cry for fire and faggot, the Crown, like Gallio, will have none of these things, and will not let 'acts of faith' be perpetrated. A certain party have no objection at all to the Crown when it is thrown into their own scale; Innocent could sing pæans over the slaughter of the Albigenses. Here the whole city is given to idolatry. Yesterday, at the decennial celebration of the Immaculate Conception, the prefect, military, priests, and people (many barefooted) followed in procession a great silver image of the Virgin, carried all up the Toledo, from one end to the other, with incense and bands of music. The military and the government, however, are very averse to these things, and I believe that the education which the young men are now receiving through the army will go far to regenerate Italy. Soldiers, as a rule, do not lie, or steal, or run away, which are the Italian vices. At any

rate, education will enable them to realise a fact when they meet with one, such as 'seeing is believing.'

"I am, thank God, on the whole, better, but suffer very much from pain. To-day I can scarcely see for headache, but I was out yesterday. We have had a fortnight of cold wet weather, but still we have peas, oranges, and lemons in the garden, with other 'fixings,' all ready for the table. Lady Alice and I send our best affection to Mrs. Tait, who will be glad to have you safe from those seas, no longer a bishop *in partibus*."

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

PALERMO, *December* 14*th*, 1864.

"I should not have been so long in giving an account of myself had I not had a rather sorry bill of health to send. I have been somewhat like a porpoise, now seen, now out of sight (in no other way porpoise-like). I am in bed one week, and the next out of it; but, thank God, I am more out than in, and that increasingly. The weather is wonderful. Bright July suns of England, and green peas every day. I do not forget dear Mrs. Stirling's green peas of last spring, or turtle, or all the many outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible grace, of which I was unworthy, save that love actually raises up its recipient to the nature of the donor. Love begets love, and all love is one, and things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. At least, love raises us up to understand Him that is true, and he who loves and is loved is not afraid to set his foot upon the truth, and to stand on it, whatever it looks like. Here religion is 'without understanding.' Men either worship not, or they know not what they worship. The religious instincts and hunger are strong, and the people eat what comes to hand, saints, or angels, or anything tangible. Such a procession as that of last week, on the day of the commemoration of the decree of the Immaculate Conception, I should have thought it impossible to see anywhere out of Benares. Some tracts on the reasonableness of Christianity would be very useful; but then the Sicilians do not read, too often cannot.

"We have such good accounts of you and dear Sir John from my daughter Nina, who keeps us well informed of what goes on in your circle. It is a great pleasure to hear from her about you all—one of the greatest I have. In the intervals of illness I have been writing a Charge (but which has swelled into a volume); on the meaning, &c., of the late decision of the Privy Council in England—a defence of it. It is but an apologetic article, intended to keep the younger clergy and others from a move Romeward; for now many of them are all agog for a Free Church, which will end in Rome, saying and believing that the definitions of belief by the State are merely intended to empty what is called dogma of its meaning, and that if dogma is declared to be a mere husk or shell, Divine revelation is deprived both of its authority and its significance! It is wonderful that it should be supposed that *our belief* can affect the *nature of facts*, or make Scripture to be other than what it is. I believe that Holy Scripture contains all things necessary for salvation, but I believe not less that the light of the present must be brought to bear upon the facts of the past, which latter belief simply implies the acceptance of the assurance that God is with his Church to the end of the world, teaching by Providence, and by the unfolding of the secrets of Nature.

"What rest it is to know God, and to know that we know Him; that which we know not need not disturb us, as all proceeds from Him, and is ever in Him, ever has been, and ever will be. *Why* I only came into existence a short time ago I know not, but it seems to me that *having once been* I shall never cease to be. Can a mother forget her child? If not, can *the Father* forget us, and let us go—where? Into nothing? To think so is to deny the personality of God, and if the personality, then *Creation*. It is asked, however, why is God so difficult to find? But are we so carnal as to think it possible that mere flesh and blood *can* see God, who is only to be apprehended by will and conscience? So to think is only to imagine that one could make a revelation of Shakspere to a pig, whose only possible Shakspere is *acorns*. But we are not mere animals; we cannot live by bread alone. God is that

for which we hunger, the hunger is produced by Himself; and, did we but know it, the very fact that we seek after Him is the sure witness and proof that we have already been *found* by Him. We seek for that outside which already has 'apprehended' us, and we go after *finite* proofs of the *infinite*, when all the while God Himself is training us to yearn after Himself, and as spiritual beings to take delight in those eternal realities the full fruition of which constitutes His own blessedness.

"I would, dear Mr. Erskine, your little 'Conclusion' (at the end of your book on 'Election') were republished as a tract, for it is a solemn thing to know, to be conscious that we have a knowledge gained in that great and terrible wilderness, but also under the sunny boughs of the tree of life, and to fear that it should pass as a sweet song, never, never to be heard when we are gone. There is no *perfect* knowledge, and it is a mistake, I believe, to wait until the time is more complete—the time is never complete. Our first harpings pleased in the nursery and in the schools young ears now, perhaps, no more here. It is not conceit which makes me say this, for I am not speaking of myself; *but for this*—that they who know are little aware how little others (most others) know, and that one word is often an 'open sesame,' if not to the whole treasure of Aladdin, yet to the beginning of it. I am, you see, but putting up a mark for you to fire at. Pray soon fire at me, anything, something—the more the better—only light, life, truth. I wish I had more room, which I am sure you do not."

To Miss WINKWORTH:—

PALERMO, *December 16th*, 1864.

"I never take up your 'Lyra Germanica'—and I take it up very often—without feeling my debt to you for your long and most welcome letter. . . .

"The weather here is wonderful — the suns of an English July, and the fruits and flowers of June—peas, beans, roses, carnations, and the everlasting orange blossom, fruit, and leaves. It is a lovely land, but it

wants the foregrounds, brushwoods, wildness, and sublimity of England and of Scotland. I think the solitudes of the last are more impressive than the mountains of Switzerland, though these latter are undoubtedly higher and bigger. Our outlying Hebrides give me the idea of the first draft of the creation, when man was created to till the ground, much better than I find in Sicily; for here, a long false teaching and bad government, and the mixed blood of African and Greek, Italian and Autochthones—whatever they were—has produced a people far gone, as the articles say, in sin original and actual. . . .

"I trust that the teaching of Mr. Campbell, in his great work on 'The Atonement,' and in his 'Thoughts on Revelation,' will, ere long, bring light and order into the present chaotic condition of English thinking. I do not doubt, dear Miss Winkworth, that your contributions in the 'Lyra Germanica' will help on the coming day, by enabling many to realise things spiritual, which indeed *are*, whether we realise them or not. No doubt the vast time which it takes for light and life to bow the heavens and come down, and the slow pace at which it seems needful that the resurrection of humanity should advance, constitute a great difficulty. But when we see that it takes ages to form the dead rocks, shall we wonder that it takes a long time to raise up immortal souls into the likeness of the Eternal God. Moreover, as we know that in external nature nothing errs from law, in like manner—amid all the contradictions and confusions within us—we must believe that there is a reigning order in the spiritual world, while our consciences themselves bear witness that God is not the author of confusion, but of peace and truth and righteousness. May we lay this to heart, and ourselves at the feet of Christ!

"If you see any of the Stanleys, or the Bishop of London, pray remember us to them, and honouring you, dear Miss Winkworth, and your dear sister in the Lord, for the great work you are doing for the establishment of His kingdom, I pray that you may ever be upheld by Him."

To MRS. CRUM :—

PALERMO, *December 20th*, 1864.

"A Happy New Year to you all, as a Happy New Year it will be to all who let go evil. We are here well and fairly happy, singing the songs of Sion in a far land. . . . Your letters, which you think so little of, give me more pleasure than I can tell—all about dear Sir John, Erskine, and Polloc. How every sofa, chair, window, the view, the sunset, rises up as you mention them. I think of them—the prayers at night, my walks with dear Sir John, his lying listening to your music. You will understand how my heart clings to him and to that place, when I say he and it were my haven in that day when, after twenty years of work and struggle in the Scotch Episcopal Church, things all looked dark. Then he spake words (the first) of hope. Then your own affairs—Alexander, his cheerfulness and kindness, his industry and usefulness. Dear Lewis—his little ways, alas! to be big ways when I see him again, if God wills. His warning in his letter to me, 'Beware of earthquakes,' convulsed all Palermo!"

To his BROTHER :—

January 3rd, 1865.

"I am giving all my time to this charge. I am anxious that my views should be really well considered, and you will understand why when I tell you what these are—1st, the basis of Revelation; and 2ndly, the mode by which Revelation accomplishes its objects.

"The old appeal to the 'faith once delivered to the saints,' as if that faith had been a series of propositions, will no longer meet the wants of the age, and the cry that 'if one article of our old belief goes, all goes,' is the utterance only of fear or of folly. Do those who make that appeal or utter such a cry really mean that Christianity would be proved to be untrue, and our faith in God would all fall to pieces, if geology and honest criticism should compel us to admit that there are statements in the Bible which cannot be regarded as either historically or scientifically true? Or, again: is it in the least true, as the Bishop of Lincoln says in his charge, 'that setting up man's subjective

judgment as the standard of truth and falsehood, is the root of scepticism'? If a man is not to receive a truth—or what is alleged to be a truth—by means of his own judgment, by what means can he receive it? But in reality he does so receive it. If a man, for example, resolves to surrender his own judgment to that of the Church of Rome, his resolution is simply an act of his private judgment. We must bear our own burden, tread the path of life for ourselves. We may be put on it by others, but we must walk on it ourselves, and realise for ourselves where we are, and whither we are going. God is calling us now to enter on our birthright. May His grace bring us all safe to the end, as no doubt it will."

The charge above alluded to became not only "a volume," but a volume and a pamphlet: the latter, "A Charge addressed to the Clergy of the Diocese of Argyll and the Isles;" and the former, "An Address to the Younger Clergy and Laity on the Present State of Religion, being some Contributions towards a Defence of the Church of England."

In the meanwhile the author thus writes respecting it:—

PALERMO, *January 6th*, 1865.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—At least half the people belonging to the Christian world have never thought of these things. When they do, they will see that there is no way but that proposed in my work by which we can save revelation. Save revelation? Yes, from the traditions with which it has been overlaid, and under which no 'free spirit' is left for man. I believe we shall have a great increase of light and life ere long. I was quite aware of what you say as to sceptical literature in Oxford, but I am never afraid that truth will do harm to any one. If my work is not published, I may be saved some trouble. But yet I would rather have this trouble than keep silence. Out of pure love to the truth, and love to those from whom I differ, I

could not say less than I have done; and if there are risks to be run (and there always have been such in establishing the Kingdom of the Truth), I have done nothing yet for God in return for all He has done for me, and I should not like to count the cost of the offering."

And again:—

PALERMO, *February 5th*, 1865.

"I do not feel that I can justifiably relinquish the conclusions of so many years of an earnest search after truth, in mere deference to existing opinions. These are my own convictions of truth, pondered in the light of eternity, on a bed of sickness from which, during many hours, I never expected to rise again. They are the condensed and best thoughts of the best part of a year. Moreover, I think the Church of England is in much graver peril than is generally supposed. On the one hand, the recent decision of the Privy Council is felt far more deeply by the Anglo-Catholic party than is commonly suspected, turning many eyes towards the Roman, as a Free Church, compared with the English; and on the other, the 'Essays and Reviews' party think their victory means the proclamation by the Establishment that 'all that we know is, nothing can be known'—a conclusion from which I utterly dissent, rejoicing, as do I in the verdict, not as the triumph of negation, but as the 'bringing in of a better hope.' I believe the Address is wanted, and will help those who want help, and those who do not, are those only who will be offended by it."

The charge, which bears date Palermo, Advent Sunday, 1864, treats mainly, though not exclusively, of matters which related more immediately either to the diocese of Argyll or to the interests of the Scotch Episcopalian Church; and among the latter, the Bishop notes with great thankfulness the repeal of the Clerical Disabilities—a measure, which he had been engaged in promoting for upwards of twenty years.

But in the "Address to the Younger Clergy" the Bishop discusses some of the most momentous theological problems of the day, and begins with a review of the late judgment (February 18th, 1864) of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of "Essays and Reviews." The following admirable estimate by a layman of its value and drift is here re-published, with the author's kind permission.

THE BISHOP OF ARGYLL ON THE PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION.

(*From the Spectator of July 7th*, 1866.)

"WE do not know a single bishop in the English Episcopate who could have produced so bold, Catholic, and thoroughly Apostolic an address as this of, we imagine, the only liberal bishop in the Scotch branch of our Church, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Those to whom we look with the sincerest admiration and respect on the bench of English Bishops—the Bishop of St. David's and the Bishop of London—are as wise and liberal, but scarcely as full of simple faith and that white light of Christian feeling of which St. John's Gospel gives us the greatest and first example, and which has ever since formed a distinct school in the Church—the school which has always had most fascination for those outside it. Our best bishops in England are chiefly either scholars or statesmen, in whom the spiritual is half-subordinate to the intellectual or administrative faculty. Our worst are ecclesiastics in whom the spiritual faculty is quite subordinate to propagandist dogmatism, and a passion for 'edification' which is far the most dangerous of all the enemies of Truth. This address of the Bishop of Argyll's strikes us as combining all the broad Catholic intellect which the Bishop of St. David's charges have so frequently displayed, and all the wise practical forbearance and calm steadfastness of the Bishop of London, with something of deeper and intenser spiritual conviction and even beauty of

thought, than either has as yet given sign of. It is a misfortune that the Scotch Episcopalians are so few, and the influence therefore of the Episcopalian leaders with their English brethren naturally so limited, that very few English Churchmen are likely to look up to an authority at once so sober and so full of the spirit of Christ.

"Dr. Ewing quotes the happy saying of Ventura, that 'if the Church keeps not pace with the world, the world will go beyond and turn round and teach her,' and shows that as a matter of fact, on all questions of intellectual charity, sobriety, and justness of judgment, the State, in this point representing the world, does go before the Church, and turns round to teach her, and that as a matter of fact it has been a misfortune for the Church whenever the State has not had the firmness to bridle her feverish dogmatic moods :—

"'From the very magnitude of the interests at stake, the priesthood is apt to disregard all considerations other than the accomplishment of their special object. It is well for them when the coarser element is able and willing to moderate their aims in this behalf. It is clear that, in the highest example of all, the Roman Governor, had he acted up to what he felt to be his duty, should have controlled the violence of the priesthood—that Gallio did well for the Church and himself in saving the life of Paul—that the civil power did badly for itself and for the Church when, yielding to the influence of an excited religion in Piedmont, in France, in Holland, in Scotland, and elsewhere, the civil arm was made the instrument of religious executions. It is better for religion to feel the force of the secular arm herself (as in Apostolic and other times), than that the world should feel oppression at the instance of religion.'

"That is good sound Erastianism, without in any way conceding anything to proper worldliness of spirit. It rests on the ground, *not* that it is needful to alloy faith with earthly elements in order to adapt it to the conditions of this world, but that on some questions—questions involving fairness, justice, wisdom, in the treatment of apparently erroneous belief—the State is usually better,

saner, juster than the Church, more disposed to try all moral offences with the same rule and measure, less disposed to punish a wrong thought that is heretical with unquenchable fire, while it passes over a wrong thought that is merely immoral with a placid reproof and absolution.

"But while Dr. Ewing recognises clearly those sides of the highest life which States embody better than Churches, he is not one of those easy latitudinarian divines who prefer State Churches because they mix a little theoretic Christianity with a great deal of practical comfort, quiet, and self-love. No higher or truer doctrine as to the essence of revelation has ever been taught than this little book contains. Revelation appeals, says the Bishop, and can appeal, to nothing higher than our own spiritual discernment. All 'authority' is lower than this, and is at best mere scaffolding, only waiting to be taken down till the truth can stand of itself in our minds by its own evidence. He observes that our Lord Himself assumes this when He says, 'Why, of your own selves, judge not ye that which is right?' and St. Paul when he urges that the law is 'written in men's hearts.' 'Revelation does not come *from* the Church, but *to* the Church,' says the Bishop. 'She is a witness, not a source:'—

"'It is a Divine life produced in a certain way; a simple following of its Great Head and Author. Christianity is to be that which Christ was when on earth. This is its end. Revelation is the means for accomplishing this end —revelation received in the Spirit of Christ—the Divine Spirit. It cannot be but this, or other than this, for it cannot have anything it does not get from Him. It is the communication of a Divine life, through the manifestation of a Divine life. It is the Spirit, the power, the nature of Christ living and manifesting itself in us as it did in Him. It is the raising up of a Divine life in our souls, through the knowledge of the Divine life in the Son, the Spirit of the Son entering into our spirits, and we becoming sons also in our time and measure. Without Christ we can do nothing; all that we attain to is by the process of knowing Christ, and putting on Christ. 'I

am the way, the truth, and the life,' He saith. That is the summary of it; we must know Christ and have Him in us, our hope and glory; we must know the power of His resurrection, and have fellowship in His sufferings, and conformity to His death.'

"From this teaching the Bishop deduces the folly of the cry for a dogmatic authority in the Church able to decide what is true and what is false. 'Had we been living in the consciousness of God's light, we should not have demanded light from earthly sources, or have been confounded if we did not receive it. Such a cry for external guidance as we have lately heard, is it not the cry of Israel for a King when the Lord was King?' 'What standard of doctrine,' Dr. Ewing asks, pertinently enough, '*can* we substitute which may not lead into error? and what right have we to add anything to the word of God?' And the Bishop does not speak, we think, more hopefully than accurately when he says, 'He greatly misreads, as I conceive, the signs of the times, who supposes it is infidelity which is at work. It may become so, but it is not so as yet. Never was there a stronger desire upon the part of man to find the footsteps of God. How to supply the want is another question. That dogma or mere assertion will do so is more than doubtful.' Truthful, too, and most just is the Bishop's reference to the Colenso struggle between authority and science.

"Dr. Ewing admits frankly that the whole history of revelation is the history of an adaptation of human frailty of all sorts to the supernatural purposes of God's divine teaching, and that hence human frailty of all sorts is and must be deeply imbedded in the record of revelation, and only so far overruled as to exhibit clearly, and in greater and greater measure as we reach its consummation in our Lord, the divine life of God shining through the semi-transparent medium of Jewish wilfulness and error. Of course therefore he is grateful to the Privy Council for refusing to lay down any definition as to the *extent* of the inspiration of Scripture,—as to the point where the human frailty ends and the Divine truth begins. The only position, he says, that is quite impregnable with regard to the

inspiration of Scripture is that taken up by the blind man in St. John's Gospel as to the nature of Him who had restored him to sight:—'Whether it be inspired, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.' An empirical, perhaps, but a sure position. And we need not add that on the subjects of Atonement and Eternal Punishment he concurs as heartily as on Inspiration in the refusal of the Privy Council to narrow the dogmatic limits of the Church of England. Nothing can be more manly and decisive than what he says of the forensic doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine that the Atonement was 'a transaction of merit capable of negotiable transference,'—*i.e.* that it was not a perfect sacrifice of the filial will of the Son to that of the Father, saving *because* purifying us and sending a current of new life through all humanity, but a condition precedent to our salvation, satisfying the terms of some imaginary contract between God and humanity, the literal force of which God himself could not otherwise remit. 'Strangely, those who held this doctrine,' says the Bishop, 'as a right in ecclesiastical, would not admit it in civil transactions. It is a doctrine which those who hold are no doubt unaware that virtually it severs the unity of the Deity. In taking a transaction between two persons which infers their diversity, and setting the attributes of God in antagonism to one another, it is a doctrine contrary to the nature of things and to the analogy of faith.' The Bishop himself presenting revelation as the process by which God manifests himself through his Son in human nature so as to penetrate it thoroughly with himself, and bring it to its perfect growth, disposes at once of a theory which treats the incarnation and death of Christ as an ingenious solution of a difficulty caused by the inelastic nature of the divine legality, rather than by the weakness and sinfulness of man."

The principal event in the Bishop's family circle this winter was the marriage of his second daughter to Mr. William Ingham Whitaker, and shortly after parting with her Dr. Ewing thus wrote:—

To Sir JOHN MAXWELL:—

PALERMO, *February 10th*, 1865.

"I well remember that when in the day of my anxieties about my episcopate, I said to you I cared not for my losses in so far as they merely affected myself, and that they only troubled me as affecting the comfort of my daughters. You remarked, 'God, my dear Bishop, has plenty of money.' Your words, dear Sir John, have been fulfilled.

"The little volume of sermons progresses. It will be some memorial of Polloc, where most of them were written. Altogether these last six months will, I hope, leave more behind them than any former ones: 'Litera scripta manet.'

"I have not heard lately from Erskine, but I cannot expect to hear from him very often. His letters, besides, do one good for a long while. He always holds out the cordial truth that God is love, creating us not from necessity but from choice, and having created, so sustaining and perfecting us, forsaking not, nor ever forgetting, the work of His own hands. In Him, dear Sir John, we shall meet again, if not here, then there, but I trust here, and that before very long."

Towards the close of the month of February Dr. Ewing had once more a severe attack of bronchitis, which confined him to the house for four weeks; but on March 15th he writes:—

To his BROTHER:—

"Yesterday I had a two hours' visit from a Capuchin friar, who wishes to become a Protestant! To-day came the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, who wishes *me* to become a Catholic! Lady Alice goes out every day with the sisters to visit the sick, so she too is busy. Also I have been reading over again the 'Bridgewater Treatises,' the works of Madame de Gasparin, the 'Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster,' and Sir Charles Lyell's 'Travels in the United States.'

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

'Do I recognise Mrs. Stirling's handwriting in the book I have just received from you (or it may be from Sir John, for I see his notes in it), 'La Pluralité des Mondes Habitées?' I see that it works out the thought that, so far as we can reach with the telescope, the same laws of matter prevail, and that as it is self-evident that matter is inferior to mind and that the lesser is made for the greater and not merely for itself, the homogeneity of matter in all discovered worlds is a presumptive proof of the co-existence of mind throughout the cosmos. Thus there is no other eternity than the eternity in which we now are. It makes us think of the cosmos with a home-like feeling. I am supposing that you have not read the book, and that it is from Sir John. He has, as you know, a great love for the starry galaxies, 'the street lamps of heaven,' and the great truths they show us every night, of which Blanco White says, speaking of their numbers and their invisibility in the glare of day, 'If light can so deceive us, why not life?' When I came on dear Sir John's pencilling in the book, it made me start—so familiar—so near and yet so far. The Lord be with him.

"I am abridging (without your leave!) the 'conclusion' of your book on election, and getting it put into Italian. I think it is just the thing for the more intelligent Roman Catholics and such priests as will read it. The root of their frightful system is doubtless putting something in place of God—authority for truth."

The tract to which the Bishop refers was translated into French and Italian and was published in its English form with the title, "The Internal Word, or Light becoming Life,"* and the import of it was to show that the light which is certainly contained in the

* "The Internal Word; or Light becoming Life: a short Guide to the Rule of Faith and of Life, being an Abridgment of the Concluding Portion of Mr. Erskine's Tract on 'Election.'" Edited by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Argyll. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

Scriptures has wholly failed, so far as the individual reader is concerned, in its illuminating power until it has opened the inward eye to recognise its Divineness, or called forth into life and power the Word of God which dwelleth *in us*.

To Mrs. CRUM :—

PALERMO, *March 25th.*

"Why should my heart turn to you on my birthday? You were not by when I was born, fifty-one years ago, in Castle Street, Aberdeen—that house now, of course, so well known to travellers and artists! Is it because the 'flowers of the forest are a' wede away,' and your airs remind me of the old sounds of my childhood? I suppose so. How marvellous is the power of song, which awakens with its vibrations the echoes of old years, and shows us in these young faces, which are young no longer, or which have already passed on into that unseen country where, doubtless, there is a perennial youth. It is of no consequence what the song is; it may be 'My Daddy is a Canker'd Carl,' or 'The Flowers of the Forest,' or 'The Kye comes Hame.'

"I had such a drive two days ago to a village two miles off, and all alone. It was (and I hope still is) in a valley full of peach and plum and cherry and almond trees, in full blossom. Lizards were nestling among the leaves, and the flowers were brilliantly blue and red and yellow. To be sure there were robbers—lots—trees full—and every day people are carried away and have their throats cut; but to me, subject to bronchitis, what does that signify? I just say to the robbers, 'Gentlemen, you need not take me. If I am out after five it is fatal to me; and I have left word to pay no ransom if I am out after five.' They say I am a civil and decent man, and let me off. Lady Herbert and her children run great risk, as they are amidst trees in the suburbs. She has been obliged to have a guard in the garden *sempre sempre*, lest Lord Pembroke, or any of the girls, or she herself, should be carried off. She writes to us to go there for the rest of the time

we are to be here (I suppose that we may die together!). Last night two poor maid-servants had their throats cut in a house near this when their masters were at the opera. It is too shocking that this state of things should be suffered for a single day; but neither the upper classes nor any other class will give evidence from fear of revenge. The Duca di —— was driving in the public gardens outside the gates. His carriage was stopped by some of these *gentlemen* in a 'break,' who told his servants to drive off their master to the mountains. Our old friend —— here is afraid to look out of his windows lest he should be carried off; and there is no doubt of the risk, nor of the fellows putting you to death if the ransom money is not sent. I do not believe that the state of things is known in Turin, and no one will tell them, they are such a set of cowards, all afraid of *la vendetta—Cosi si fa nella Sicilia.* Pray tell Lewis about the robbers, and tell him we have had an earthquake, but a very little one!

"If I am better we may go to Lady Herbert's; but we are in very different boats as to the Pope, whom I consider to be the cause of all this degradation, for the priests have for ages 'taken away the key of knowledge.' Religion and morality are one, but here they are not, and have not for many a day been regarded as one.

"Sir John sent me 'La Pluralité des Mondes;' it has been a real treasure to me. How glorious to think, as we see the stars shining above us at night, that those bright worlds are filled with intelligences not unlike, but necessarily like, our own, only with a higher development, and that we shall attain to brotherhood with them (as we enter into *His* rest), and at length to perfect fellowship with Him, who made and filleth all things, and thus become consciously one with each other and with God.

"Sam has left us. Love to little Lewis, whom I long to see. I must tear myself away from you, dear child. Good night! Good night, for it is late."

To the Bishop of ST. ANDREWS:—

PALERMO, *March 28th*, 1865.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND,—I should not have

been so long in writing to you—although, indeed, the departed ghost cannot speak until spoken to, and I have no word from you—had I not had a great deal of shakiness, and little heart for writing. I was doing very well until six weeks ago, when it began to snow and hail, as it has done ever since. The hills around Palermo are still white: 'Such a winter the oldest Sicilian has never seen,' &c.

"You cannot think how degraded this country is.—Everything in matters of faith is received without inquiry as to its meaning, as if one thing was just as good as another. I doubt if civil liberty will stand without religious development, nay, I do not doubt, for I am sure it will not. The ecclesiastical apparatus is immense, but the clergy seem to me to teach nothing, and I fear the laymen believe nothing; yet how melancholy it is to see the numbers of our countrymen and countrywomen abroad, who are philandering with the priests, and coquetting with Rome, and telling us (at least they tell me) that the 'Church of England is a sham,' and that they cannot stay in it. Ah, well a-day! they cannot stay in that pure Church which invites inquiry, and shuns no battle, and shrinks not from the breeze, whose motto is, 'wrestling for truth with the angel,' not 'sealing the stone, and setting a watch,' to keep in truth, like our friend Pio Nono. But I must not run on in this way, only my blood boils to see our English aristocracy running off into outer darkness, and despising the 'kindly light' of old England.

"I see you have taken (pray excuse me the compliment) a step in the right direction, in admitting to the wearing of a linen ephod a layman of the Church, whom I doubt not the Lord hath called, and whom you now have called to his office. If that were done in Italy and elsewhere, the first step would be taken in claiming our part in the new covenant, wherein all are to be taught of God, and form a royal priesthood: 'Pur si muove'—no doubt of it, it moves when we sleep. The everlasting progress of religion, as of nature, is unfolding itself, and ever saying, 'Come up higher.' The Book *is* unsealed, but it is the Lamb, no doubt, who unseals it; and the

meaning of Revelation becomes manifest more and more by the interpretation of the ages. I fear, from the attitude of Bishop Gray and Bishop Colenso, that we shall have serious work in England. I do not really know *what* Bishop Gray could have done other than he has done, being 'metropolitan.' At the same time he commits the Church of England to belief in the assertion that the statements in Genesis are to be taken literally as facts, and he would thus rest the integrity of Christianity upon statements which unquestionably are not in accordance with the facts of nature. It is Rome and Galileo over again, with this difference, that the Church of England bases her position upon truth as seen on inquiry, and Rome merely upon authority, whereby she has, no doubt, lost hold on all intelligent inquirers. Still *she* claims to be the one and only Church, whereas our only claim is that, 'by manifestation of the truth,' we commend the truth to every man's conscience."

On the 17th of April, on the eve of his leaving Palermo, the Bishop received from Messrs. Longman two copies of his address. On the whole he felt satisfied with the friendly revision to which it had been subjected, but he was greatly distressed on reflecting that special mention had not been made in the Address of the names of two men to whom he felt greatly indebted — John Macleod Campbell and Frederick Denison Maurice. Of the former he writes:—

"He should have held in this book the place of honour which belongs to him. Excepting Erskine, we have had no writer since apostolic times who has come so near the divine nature, and I feel it due to the truth and to myself to place him among apostolic men."

Of Professor Maurice he says:—

"Depend upon it the time is coming when there will be

a great split in the Church of England, and all those who are now of one mind should be drawing closer to each other. Maurice is a man of God who has fought a good fight, and the truth requires that he should be publicly recognised by all who are not ashamed of the truth itself."

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN TO SCOTLAND—PUBLICATION OF BOOK ON IONA.

1865.

ON April 18th the Bishop consecrated the English burial-ground, and on the following day he set off for Naples.

To Mr. ERSKINE :—

POMPEII, NAPLES, *April 27th*, 1865.

" . . . We have just come from Pompeii. Alice and I spent the day there, in that *hortus siccus* of poor withered and dead flowers—the streets worn into ruts with the wheels of how many cars and carriages! the walls written over with the names of how many thousands who have no other memorial here! the theatres, where the many laughed, and where now one or two pale strangers stare and sigh! old Vesuvius above, looking at his handiwork with his grim cone still smoking, Here once stood a town in which there was no Pope, no Mahometan delusion, no American, no printing-press, no gunpowder; and when it perished, it was but seventy-nine years after Jesus Christ was born, of whom the inhabitants had never heard. St. Paul had sailed close by but a few years before the catastrophe, and landed at Puteoli. Beasts were still sacrificed to Isis, Jupiter and Mercury looking on. But Art was beautiful. The designs on the country villas show the touch of a master hand, as do those on the locandas even outside the walls. Without, what change; within, all as it was nearly eighteen hun-

dred years ago!—the very form of a young, dying girl, with her face buried in her hands, being as fresh as if the sculptor had just retired a little space to look at his work. But I must not forget that you are not fresh from Pompeii."

To his BROTHER:—

HOTEL DE ROME, *May 5th*, 1865.

"We got here all well on Tuesday from Naples. We were very sorry at last to leave Palermo; it had grown so lovely for the last three weeks—flowers of all hues, trees all in blossom, blue shadows, and white villas, and azure seas. I longed for all my friends to come and lie, lizard-like, and bask in the glory and quiet of it. The good Whitakers and others did so much to render it enjoyable.

"Well! here the Via Appia is still the Via Appia, its monuments as of old, only I think more abundant than ever; for Pio Nono has done a good deal in opening up *the physical past*, if he has done a good deal in shutting up the metaphysical future. He brought his endeavours in the latter direction very touchingly home to me at his Porter's Lodge (Ceprano) on the frontier, where he took away my newspaper, a Neapolitan one, shaking his fist at me very grimly in the shape of a gendarme; and at his own gates here my sermons and robes were only let in by Alice (like Rachel on her father's images) sitting on the box at the *douane*. But Rome is Rome nevertheless; and next morning my car 'climbed the Capitol,' and I saw her glories, not 'star by star expire,' but expand, as of yore, at my feet.

"Yesterday we saw the Vatican—Apollo slaying Python—the gospel of the old world, his face yet flashing 'beautiful disdain.' Were I to criticise Byron here, I should say there is a certain doubt mingled with the disdain—very human but not quite divine, for a god when he shoots should and could have no feeling of mistake. I think the Laocoon even a finer statue than the Apollo. The face is wonderful, and evidently that from which the painters have taken their idea of Christ in the Crucifixion.

I saw Cardinal Antonelli the other day—a thoughtful, deep, yet not bad face—like A. Z., only with fifty A. Z.'s power.

"I preached here to-day in our English church, which, like St. Paul's, is outside the walls.

"We have Baron von Hübner here, the Austrian ambassador to Paris, living very quietly. He is writing the life of Sixtus V. The Baron, though a pronounced Catholic, is a very intelligent and good man, much taken with Erskine's letters, which he is now reading. Woodward knows him also, and says he is probably the most fascinating person he ever met, but *deficient in dogma*. I say, 'Do you mean by dogma that of which you do not understand the meaning?' He is not deficient in sense. On his remarking, the other day, that all the Protestants in North Germany were rationalists, I replied, 'Because they have not yet had a Christianity given them which they could understand. Do you suppose that a man can really believe on authority? Would you put out his eyes to make him a believer? If you have superior reason on your side, depend upon it, on their own principles, they must go over to you.'"

Dr. Ewing left Rome at the end of May, proceeding to Paris *viâ* Civita Vecchia and Marseilles. He broke the journey, however, first at Leghorn, where he preached in the English church on Ascension Day, and then he halted for a few days at Vienne, in the hope of discovering some fresh memorials of the ancient Celtic Church in the neighbourhood.

To his BROTHER:—

HOTEL WESTMINSTER, RUE DE LA PAIX,
PARIS, *June 1st*, 1865.

"I am to see Montalembert on Saturday. I am anxious to talk with him on the subject of the Celtic Church. I found traces of it again at Chalons.

"I fear my Address does not interest the reviewers. There can be no question of the importance of the subjects

of which it treats. The Papacy keeps Rome together, the Synod the Greek Church, the State the Church of England, and the Westminster Confession the Free Church; but I presume none of these are revelation. What, then, is it? and how to be known? I think myself that it is answered in the passages which speak of men having 'all things in common,' and being all of one mind, when yet there was no New Testament Scriptures and no Creeds, but only the affirmation, '*Have we not seen* the Lord Jesus Christ?' which did not mean merely beholding with the eye, but recognising with the understanding, the revelation of God in Christ, the revelation of that which God desires in man—that we should be as Christ was, 'followers of God as dear children,' responding to his claims on our hearts in the spirit which cries 'Abba Father,' and hoping on unto the end, when we shall wake up in His likeness and be satisfied. I think a simple condition of belief like this would not require either Subscription or Popes, and we shall come to this in that day when 'every man shall know the Lord.' At present many only know the Pope, or Dr. Guthrie, or regard God as a sort of insurance office, to which if they pay the premiums they will get the sum insured at death."

Dr. Ewing's return to London was saddened by the news of the death of his much-beloved friend, Sir John Maxwell. "One of the greatest joys," he writes, "towards which I looked forward in coming home, was to be with him again, who has been as a father to me for so many years." But it was some comfort to him to know that his daughter had ministered to him during his last days, and that her husband was present when he passed away. He thus writes to her:—

CLAPHAM RECTORY, *June 11th.*

"It will be a terrible blank in your neighbourhood, for though his later years were full of infirmities, yet that high

and noble nature was always elevating, always lifting one up to higher things, always leaving an unworldly and heroic flavour. He was one of nature's gentlemen, not only by his birth and position, but by the delicacy and unselfishness of his heart, and his constant anxiety to save others all possible trouble, especially the trouble of doing anything for him. Now I fear this is seldom to be found—the perfect type of the old English Christian gentleman. But we must be glad that we have known him. It is a pleasant and inspiring memory. But, alas! for the warm hand and the kind expressions! They will be long missed, and were I likely to be here long behind him, I should only daily miss them more."

In order to attend an episcopal synod which was to be held at Perth early in July, the Bishop hurried to Scotland; but, to his great regret, he was unable to be present at the meeting:—

To the Bishop of St. Andrews —

Capelrig, *July 12th.*

"My dear Brother,—I got up early this morning to go, but could not stand from constant sickness. Last night, too, the carriage was at the door, and I hoped to have got off. I do not know that I ever had a greater disappointment.

"I should be truly glad if I could be of any use in a scheme for Christianizing the Continent. But it is a difficult subject, and, although I have had a large experience of Italy, I do not know that I could give any general rules. The first thing, I believe, would be to make it distinctly clear that Catholicism and the Papacy are not convertible terms for Religion and Christianity. Catholic, to an Italian, means Christian. 'What is Christianity?' That, I believe, is the great question to put to an Italian. From that he will go on to the question of the Papacy, and it will not be difficult to show him that that is not, and cannot be, of the essence of Christianity. Your brother's society, the Anglo-Continental, is, I think, publishing in the right

direction for the priests, with this exception, that the controversy of the Reformation is not that of to-day. New books are needed. I should say that for the Continent two things should be kept in view—a literature for the Priests, showing that mere authority is not enough; and a literature for the People—plain tracts and the Bible."

His second daughter had followed the Bishop to England, and had greatly gladdened him by her occasional presence in the old home; but she had taken leave of him to spend the winter in Palermo, and he thus wrote to her:—

BISHOPSTON, *September 6th*, 1865.

"MY DEAREST EA,—I never wrote a letter with more difficulty than this in my life; for, on the one hand, if I do not tell you what it has cost me to part with you, I shall leave you to think you are lightly cared for—the greatest evil which can befall any one. Again, if I tell you, it will only add to your own sorrows, and you will say with St. Paul, Acts xxi. 13. But, dearest child, I must write something, and at once. Know, then, once for all, that since your mother died, nothing has touched me so deeply as this. Day and night your departure is in my heart—the first thing in waking, the last in going to sleep. When I heard first of your marriage I was standing on the pier at Palermo, where we landed from the *Revenge*. It was past sunset, and the evening star was shining over that high hill above Baido to the right. It always brings back your mother to look at that star, and she then seemed present with me. I prayed, as in her presence, that if this were good for you, it might go on, and I must believe that it is for good. I then thought myself not likely to be with you long, and I thought little of *where* you were to be. What I thought of was one to take care of you if I were gone. I thought and think that you have found such an one. Alas! my being spared makes it now a matter of importance where you are to be.

"*I* shall live in the hope that you are not to be long

away, or that I may go to you, But I do not know what to counsel you—to think of us is bad, and not to think of us is equally so.

"I think this is the thing to do: to look at and to possess all things as in God. You came from Him, so did I, so did your husband, your mother, all near and dear. Have all in Him, as in Him, and from Him. Through prayer and the Holy Communion rise up into Him, and learn more and more to abide in Him; and when you see that evening star, think of your mother and of me, and that we are thinking of and praying for you. That will bring us near, and keep us near together and safe until we meet again."

While these sheets were being sent to press, the beloved child of Bishop Ewing, to whom the preceding letter was addressed, died at Brighton, November, 1876. She was a bright, courageous and altogether harmonious nature, combining much of fine intellectual endowment, silent heroism, and true womanly grace; and when she passed away, it is permitted to the present biographer to say that amid the sorrow of those who had taken their last farewell of Mrs. Whitaker, the feeling of thankfulness rose simultaneously in the hearts of all that the Bishop had been spared the pain of so parting with her.

The synod of this year met at Lochgilphead on the 13th of September, and afterwards came the usual round of visitations.

To his BROTHER:—

BALLACHULISH HOUSE, *September*, 1865.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—All well here, and we are a large party. The Bishop and Mrs. Tait and his two brothers. There was a grand opening of the Workmen's Institution, which Mr. Tennant has built in the Quarries. Everything

went off well, speechifying and all. On Sunday I confirmed fifty, and I am told eight hundred were present at the service. To-morrow we go to Lord Abinger's, next week to Lord Morton's, and then home. It is touching to see the respect paid here and the affection of the people. Truly the Bishop of Argyll ought to live here. There is glen upon glen of the nicest people in the world, of whom everything might be made by an intelligent and godly man."

To the SAME:—

THE GARRISON, CUMBRAE, *October 17th.*

"I quite feel the force of what you say about the writings of Erskine and Campbell. I can only say that I come away a wiser and a better man from their writings or presence, than from the writings or presence of any other men: more full of faith and courage, and of all in short which it is my office to dispense—of that which I should sell in my *shop*, or else sell nothing at all. I am quite aware that I *seem* to do more when I am more engaged in routine—letter-writing, and the "business," as it is called, of the parish and the church; but I suspect that I in reality *do* far more when I try to speak a few words in the spirit which these holy men awaken in me than at any other time, or in any other way. We were with Campbell last week, and with Erskine the week before at Linlathen, and after seeing bishops and priests and ministers of religion without number for the last eighteen months, my feeling is that intercourse with these two men brought me more fully and more immediately into the presence of God than the talk of any others ever did."

To MRS. CRUM:—

December 28th, 1865.

"MY DEAR NINA,—I write to thank you for your very kind remembrance in sending me 'Robertson's Life,' a present of thought more valuable than any mere Christmas book or other gift. Poor Robertson comes out in his letters with much that I have felt (in a small way) myself, and he helps me to a deeper realisation of

that underlying life of the soul which is not dependent on externals, but which gives to all circumstances their true colour and significance, forming, as it were, God within ourselves, while we, as gods to all things beneath us, look down on them in a Divine way and *never suffer them to look down on us.* For until we recognise this *life of God in us*, we are the mere creatures of circumstances, the victims of every wind that blows. It is a great thing to know where to find rest, and peace, which is yet deeper than rest, and the secret is by finding *God within* ourselves, or, in other words, by bearing about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that is, by bringing *the mind of Christ to bear upon all the events and relations and work of our daily lives.* These are not vain words, and I know that you know from your own experience that they are not vain."

To Mrs. Robinson:—*

January 1st, 1866.

". . . Now you have a nursery and a new horizon! I have no nursery, and if a new horizon, yet the old, now under the sea, is often with me when the sun goes down. And I suppose that when the final going down of the sun comes to us all it will bring out many bright stars which the daylight now darkens. I am glad to hear what you say of my godchild, who is, if like his godfather, a very beautiful child and perfect in all his ways. I hope he has my beautiful fair hair and tendency to *embonpoint.* What language does he speak? I fear Greek; and thinks in mathematics, and converses in Plato's Dialogues with Master Whewell.

". . . Remember me most kindly to Robinson. Like myself, he is engaged in the wear and tear of ecclesiastical demands, but also in that severe labour, the searching after religious truth; may we both really find it and lay hold on it so firmly that we may say, as Madame de Broglie said on her death-bed, in true humility, 'J'ai causé trop avec Dieu pour avoir crainte.' . . ."

* His sister-in-law Clifford, the wife of the Master of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

To Bishop TAIT:—

January 3rd, 1866.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I was glad to see your disclaimer of connection with the meeting for union with the Greek Church. It seems wrong to say so, but, like Leezie Lindsay, I should, *à fortiori*, 'like to ken wha' I gang wi' '—if I am to 'gang' any way. But there seems no real wish for union, and the apparent desire for it seems nothing more than a mere set-off against Rome, and a 'hedge' to save us from what is called our want of Catholicity. I quite recognise the importance of witnesses to that which was said and done in Judea, but I do not think that the testimony of a particular witness is rendered more intrinsically credible from the fact that he happens to be in the same boat with other witnesses. If Christianity depends merely on uniform external evidence it is not very divine; and I take it that thinking it or making it to be dependent on proof of that sort is one reason, and, perhaps, the chief reason, why it is regarded with such suspicion all over the continent of Europe. Besides, the coquetting with that dilettante kind of communion, which is not union or anything like it (for only a few of us ever saw, or will see, what is called 'a Greek Christian'), tends, like novel-reading, to quell real feeling by exciting sentimentality, and is inoperative in the day of trial. Were the desire for communion *real*, I think we should see the men who profess to be the promoters of it seeking union with brethren whom they have seen: the poor, the maimed, and the blind, travellers to the same bourne with ourselves in Great Britain, those whom we know and who have knowledge of us—the Presbyterians, Baptists, and all sorts of unattached Christians of our native land—who would respond, I believe, if some conference or conditions of union were proposed to them. I am told that the Patriarch of Constantinople, on hearing mention made of the Archbishop of Canterbury by a certain friend of ours, asked him who the Archbishop of Canterbury was, and under what patriarch he held his office."

To his BROTHER :—

January 8th, 1866.

There is a paper in the 'Christian Advocate' called 'Unconscious Scepticism,' which is valuable. I believe that there is a vast deal of this at the present moment. The mass of thinking people who do not see light in Christ are sceptics. Men who look for signs and wonders, for infallible guidance and who do not get it, are or will be sceptics, for they will not find it. The Jewish stage of the world's history is past; a better day has come—*i.e.* the reality itself, to which the former dispensation pointed—and if men do not see in this light which is streaming within and around them they must be sceptics, and it is far better they should openly say they are than profess to believe while as yet they see nothing. A correspondent informs me that the chaplain of a certain bishop 'does not believe in the Resurrection.' I wonder to what extent the writer believes in it? Believing in a belief about *a body* rising—I do not mean our Lord's, but ours—is a very different thing from believing in God Himself, believing, that is, that He is good and righteous and true, and that what ought to be must be and is. To believe in this so as to be able to give Him back all that we even regarded as His promises, all that we ever thought, or believed, or misbelieved about Him, and to stand before Him in utter poverty and wretchedness of spirit, saying only, 'My Father and my Friend,' this will include the hope of the Resurrection, of the coming of all best blessings to the whole world; but it is infinitely grander than a mere belief about any one definite condition of existence, however desirable it may seem that that condition should one day be experienced by us. We drop the mere creed about a thing, to lose ourselves in the Creator of all things."

Dr. Ewing had the great satisfaction this autumn of seeing through the press his work on Iona,* on which he had bestowed so much pains and labour.

* "The Cathedral or Abbey Church of Iona:" a series of drawings and descriptive letterpress of the ruins, by the Messrs. Bucklers,

The volume consists of two parts: the one an account, with admirable illustrations, of the ruins of the cathedral as they now exist; the other a sketch of the history of early Celtic Christianity, and specially of the mission of St. Columba.

Within a brief space the Bishop tells the story of the life of the remarkable Irishman to whom Iona owed its European celebrity; and has given us the results of the latest researches into the origin, peculiarities, and activities of the ancient Celtic Church in Scotland and Ireland.

In old Ireland all Celts were not of equal calibre. There was an inferior type which did not embrace Christianity, and their defeat in battle by their abler brethren has been sung to us by their own Ossian. One element of this poetry is too characteristic not to be noticed here, and that is a certain defiant tone in which the bard indulges when speaking of the exclusive claim to heaven advanced by the Christian priesthood. A forger of a later day would hardly have ventured to employ such language, or rather, as Dr. Ewing suggests, the notions conveyed by the language were almost inconceivable by the *mediæval* mind. The following lines, in a very dramatic dialogue between St. Patrick and Ossian, need only here be quoted, and left to tell their own story:—

"'Tell us, O Patrick! what honour is ours?
Do the Feine of Ireland in heaven now dwell?'

architects, Oxford; and some account of the early Celtic Church and of the Mission of St. Columba, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. London: Day and Son.

'In truth I can tell thee, Ossian of Fame,
That no heaven has thy father, Oscar, or Gaul.
'Sad is the tale that thou tellest me, priest,
I worshipping God, while the Feine have no heaven.'
'Shalt thou not fare well thyself in that city,
Though ne'er should thy father, Cavilte, and Oscar be there?'
'*Little joy would it bring me* to sit in that city,
Without Cavilte and Oscar, as well as my father.
* * * * * *
How different Mac-Cumhail, the Fein's noble king!
All men uninvited might enter his great house.
Reproachful are the words thou speakest of the great king.
I will forgive thee, Cleric, though thou dost not tell.'"

The victorious Celts—Scots or Milesians—having become dominant in Ireland, in course of time passed over to Cantyre, only some twelve miles distant from Rathlin, and there established a colony which gradually spread itself as far as Breadalbane in the east and the Isle of Skye in the north. To this division of the Celtic family St. Columba belonged, and Iona was already part of its possessions when, in 563, the great missionary first landed on its shores. From the King of the Scots, who was his own near kinsman, he received a grant of the island before he made it his home. We find St. Columba, with his "tall and gentle aspect, and a voice so loud and melodious that it could be heard at a mile's distance," losing no time in beginning his missionary journeys. He visits the pagan Pictish king in the neighbourhood of Inverness; and then, so incessant and so successful are his undertakings in preaching, founding monasteries (some fifty-one in Scotland alone), and in erecting churches, that there is scarcely a parish in the north

and west of Scotland, or the west and south of Ireland, where his name is not fresh and venerated to this day.

"He who sails along the shores of Argyll," writes Bishop Ewing, at the close of his narration, "and lands in any of its mountain coves in the stillness of an autumn morning, and finds, as he may in almost every bay, the ruins of an ancient chapel, sees that which he will not see elsewhere, and that which it is probable he will never forget. Small and weather-worn and unroofed as it is, it is yet the church of one of those Celtic fathers, and his cell is close at hand. They were solitaries, those saints, Brendan, Finian, Fillan, whose name now marks their church, or the well beside it of that clear water peculiar to Argyll. There, among the grassy knolls, or under the cairn, overgrown with ferns and ivy, and through which the foxglove and wild rose lift their heads, sleeps, and for a thousand years has slept, a Christian apostle and his congregation. His Celtic missionary brethren are sleeping the same sleep in the corn-lands of England, in the fair fields of France, amidst the snows of Switzerland, the cities of the Rhine, or the far Italian plains.

"On those sweet lochs and dreamy shores, which are characteristic of this diocese, where the islands lie asleep, as it were, upon the main, there is, indeed, more than one Iona. More than one green bosom is surmounted by that memorial and monument of the past, the round-headed cross, with its mysterious interlacing and Runic knots—a mixture of commemoration; emblems of religion, of warfare, and of the chase, of priest and people, of prey and its captor, of Pagan and Christian, strangely mixed together. All these, however, now are equally in repose, and silence reigns unbroken. It seems useless, nay, a desecration, to awake the echoes, even to restore the past. Yea, every one seems *gone!* the dwellers on the mountains and on the shores, all equally departed. And, generally, it is true. Here and there, however, there is left a remnant. In the district of Appin, on the shores of Glencreran, on the banks of Loch Leven, in the valley of

Glencoe, on the borders of Loch Linnhe, there are still some representatives of the past, some blood of the ancient race, some worship not unlike the worship of Iona.

"How it came to pass that from so remote and barren a region such a spring and current should flow, it is hard to say. It is probable, however, that the mighty wave of learning, civilisation, and religion, driven out of its old channel by the irruptions of the Goths and Huns, flowed forward northwards and westwards; and that, when it could no further go for the polar barrier, it flowed back to revive and regenerate the desolation before which it had advanced, carrying with it, as its return couriers and first-fruits, those earnest spirits, its own converts from the Gentiles, among whose shores it had lingered ere ebbing backward whence it came. These, probably, returned on its traces, to repay to the children of their benefactors that which they themselves had received from their sires. Pushing southwards and eastwards over Europe, these eminent men rekindled the light of the Gospel, lifting it again on many an abandoned altar, and advancing its brightness through many a forest and beyond many an Alpine chain, where before it had never been. And exceedingly touching it is (especially to a Celtic heart) to discover memorials of these our own countrymen and spiritual sires—too long forgotten—among strange peoples, and in the far-off places to which they had betaken themselves in their missionary zeal. I have known no deeper sensation than to find the traces of the Highland hand among the manuscripts of Bobbio, and to come upon the Celtic dead in the cathedral of Tarentum.*

"Standing lately by the tomb of Boniface, at Mayence, I wondered how often he had thought of the far-off Crediton; and gazing on the Gaelic commentaries of some follower of Columbanus, at Milan, I felt how often he must have turned from the hills of Italy to those of Morven. Everywhere, and generally where we expect it least, we come upon the traces of those early countrymen; and few

* San Cataldo, of Tarentum, is known in the Celtic records as "Cothal de Lismore."

things are more touching than to find ourselves at home with them in a far-off land, where no one knows so much of them as ourselves, and where their names are less familiar to the natives than to us. In Switzerland they still pray for the Scotch and Irish, not knowing why. We know; and it is pleasant to stand at St. Gall, and to think that he who first brought Christianity hither was one of ourselves, one to whom, perhaps, Lochaber, Armagh, and certainly Iona, were familiar. The very names, although disguised, are Gaelic—Cataldo, Macantius, and Muiredachus: are they not Cothal, Mac-Ian, and Murdoch?

"It is the fashion to disparage the Celtic race, as we have said. I cannot think it a just disparagement. That delicacy of mind, which all acknowledge that they possess, still remains an evidence of their early civilisation, as that was, we think, the product of their Christianity. It has been well said of chivalry, that a gentleman is the next thing to a Christian; that next thing they still are, and, let us hope, also the something which is beyond. Few of them, however uneducated or unaccustomed to society, are without self-respect and that unselfish bearing which makes the gentleman; and this distinction of the Gael, were there no other, is one, we think, which should go far with us not to allow the race lightly to perish from among us.

"It is a noble race, even in its decline. It is a people who deserve to be cherished. By-and-by we shall seek, but we shall not find them; and the place which now knows them shall know them no more for ever. 'Che till ma tuille' is heard in every glen. 'If 'Fuimus' is now their motto, time was when it was not so—when England and Europe owed their regeneration to Celtic missionaries, when the life and energy now characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon was characteristic of the Celt, and civilisation and religion themselves were all but restored to Europe from Iona.

"The picture which the early Celtic Church presents is probably such as we did not expect. So shortly after the apostolic age to see so great a change from apostolic life

(for, assuredly, there is no trace of monasticism in the Acts or Epistles of the apostles) is very remarkable. The light which it also throws upon the early Eastern Churches, by its connection with them through liturgies and ecclesiastical customs, is also very instructive. We perceive that the early were *not* the best ages of the Church, either in the sense of unity, or of the general elevation of the individual members of the Christian community. And if the lesson is forced upon us, that 'God fulfils himself in many ways,' and that Jesus Christ alone is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' the lesson is well worth the trouble, and is, perhaps, the best we can learn. For it is worth all other learning and unlearning all other learning (even if it be unsettling our past opinions about the Church) to be brought to lean simply on the naked arm of Jesus Jehovah."

But a literary undertaking of wider dimensions than any in which he had as yet been engaged was now projected by Bishop Ewing. The publication which he was contemplating took shape ultimately in the form of "Present Day Papers," and these may be said, as will appear by the following letter, to have originated in a hint dropped by Mr. Erskine:—

To his BROTHER:—

November, 1865.

"Erskine sends me a letter about a Magazine. I have neither the time nor the talent to undertake it. But I believe it is wanted, especially by the younger minds among us, who do not yet understand that to know God is eternal life, and that all our duties, great and small, may be pervaded by the same one great principle, and that our whole life, with all its gifts and possessions, becomes a new and sacred thing when once we have realised that it comes down from above. Young people in the present day, if they do not do this, fall only too readily into the belief that nothing is known of God or spiritual truth, and become full of levity and scepticism. Now the cure for this is not Romanism, though that is tried and

will yet be tried. No doubt it will supply a certain religious element and rest to disquieted and sensitive souls, but nothing effects a cure except the preaching of the outward Christ, and the laying hold of the Eternal Life within, which it is in the power of all to do, because the Life is in all, only waiting for development."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS—TRIAL OF DR. COLENSO—RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TO FOREIGN CHURCHES—CHARGE ON MATERIALISM IN THE SACRAMENTS—RESIGNS THE PROVOSTSHIP OF CUMBRAE—SECOND VISIT TO PALERMO.—1866—1867.

DEVELOPMENT, culture, rigorous honesty of inquiry, and scrupulous fidelity in recording actual experience—these words, more or less adequately, represent the conceptions which were gradually assuming supreme authority in the mind of Bishop Ewing. In this nineteenth century light was streaming in on the human soul from many different sources. A new heaven and a new earth by means of astronomy and geology had fully come, and many nebulæ in history, as well as in the depths of space, were being resolved into forms of light and order. Is it likely, then, it occurred to the Bishop to ask, that while science is daily unlocking new secrets in the world of phenomena, in the world that is of things seen and temporal—in other words, while chemistry, physiology, geology, and astronomy are *growing*—we must content ourselves with a mere *retrospect* in relation to those questions which concern, not matter, but man himself? Was Christ himself

after all of less value than the sparrows? And if we find the conclusions of our forefathers infantine, absurd, and grotesque about things we can actually touch and taste and see, are we so bereft of all present guidance and of all hope that we must simply bow to their beliefs in matters of the profoundest metaphysical and moral significance? Could they who were so utterly ignorant of earthly things be our instructors in heavenly things? But, the Bishop added, we need not ask the question. All things conspire under the Divine Providence; and simultaneously with the coming of ampler light as to the constitution of the world without us, there is coming in upon our hearts the still greater light of the day of the spirit which Christ promised to the world. And what we want above all is this, that men who are alive to the progress of the age, who in the hidden retirement of their lives are walking with God in the newness of the present light, would simply tell us what they have seen and heard. We do not want the fancies of ambitious writers; we do not want the repetition of old *formulæ;* but could not some organization be found by means of which we could ascertain the experiences of trained watchers in the realm of the spirit? We are journeying, no doubt, on one great highway, but there is a path which each one treads for himself alone. What has any one really found there—any one who has been endeavouring to follow the living Christ, who is the Lord of light and love, and who has not merely been looking back to the light of other days? "Watchman! what of the night?" "Sentinel! is all well with thee?" "Mariner! what have the

soundings been?" Such were Bishop Ewing's thoughts and assertions, expressed in letters which he wrote at this time to Mr. Llewelyn Davies, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Erskine, Professor Tulloch of St. Andrews, Miss Winkworth, to many of his personal friends, and to various authors of distinction on the continent—in France, Italy, and Germany—on the subject of their becoming contributors to a periodical or series of volumes which would supplement what was lacking in the "Essays and Reviews." Mr. Erskine, as the reader will remember, first suggested a periodical. Mr. Llewelyn Davies—with whom the Bishop engaged in correspondence, though at that time he was personally unknown to him, in consequence of his having read a "very fine article" of his on prayer in one of the magazines—was of opinion that "a volume" of papers, to be contributed by the persons mentioned, might better answer the purpose he desired than a magazine. Dr. Ewing heartily embraced the scheme which had occurred to Mr. Davies. In the end the project of a periodical was dropped, and the "Present-Day Papers" were given to the world.

It is impossible to reproduce the Bishop's letters on the subject, but the following extracts from a few of them are subjoined:—

To Miss WINKSWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *January 29th*, 1866.

"In your letter received at Palermo you spoke of knowing many earnest seekers after truth, who are ready to follow in any way in which it seems to lead them, but to whom the way does not seem clear. This is also my own experience. I think of calling the collection

'Eternal Verities,' and I want contributions from various quarters, for I believe there are eternal verities which some see more clearly in one place, some in another, and that God has manifested Himself to His children in the various families of Christendom in various ways. Is there any German author you know who would give me a paper; something of the same kind as old Perthes used to publish in his 'Theological Studies and Reviews,' spiritual yet fairly scientific? A paper on the German mystics would be very acceptable, with extracts from Böhme and Tauler, or, still better, a paper by Dorner himself or from Frohschammer.

"I hope also to get contributions from some of the liberal Roman Catholics, and from members of the Greek Church, and from America.

"I do not know Mr. Hutton. I should be glad to do so. Is it requesting too much to ask you to send him my 'Address,' that he may see on what principles these contributions to the Christian progress of the age are to be brought out, and to inquire, at the same time, if he would care to take part in the series?"

To Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES:—

BISHOPSTON, *February 13th*, 1866.

"I have written a prospectus, which is for consideration. It seems to me needful to have some sort of a proposition to make to those whom we wish to help us, some statement of our common ground and object. I am most anxious that the articles, while not deficient in human learning, should be the expressions of the personal experiences and direct apprehensions of the writers, not mere speculations or echoes of conventional or other utterances. What I should like is 'occasional' volumes of weighty matters.

"I feel, dear friend, that we are being brought very near unto God, more near than our fathers were, nearer than any have been at any time since the days of the Apostles.

"We are beginning to realise that Christ is king, not in virtue of any external sanction which has been

accorded to His claims, but simply by His being that which He is.

"It appears to me that a periodical issue has its advantages, for we are built up by degrees: a ring is added yearly to the trees, and it would be a miracle indeed if Christians became full size without the rings of growth."

To Mr. Maurice:—

Bishopston, *February 12th*, 1866.

"Allow me to apologize for not putting your name first among the English authors in the prospectus forwarded to you the other day. Had I done so it would at once have been said, 'Oh, it is but an echo of Mr. Maurice.' Certainly, my dear sir, the papers will be in the direction of your teaching; but to prevent them from being considered of one school of thought only, however noble and holy, I have been obliged to do as I have done."

"My dear Mr. Maurice,—I do not think I ever grudged being in the Highlands more than I do to-night, when it must be three days ere you can know how different my meaning was from what I see you have imagined it to be. I had not put you *first* among the divines of England when I thought you such—but I apologized. It was, however, worth while the mistake should occur, for it has shown me how worthily you bear the title of a minister of God, by the spirit in which you received the intelligence that I also had 'forsaken you and fled.' I do not regret, dear and reverend sir, a wound which brings such healing with it to you and such belief in goodness to myself—truly your rest is with God.

"Probably it will be better to have no prospectus, and yet I am anxious to establish some organization which will hand on the light which has come and is coming, and which shall register and cement the progress which we have made.

"You have been the first divine to dare to proclaim openly in England that 'Love is still our Lord and King,'

that that in which creation took its origin must be its abiding guide, that our future depends not on what *we are*, but on what God is, and that they who know what love is know what that is, and they only.

"You have seen and said this, dear and reverend sir, when clouds and darkness were around, and you were a sentinel crying, 'All's well,' as if the sunshine had already come. Now there are many sentinels, and the day is at hand.

"Men are free, at least in the Church of England, to say and teach that God is not two things, but one thing; and that if *we* are two, yet that He is making of that twain one, by taking of the manhood into God.

"I hope we may gather together teachers who will hold forth this truth."

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

February 28th.

"The papers you mention are excellent, but they do not exhaust the height and depth, and length and breadth of the aspects of God's love, and I would like to see these represented as they are seen on the Alps and in Russia, in Rome and in England. I hope for contributions from all these places; but the first must come from ourselves, ours must be the fountain-head; it may be a little well, but one which will after our day swell out into a flowing river. But in no day will the well be exhausted. I want your voice and good Mr. Campbell's, by-and-by others will join, and a hymn of praise will be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"As yet we are but tuning our harps, and one or two are out of tune, and some refuse to sing. But you and Mr. Maurice, and one or two others, stand ready like Simeon of old, and have sung when it was a long 'winter of discontent.'"

To Mr. MAURICE:—

March 3rd.

"In regard to *time*, do not be in a hurry: I am more anxious for value than abundance. What I want is not vague, young, intellectual, ambitious writing, but the old

experience of men of God, who are of note in the wars of Israel.

"What you say of Dr. Pusey and Newman is very striking, and I quite feel with you how strange is the spectacle of their contest. They are like two rams which have locked their horns in battle on a little islet (as I sometimes see here), and which do not see that the tide is rising, which will submerge them and their islet together —a ridiculous but pathetic situation.

"Surely the great question before us is the personality of God—in short, is pure Atheism true? I really suppose that unless we can commend God to men apart from authority, we are but beating the air."

If Bishop Ewing for a considerable time had held himself aloof from the endeavours after "a sentimental and mere paper union" with persons unknown, he was only daily feeling more the pressure of the claims of a nearer duty towards our fellow-Christians at home. It seemed to him that a charity which began in England was a grander thing, if in some respects a harder thing, to put in practice than a purely speculative affinity with a Russian synod or a Greek patriarchate. Especially from this time forward the Bishop of Argyll was greatly occupied with the subject of union, in some workable form, between his own Church and the Established Church of Scotland. His friend the Bishop of St. Andrews had been labouring in the same direction, and to him, as a fellow-labourer in the good cause, he early in the year 1866 addressed the following letter:—

BISHOPSTON, *January 16th*, 1866.

"I need not say how deeply I have been interested (and still am) by your exertions to bring home to the bosoms of my countrymen the blessings of the system

of the English Church. Far greater is my sympathy with you, who love and try to help the brother 'whom we have seen,' than with those who are at present engaged in a rather dilettante and sentimental attempt after unity with brethren 'whom we have not seen,' and probably never shall, in Servia, Greece, and Syria. In truth, though made in their image, and they in ours, we and they have about really as much in common as the bee and the bee-orchis. But I doubt if my brethren will hear your call, and this partly from old traditions about bishops; but, I take it, from a reason unknown to themselves (as a formal reason), and, I believe, to the Anglo-Saxon as well, viz., the survival of the Celtic element in Church government; for while the Celtic churches recognised bishops, priests, and deacons, the three orders held a very different place in their system from that which they hold in the Church of England. I have had to read a great deal about the Celtic churches in connection with this book I have had in hand, on Iona. Some of the books are very little known, but well worth your perusal—such as O'Curry's 'Lectures on Irish History;' Reeves's (Adamnan's) 'Columba;' ditto, 'History of the Culdees;' Dean of Lismore's Book (Skene); 'Parochiales Scotiæ' (Innes), and such like; and from these it is evident that the Celtic Churches in these islands, and in their large and widespread colonies on the Continent, possessed an organization very little like 'our platform.' It was, no doubt, as little like the Presbyterian. The bishops had no dioceses, and were exceedingly numerous, acting under the abbots, as trainers of youth and ordainers of clergy, and constituting merely the court of assessors of this or that man—St. Patrick, Columba, Kentigern, &c. being everything. This system seems to have been common to Egypt, portions of Asia Minor and Syria, and, as I take it, it is some remnant in the blood which makes the Celt sit loose to any form of Church government as being essential. The Eastern and Latin Churches also, with their patriarchates, metropolitans, archbishops, archpriests, sub-deacons, archdeacons, acolytes, &c., seem to lose all sight of three orders, *as the three.* But I wish you would look at those *Irish* books, especially O'Curry's

lectures, which are quite modern and very remarkable, and the notes in Mr. Reeves's edition of Adamnan. Pray forgive this long story; I am really anxious for your success."

To Mrs. Biscoe.

Bishopston, *February 24th*, 1866.

"My dearest Williamie,—I hear with great interest that your daughter and my godchild is to be confirmed. I am very sorry to be so far off as not to be able to perform the rite myself. To her, with my best love, I send a little book of Miss Blunt's, which, I think, may be of use. It is a very interesting book of the kind, and displays greater vigour than those generally published on the subject. I should like to hear from herself after reading it. It is a great deprivation to me never to see any of you, with whom my best and early days were passed. But dear Alice does all for me she can, and it is wonderful to see her away from all she ever knew alone here with me; but she finds a work to do in ministering to a frail creature like myself, and in helping the hundreds of poor and ignorant whom we have in these fishing villages.

"I have got through this winter wonderfully well, when I think of the last at Palermo, when I could hardly walk from weakness. Now, although I do not get out much, I can walk in the house, and sometimes ride out on a pony. I have got through a good deal of writing also, and other kinds of work; but I miss you all very much, and this house, once so full, is now silent—at night it is very silent. Were it not, dear Williamie, that life must have some end beyond merely growing up and then being cut down—just loving a thing and then having it removed—it would be better not to be. But life is, no doubt, a great school, and the lessons which we are learning at the hands of a heavenly Father are to trust Him, and walk in the steps of his Son our Redeemer."

While Lady Alice Ewing was devoting herself to ministering to the poor around her, a letter was

published in the *Glasgow Herald* in February, under the signature of "Viator," which shows that the Bishop himself was at this time revolving in his mind a scheme by means of which, as it seemed to him, the physical and moral condition of the fishing population on the shores of Lochfyne would be permanently ameliorated.

To his BROTHER :—

BISHOPSTON, *March*, 1866.

"I feel that there is something defective in the 'Ecce Homo,' but I think that it teaches this, which is a very great lesson, that Jesus is King by right of what He is, and that the true defence of His Divinity must be based on the Divinity of His character. We are making vast strides, coming nearer and nearer unto God. If, as Faraday says, the discovery of what causes life is trembling on the wires of science, so is the vision, or rather the realisation of God.

"I hope the books I sent yesterday reached you, poor things and old, yet rich in their associations, like the watercourses which tears furrow in aged cheeks, and which make the venerable face of a wife more precious to her husband than the charms of rosy youth, for there, and there, and there are the flood-marks of the sorrows they have shared together."

To Mrs. CRUM :—

BISHOPSTON, *March 25th*, 1866.

"I send you but a line of thanks for your very welcome note of last night, and for your kind birthday present (Bushnell's 'Vicarious Sacrifice'). I entirely agree with the author in his assertion that all love is vicarious, that is to say, lives for others; and that the sacrifices which we make for one another, as fathers, mothers, and friends, really shadow forth to us the sacrifice of Christ himself, that accordingly vicarious is not in the least synonymous with substitutionary.

"I am fifty-two to-day! It is a day on which many, at

one time, used to rejoice together. Alas! there are none of the old faces or voices here now. Let us expect that these voices of the past are noted as tunes in God's book, to be played again 'in that day.' Have you read Llewelyn Davies's 'Manifestation of Christ?'

"I hear you have some thoughts of coming at Easter. I need not say what joy it will give us. But, indeed, we may have Easter always, if we can lift up our hearts in faith."

To his BROTHER:—

BISHOPSTON, *Easter Day*, 1866.

"I have inclination to write, but no power, for we have had long services to-day. I have had besides a very busy week. I declined to use the 'prayer for unity' (so called), as the expression 'unhappy divisions' is fitted to bring the Church of England into contempt. Then I declined to endorse the deposition of the Bishop of Natal sent to me by the Primus, which I did, not from sympathy with the said Bishop, but on this ground, that we are in communion with the Church of England, which I know only by her laws; and that I was not aware that the Bishop of Natal had broken them! I shall not hear the last of that! Well, we must walk by faith, seeing a hand which is invisible to the outward eye, and hearing a voice which is not heard by the outward ear. Thus walking, I fear no risks, and I have some to run. But what else can I do? Can I join in an excommunication, because a man will not say that six times six is thirty-seven? Will excommunication alter a matter-of-fact? Let God be true—yea, he is Truth!"

To the Right Rev. the Bishop of ST. ANDREWS:—

BISHOPSTON, *March 28th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received yesterday, from the Primus, a packet of papers to forward to my brethren, containing one termed 'The Greater Excommunication' of the Bishop of Natal, by the Bishop of Capetown. I conceived that I was to forward this with an expression of my sympathy

with the act of the Bishop of Capetown, and concurrence in this judgment. This I could not do, and I therefore simply returned the papers. I have no sympathy with the Bishop of Natal, and, to a certain point, my sympathies were with the Bishop of Capetown, so far as he acted in conformity with the law of the land and of the Church of England; but when he went beyond these, I felt bound to withhold my approval.

"If the Bishop of Capetown, feeling aggrieved by the published opinions of the Bishop of Natal, and believing that he was possessed of metropolitan jurisdiction over him, had taken steps to vindicate the teaching of the Church of England, which, according to his belief, had been transgressed by Dr. Colenso, he would have had my cordial sympathy. It was found, however, on reference to the higher authorities at home, that Dr. Gray had already exceeded the warrant of the law; and, on being informed of the fact, he should have stayed all further proceedings. He had delivered his own soul—he had asserted from his chair what he believed to be the doctrine of the Church of England. But he was not contented with having done this. He not only reaffirmed the sentence which, as it turned out, he had no legal right to pronounce, but he added to his previous excess another which he terms 'the Greater Excommunication.' At this point, where the Bishop of Capetown breaks off from the Church of England, I must leave him. For I do not know where to find the Church of England, save by the laws of the Church of England; and so long as these laws remain such as they are, it is only while acting within the limits prescribed by them that her children can honestly say that they are loyal to her.

"Whether these laws, which constitute the relation of the Church with the State, are all that they ought to be, or might be, is quite another matter; but so long as they remain such as they are, there are only three courses open to us: we may be satisfied with the existing state of things, and try our best to make the means it places within our reach more efficient; we may be dissatisfied, and protest, but still obey the ordinances to which we

have vowed conformity; or we may carry our discontent into open insurgency, and take the law into our own hands, as the Bishop of Capetown has now done. But to choose the last alternative is an implicit, if not explicit, renunciation of the Church of England as now constituted in alliance with the State; and looking as I do on that alliance—which, as I have elsewhere maintained, means the co-operation of the laity with the clergy—as an unspeakable assistance to the furtherance of the Christian life among us, I should be extremely sorry to assist in the dissolution of the connection without the most imperative reason. But does the imperative reason now exist? I do not know on what special grounds, apart from Dr. Colenso's treatment of the Pentateuch, the Bishop of Capetown has founded his sentence; but supposing, for argument's sake, the chief ground to be that the Bishop of Natal has alleged that certain passages of Scripture are in disagreement with the facts of science, are we prepared to make the Church of England occupy the position which the Church of Rome assumed towards Galileo? On this supposition her testimony would be given on the side of error, and her value as a teacher of Divine things would be greatly lowered—a result, I need not say, much to be deprecated, not only by her own friends, but by the friends of Christianity in general.

"I pray, dear brother, that we 'do no evil,' but that we may 'be led into a right judgment in all things,' and that seeking first the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom *of the truth*, we may be able to stand in the evil day 'strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.'"

While still the guest of his daughter at Capelrig, from which the foregoing letter was sent, the Bishop heard with the deepest concern of the alarming illness of the Bishop of London, and he writes:—

April 17th, 1866.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,—I do not know if you are allowed to read letters, but, if you are, I do not like to think that

you have not a line from me to say how much I, and all of us, feel about your illness, and its consequent great trial, for it is a trial to you 'not to be about your Father's business.' I know what John Milton says: 'they also serve who only stand and wait.' Your work has, in one sense, been done—that is, all that was needful for the present distress—when, thank God, in the Privy Council, you preserved for the Church of England her corner-stone of private judgment. Pray, my dear Bishop and brother, keep yourself for these things. Any one can do your ordinations and confirmations, and other such business, but no one can take your place at the Privy Council, or in Parliament, or in Convocation. Pray tide over the summer anywhere out of London, and come and spend the winter with me in Italy. I am quite serious. All your other work is nothing to that which you can do, and you only, in the Privy Council in the years to come."

April 24th.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,—I need not say how glad I was to see, from Mrs. Tait's very kind letter, that you are really better. I do hope, however, that you will husband your strength: the routine of duty, however important, *can* be done for you. 'No doubt,' as Isaac Walton says of the strawberry, 'God could make a better berry, but no doubt never did,' so, if you are not available for us, I know not what is to happen, nor where to turn; for surely the Church of England was never in a more critical position than now, holding out her hands to the virtually apostate Churches, and ignoring the brethren at hand, because of want of identical instrumentality. Our brethren of the Capetown Ritualistic movement evidently cling to the conception that the recognition and utterance of truth is dependent upon its channel, which is both its test and its possessor; while, to meet all this, we have but a poor and vague liberalism, too often degenerating into infidelity. I do not wish to stick too closely to the dogmas and formulæ of the Reformation, but England must not cease to consider herself as being, and rejoice in being, distinctively Protestant. I rather feel with Stanley's Free Church minister—'Oh that

we were all baptized with the spirit of disruption,' for this craving for unity, irrespective of truth, is to me very nauseous.

"We have just had a three days' visit from Mr. Campbell, of Row. He certainly lives in a region whose sun is as the light of seven days. He differs from Mr. Erskine in one respect, feeling it possible that a free human will *may* eternally escape the Divine longings, which Erskine thinks incredible. But both live so in God, and realise so much of what love is—*not as à mere amiability*, but as the *equivalent of righteousness*—that to them those things, so puzzling to others—such as the Incarnation, and the like—evolve themselves as simple corollaries, God in Christ only showing himself to be what He always was, and inevitably must be."

After leaving Capelrig he thus writes from the Isle of Cumbrae:—

To Mrs. CRUM:—

"I do not know, my dearest Nina, why I should write to you to-day, when I had the pleasure of seeing you yesterday; but I am one of those who leave all unsaid which they wish to say, and say all they wish not to say, and, moreover, enjoy the presence of a friend after he has gone rather than when he is with me, and as of friend in the masculine so in the feminine. But the chief reason why I write to you to-day is because having just delivered a very excellent sermon (!) in the church, I think I could benefit you by a repetition of it—as you confided to me that you were careful and troubled, beyond your ancient habit, with new cares and new fears, the anxieties of a mother and the duties of life. I think much of the nervousness you feel is purely physical, and I do not think it affects, or will affect, your higher faith and reason; but a higher faith and reason will affect it, and tend to tranquillise and remove it. One's faith and reason must ever rise higher and higher as the duties and cares of life increase. It is the intention, I believe, of the Most High

that we should go through this discipline, and be elevated in this way, and therefore I think that He lays on us heavier cares and higher duties. We are never let alone, and the end is blessed, though no doubt the way is sometimes rough. We have no means of overcoming but by faith, lying in the everlasting arms. We cannot alter circumstances, and we must not be altered by them. We must be Christian fatalists, holding by the Divine hand in light and darkness, ever holding on, and safe not by what we see, but by what we trust. Physical nervousness is, no doubt, a thing that takes us by surprise, and cannot always be under the control of faith and reason, but a constant habit of holding on will much tend to tranquilise it. As to their power in enabling us to meet the greater occasions of life, you yourself have often expressed to me your astonishment at people being so unwilling to die. I dare say you miss somewhat in your country abode the Church devotion and daily prayer with which you have been so long accustomed, and that atmosphere of devotion which must, more or less, surround a clerical home. Of course it must be so, and your distance from church is, no doubt, against you. But you have an excellent and most loving husband, and now a child, and God leads you to himself through them and by them, making you live in an atmosphere of faith and trust, because of them. And you can never lose them—nothing is ever lost which is once given by God. Lift up your heart."

From Westmill Rectory Dr. Ewing wrote to Mrs. Tait in the month of June :—

"I am so very glad to hear from you so good an account of the Bishop, and of you all. I only hope that he is not doing too much. I shall do my best, when with you, to prevent him from doing *anything*. I have a general assortment of light summer articles, and one 'awfully' heavy one, on the 'Relations and Shortcomings of the Church of England to the Churches of the Continent,' which is to be delivered as a lecture at

Willis's Rooms. I earnestly hope I *may* see you soon, but I am such a victim to all the ills that flesh is heir to, that I cannot count on my flesh ever being where it ought to be—according to "Bradshaw" and my own words."

The "heavy" article to which the Bishop refers so playfully in his letter to Mrs. Tait was a paper which he had been requested to deliver in Willis's Rooms. It was accordingly read on the 18th of June, and was published in the course of the following autumn with the title given below.*

In speaking of our relations to the Churches of the Continent, the Bishop intimated that the measures which he would encourage were wholly of a practical character, and such consequently as might be taken in hand at once without waiting for the results of any endeavours to bring about a hypothetical union between different Churches, and proceeded to consider the causes which have hitherto rendered the Church of England less influential abroad than she might have been. Amongst these he assigned the first place to "an over-estimate of the value of organization, or a misconception of the relation of mere instrumentality to Christianity;" and on the fatal power of this misconception he delivered the following sentences:—

"Looked at dispassionately, it seems scarcely credible that it should prevail, for, carried to its legitimate conclusions, its results are subversive of Christianity. For what

* "The Relations of the Church of England to Foreign Churches, and some Examination of her Present Position." By Alexander Ewing, D.C.L., Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. London: Thomas Bosworth, 1866.

does it mean? Physical causes are supposed to produce spiritual effects, outward applications internal benefits, material agents moral results.

"According to it, instrumentality is the *sine quâ non* of Churches—the mark and test of the presence or absence of Christianity, and the sign by which it may be discovered.

"Alas! that men should thus think of God and of revelation. Their conception seems to be, as if a wife were only a wife so long as she possesses the marriage-ring, but no longer; or as if a son were a son only while he has got hold of his father's will and testament, and not otherwise. Their hope is based not on what is eternally in God, but on what is in an agreement to which He has committed Himself, and that they are only safe with its possession. It proceeds not on the supposition that revelation is a revelation of God, wherein God is found, and so found as to be an eternal gospel and ground of rejoicing; but on the supposition that revelation is a revelation of instrumentality, of which, if we get hold, we get hold of God, and that if we lose it, or if it be incomplete, God is lost, and our security has departed.

"Setting forth the Church as the way to Christ, instead of setting forth Christ as the way to the Church, has been a fountain of unnumbered evils. Christ is not the creature of the Church, she is His creation. But by thus taking religion for their God, instead of God for their religion, men find at the best 'a kingdom coming with observation'—a Jewish Church and a Jewish Messiah. Instead of helping foreign Churches out of their elementary condition, they themselves are degraded to it. To the Roman assertion, that 'Rome is so original and integral and large a portion of Christendom that that cannot be said to be Christianity in which she has no portion'—that 'that is not Christianity which she does not enunciate'—they have no answer; and thus how many are swallowed up—many grave and godly men once among us!"

The foundation stone of the new Cathedral at Inverness was laid in October amid considerable "pomp

and ceremony," in presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Ewing was present at the public dinner which took place in the evening, and made a speech, in the concluding words of which he thus alluded to the presence of the Archbishop:—

"In the presence of his Grace we have the representative of a history and of principles, more varied, and more illustrious than can be found in any one institution of any other nation. He is the representative of that Augustine who brought us into connection with the civilisation and order of the Roman Church and empire; of Theodore, who gave us some knowledge of Greece; of Anselm who systematized the Patristic Theology; of A'Becket, who contended for the principles of ecclesiastical freedom; of Laud, who saw in monarchy a Divine right; and of Cranmer, who ushered in and died for the light and regeneration of the Reformation. We have in him the representative of all those various aspects of truth which go to make up the Church of England, and which commend themselves to us in one or other of the forms which constitutional or other bias make us deem of most importance. It is this character which makes the influence of the Church of England so large and so important—it is this which makes her so valuable; and in welcoming amongst us to-day his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the laying of the foundation stone of the cathedral of our worthy Primus, I, in the name of the Celtic portion of our Church, bid the work God speed."

The report in the *Times*, however, represented the Bishop as a sympathizer with the views of Becket and of Laud. Dr. Ewing lost no time in publicly repudiating the imputation of sacerdotalism, and his first letter to the *Times* was followed by a second to the same journal, dated October 31st, in which he made his Protestantism still more unmistakable by ventilating the

question of union with the Established Church of Scotland.

From the present date onwards, in private letters to his friends, including among their number Dr. Norman McLeod, in letters to the newspapers of the day, and in his charges, Dr. Ewing gave utterance to the desire for unity with his brethren, which was daily acquiring in him the strength of a hunger and thirst. The Bishop was not of opinion that as yet it was possible for Presbyterians and Episcopalians to entertain any *formal* proposals for union. He did not think it likely that even such Churchmen as his friend, the Bishop of St. Andrews, would surrender their belief in the virtue of Apostolic Succession, or that any considerable number of Presbyterian clergymen were prepared to relax their hold on the "decrees" of the Confession of Faith, but he said to one of his correspondents—

"Let us make a beginning. Nay, more, the beginning has been made for us. We are already one in Christ, if we would only recognise the fact, and shall either catechisms or mere lay figures arrayed in particular vestments be allowed to stand between us and simple brotherly communion? And in presence of the great gulf which yawns between us—between all the Churches alike—and the world outside, the real 'Groby Pool,' as Carlyle calls it, are we going to 'thatch it over with pancakes,' either of Calvinistic dogma, or cartloads of lawn-sleeves, the latter the most ludicrous of bridges, were not the very notion of it so pathetic? *Is Christ not Himself the way?* Can we imagine any other Diviner bond than His grace and truth, and if not, why do we not stand shoulder to shoulder under His all-covering banner? Are we not, to repeat a former statement, criminally allowing mere opinions about certain quite undeterminabl

quantities, to make a schism in the body which is one in Christ? My soul is weary of these divisions—we seem to be contentedly accepting the bewildering notion that Christ is divided, and that He is no longer either the one light or the peace of the world. Well, well, it is simple folly to profess that we know anything whatever of heavenly things, if we cannot agree about earthly things, the present duty, that is, of dwelling here on earth as brethren. It is not good for any Church, any more than it is good for man himself, to live in isolation. You will not suppose that in thus speaking I do not attach great value to the *historical* aspect of our community in its relation to the venerable Church of England, from which it derives its orders. But I am afraid lest our Church should be cast forth as a fruitless branch, by claiming some intrinsic virtue of its own, by despising other branches, and by not simply abiding in the true Vine.

"I have said all this over and over, and you will say controversy is poor work. So it is. But light is produced by collision, or, to change the figure of speech, our lives are fallen in revolutionary times, and our social and ecclesiastical institutions are resolving themselves into their component elements, in order that they may reunite in some newer and nobler whole."

It might be reasonably supposed that after the words he had recently spoken in Willis's Rooms on the fatal effects of substituting a mechanical instrumentality in the place of the direct inflowings of the light of God on the soul, the Bishop had nothing left to say on the subject he had selected as the theme of the charge he delivered at Lochgilphead on the 19th of September. But in it, to use the Indian mode of speech, the Bishop breathed his soul again on paper with an altogether astonishing newness of life.

The charge was published in the end of October,

and that it met with the cordial approval of the laity of Scotland, the following extract from the *Greenock Daily Telegraph* will sufficiently show:—

"No nobler, truer words than these have fallen from the lips of a bishop in Scotland since the gentle Leighton was heard within the cathedral of Dunblane. The temper of the charge is everything that could be desired—the sweet courtesy of its references to the other Evangelical Churches in this land, its fidelity mingled with gentleness, and its unhesitating denunciation of all priestly assumption and of the soul-destroying dogmas of Rome. As we listen, we could almost fancy that we had not lost Frederick Robertson, but that *he* was the Bishop of Argyll. We shall be sadly disappointed if it does not appear in the future, should Bishop Ewing be spared, that he has indeed the work of no ordinary man to achieve in the world. A union of such qualities as we see in this charge—its breadth and unction, its winning piety and true philosophy, its intensity of conviction and yet its unalloyed catholicity of tone—is certainly to be found in no other man wearing the mitre within the Anglican Church at the present hour."

The Bishop had intended to go out to Sicily early in the winter, but the news of the very serious outbreak of cholera in Palermo delayed his departure, and called forth the following letter to his daughter, Mrs. Whitaker:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 4th*, 1866 (*Sunday*).

"MY DEAREST EA,—Your last letter caused us great uneasiness, because of the cholera; but your spirit is so good, and your confidence in God so strong, that I cannot say a word against your decision. You ask if you *should* remain at such a time? But, meanwhile, say that you have decided to stay. I think the right thing is to stay. At this moment old Mr. Whitaker is alone, and William,

I imagine, could really be of use to him, and therefore this is the line of duty. Then, although William will be anxious for you and his family, yet, if your heart is not failing you, I think you are all right to remain. You will not think I judge thus because I feel coldly. You well know by this time what my feelings would be were anything to happen to you, dearest child, who have ever been, above others, precious. But you well know that to lose anything on the path of duty is not to lose it, for such we find again in God; while, if we lose anything out of the path of duty, or wander therefrom, what shall we say? Where shall we find it or ourselves? And as to the end; in a little while the end *here* will come to us all—all. But all is of God. We made not ourselves—we make nothing; nay, we can keep nothing save in a very secondary way. It is only *in* God we can do so. Let us rise up to this, and we shall be at rest—at rest as to ourselves and about one another. Yet, although safe in God, and at rest as regards ourselves and one another, let us pray also; for the Father bids us pray to Him for what we want, in the spirit of sons and daughters. I have been to-day praying for you and yours, dear child, in the church, both at the Communion and in the afternoon sitting in the pew where you used to sit, once so familiar to you and to me, where your mother sat, where Nina sat, Johnny, Alick, Sam, Lewis. How many! yet all now scattered. *One* most precious to us all gone before. But He can gather us again, and bring us all together again as once we were, as He intended us to be from eternity, when He made us —father, mother, sisters, brothers—of one family, and not of another. For it cannot be that He would unite us (He who is love) and teach us to love, solely that when we had learnt we should be untaught and torn asunder. No: our higher education and development, not our destruction, or that of our higher natures, must be the end He has in view. We have just had Mr. Campbell (of the Row) and his daughter with us—a most pleasant visit. *She* is very musical, and has noted for you such a pretty Highland air, which I shall send or *bring* to you.

"And now, dearest Ea, I commend you and yours unto

God, and leave you in Him, in whom we are one and always together."

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 20th*, 1866.

"Were it not that Edinburgh is tabooed to me by the doctors, I would run over to see you, and get some 'water of Bethlehem.' There is indeed great need of that 'Ubique' of which you used to speak at Polloc, and there is need of Pollöc too, for there are few places as it was, 'lovely and of good report.'

"Lady Alice is very busy, as usual at this season, with her coal and soup-kitchen arrangements; and now she has opened a shop (!) or 'basket' (as she calls it) in the village, where she sells her own work (and other people's) for the benefit of her widows and orphans. I have (as I dare say you saw in the *Times*) been pursued about the world for my bad deeds, inasmuch as I went to Inverness and praised up (so it was said) Laud and Becket! But, in truth, I delivered a very Protestant speech, when, lo and behold, I came out as the *villain* of the piece! Moral—'You must not run with the dogs, and expect to be taken for a hare."

To Mr. BOYLE:—

BISHOPSTON, *December 28th*, 1866.

"The fact of my having, in all probability, to be abroad for the next three or four months, induces me to come to a conclusion on a subject which I have long had on my mind, and which I feel ought no longer to be delayed—my resignation of the office of provost of the college. I need not say with what regret I have formed this resolution, but I feel that it is due both to you and to myself. I am of no active benefit to the college, and I feel that my spirit is not in unison with that which is most precious to you. You may feel quite sure that this resignation which I now make is prompted by no greater divergence on matters of opinion than that which existed between us from the first. My acceptance of the office was prompted by the difficulty

which existed at the time of finding a suitable head; that difficulty does not now exist. No one, I conceive, could be found more suited for the post than your present excellent vice-provost, Mr. Cazenove, who has had so long experience of the work. In severing my nominal connection with the college, I hope I do not sever any real bonds between us. Believe me, I shall ever retain for you and yours a feeling of the deepest honour and friendship."

CHAPTER XXVII.

1867.

THE year 1867 dawned for Bishop Ewing amid much personal suffering, but by the middle of January he had once more rallied from a severe attack of bronchitis, and was ordered by his medical advisers to repair to Palermo with all possible haste. Palermo was no longer plague-stricken, and it had a double attraction for him—"a reliable sunshine," and the welcome of his daughter; but it was with great reluctance that he formed the resolution to undertake the journey thither, as Lady Alice was unable to accompany him. However, under the escort of his eldest son, he started on his travels on the 17th of January, journeying by steamer to Liverpool, and embarking there for Sicily.

He thus writes of the voyage:—

Off CAPE BONN, AFRICA, *January 29th.*

"We had a very rough passage to Gibraltar; it could scarcely have been worse. I was confined to my bed about six days with sickness, and could not move. The sea broke over us repeatedly, and once filled some of the cabins. The poor boatswain was swept overboard and drowned; I grieve to hear he has left a wife and five children. I shall see if anything can be done for them.

The smashing of crockery was tremendous, some of the decanters (I do not exaggerate) flying out of the cabin windows, and others coming to grief on the walls. So much for crossing the Bay of Biscay in January! Now we are in torrid climes, and by heavenly shores—'nothing venture nothing have.' We had prayers and a sermon on Sunday; a more quiet and attentive congregation I never beheld. After Gibraltar we had Andalusia to our left and the Sierra Nevada, above Grenada. Then came Africa again in sight, with Algiers and the coasts about Tunis and old Carthage, but too far away to distinguish objects, so that my sketches are chiefly of a sort that if I wrote Mull, Skye, or Jura under them it would do as well as Syrtis or Ras el Ayayeh."

MALTA, *4th February*, 1867.

"This is a very remarkable place, full of historical memories and of beautiful architecture, with sea and sky surpassing, I think, those of Naples. The harbour, too, has Jews, Turks, and English soldiers of all kinds on its quays, and the Algerenes in particular bring back Robinson Crusoe and a thousand memories of childhood. The other day we drove with the Trowers to St. Paul's Bay, the spot of the shipwreck by tradition—probably in fact. I send to Maria some flowers I gathered there, alas! they are withered, but they may be of some interest to her as being where the Apostle's feet may have been, and such an apostle! Dear St. Paul (as good Mr. Erskine calls him), how little he thought that night how the face of Europe would be changed by his landing! I could not help feeling that our service yesterday and the Bishop's sermon and the reading of so much of his own Epistles in church were more like what he would himself have chosen than the service in the R. C. Cathedral, where the ceremonial was a dressing and undressing of the bishop, a lighting of candles (Candlemas), incense, and a worship chanted in an unknown tongue.

'Civita Vecchia, the original home of the Knights of Malta, ere they built Valetta, is very striking,—a city of the dead—splendid palaces—solitary gardens—dead grand

masters, whose busts look down from all parts of the houses on the passers-by; and in the midst of all the English soldiers pace up and down, unknowing and unheeding, while a band is playing at this moment in my ears, 'The Hills of Glenorchy,' and 'Which of you Lasses will go to Glencairn?'"

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

SYRACUSE, *February 6th.*

"I write a line from this place, though I do not intend to 'tarry here for three days,' but to go straight to Palermo, where I expect to-morrow to meet my child Ea, whom the insurrection and the cholera have both spared. My two sons, John and Sam (John from India and Sam, the midshipman, who gets six weeks' leave to see his sister), are with me. Off Cape Bonn I thought of St. Augustine, and felt how ridiculous it was in me to be seeking to advance Christianity by means of pamphlets. The associations of Malta made the place sacred, and I was deeply touched with the inscription round the inside of the dome of the little church, near the landing-place of St. Paul—*Servavi fidem, cursum terminavi.*

"Since then we have been sailing under shelter of Etna, a glorious hill, covered half-way down with snow. I gave Bishop Trower a copy of your 'Brazen Serpent.' He has a mortal dislike of what he calls 'Maurice doctrines,' and I suppose he thought I held them. Nevertheless, *I* hold him to be one of the most consistent of our bishops, and a truly religious and able man."

The Bishop was delighted on reaching Palermo to hear the praises of his daughter and son-in-law, for the courage they had shown in remaining in the city during the autumn of last year, when the fearful scourge of cholera had followed in the wake of the insurrection.

At the end of February, Dr. Ewing, in common with his Episcopal brethren, received the following

letter of invitation from the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

LAMBETH PALACE, *February 22nd*, 1867.

"RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I request your presence at a meeting of the bishops in visible communion with the united Church of England and Ireland, purposed, God willing, to be holden at Lambeth, under my presidency, on the 24th of September next and the three following days.

"The circumstances under which I have resolved to issue the present invitations are these. The Metropolitan and bishops of Canada last year addressed to the two Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury the expression of their desire that I should be moved to invite the bishops of our Indian and colonial episcopate to meet myself and the home bishops for brotherly communion and conference. The consequence of that appeal has been that both Houses of the Convocation of my province have addressed to me their dutiful request that I would invite the attendance not only of our own home and colonial bishops, but of all who are avowedly in communion with our Church. The same request was unanimously preferred to me at a numerous gathering of English, Irish, and colonial archbishops and bishops recently assembled at Lambeth, at which, I rejoice to record it, we had the counsels and concurrence of an eminent bishop of the Church in the United States of America, the Bishop of Illinois. . . . .

"I propose that on our assembling we should first solemnly seek the blessing of Almighty God on our gathering, by uniting together in the highest acts of the Church's worship. After this brotherly consultations will follow. In these we may consider together many practical questions, the settlement of which would tend to the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and to the maintenance of greater union in our missionary work, and to increased intercommunion among ourselves.

"Such a meeting would not be competent to make declarations, or lay down definitions on points of doctrine. But united worship and common counsels would greatly

tend to maintain practically the unity of the faith, whilst they would bind us in straiter bonds of peace and brotherly charity. . . .

"And now I commend this proposed meeting to your fervent prayers; and, humbly beseeching the blessing of Almighty God on yourself and your diocese, I subscribe myself,

"Your faithful brother in the Lord,

"C. T. CANTUAR."

To this the Bishop sent the following reply:—

PALERMO, SICILY, *April 7th*, 1867.

"MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I should have answered your grace's honoured invitation ere now had I not been delayed by an attack of illness. It will give me much pleasure if I am able to attend your council in September next at Lambeth. I shall be truly glad if in any way I can help to strengthen the walls of the Church of England, that mother and guardian of the doctrines of the Bible in these later days of the Church. If I might venture to make a single suggestion as to the objects which such a council should seek to promote, it would be this—Whether it could not lend some encouragement to those among our clergy who, either by sermons or other published writings, are endeavouring to bring into some adjustment the respective claims of authority and reason, and whose aim it is to show that the Gospel of the Grace of God, when presented in its original simplicity, does commend itself directly to the conscience of man? The method recommended by some, as by the Church of Rome, of making Christianity more credible by making it less reasonable, will, I fear, lead to infidelity instead of Christianity. Such has been the case in this country, in Spain, and in France. . . . ."

Mr. Erskine had the great sorrow this year of losing both the sisters who dwelt beneath his roof, and in the following letter, the Bishop alludes to the death of one of them, Mrs. Stirling:—

PALERMO, *March 10th*, 1867.

"MY DEAR MR. ERSKINE,—I wrote to you a few lines from the classic Syracuse, hoping, as I still do, that they would draw out a response, but I know how different it must be with you now deprived of the aid of your dear sister, Mrs. Stirling, who was to you as the ivy which binds up the riven oak; and yet I felt that no rift would keep you from blossoming or from bearing fruit were you aware that such outcoming would help others. Well, I am one to be helped both by your blossoms and your fruit; and, in this far-off land, I hunger and thirst for spiritual refreshment.

"From what I have seen and felt here, in witnessing the masses of Roman Catholics who are worshipping God in a way which seems to me alike incomprehensible and unproductive of spiritual good, I can quite understand how our countrymen in India, surrounded by the vast multitudes who are utterly ignorant of the true God and his purposes towards the world, are tempted to question whether they had not been living in a system which they had themselves built up, and which had no reality save to themselves. Who are we that we should claim to have found God when He is hidden from so many?

"In fact, I am weak not of body but of heart: the sea storms and rough life through which I have lately passed are a new experience to me. Therefore I need the Bethlehem water—'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

"In the terrible surgings of the dark sea waters in the night, with no audible voice above the storm saying 'peace, be still,' while the stars look calmly and silently down, we ask, where is Jesus of Nazareth, the well-known Jesus of the gospel? But I suppose that this hiding of God's face is *the* trial which, at one time or another, we must all pass through. Was not that the trial of Jesus when He cried, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Was it possible for Him, the only-begotten Son, to feel as if there were no Father? If not, then men have greater trials than He had, which cannot be. I am disposed to think that this trial was His also, and that

the hiding of the Father's face just meant that which it means to us, the non-consciousness of God—that great woe and sad fruit of the sinfulness of humanity which He came into humanity to share, and bear, and to cure. What do you think about this? If it will not fatigue you, pray write to me."

To the SAME:—

April 29th, 1867.

"I need not tell you how deeply I sympathized with you on hearing of your second loss; one, indeed, which makes this side of time much poorer, but enriches the other side, which is becoming populous and bright with friends. We can now and then lift ourselves up to the delectable mountains, where the sheep always hear the voice of the Shepherd. I know no text so worthy of being inscribed on the believer's tomb as this—'Because I live, ye shall live also.'"

On the 10th of May the Bishop started on his homeward journey. It was hard for him to say farewell, for, as he afterwards wrote, "these partings would be infinitely sorrowful were it not for *the* Father in whom we are all children, and to whom we can resign our little fatherhoods;" and it was with mingled feelings that he saw from the deck of the steamer his daughter's carriage disappear behind the walls of the Castelmare, while final adieus were being waved to him by his son-in-law from his yacht in the bay; but as the blue hills of Sicily grew fainter on the horizon, he turned his face toward England gladly and thankfully, for he was returning greatly recruited in health, and much work was awaiting him at home.

The Bishop on arriving in London proceeded to the lodgings of his son in Stepney, and by the end

of June he found himself at Bishopston, where before long all his children, with the exception of the curate in the depths and "dire misery" of East London, gathered round him, filling his heart and home once more with light and gladness. Dr. Ewing remained in Scotland until after the meeting of his annual synod, employed with his usual summer visitations, and on the 20th of September he repaired to Fulham, to be the guest of the Bishop of London during the Lambeth Conference.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE—CHARGE ON UNION—MEETING OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY—CHARGE ON CREEDS, CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS, AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. 1867—1868.

IN July, August, and September, of 1867, the American, West Indian, and South African steamers began to discharge a succession of colonial and American bishops on the English shores, and many were heard asking what has caused these pastors to leave their distant dioceses so long without appointed guidance?

It was generally known that in consequence of a representation addressed to the Two Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury from the Episcopal Church in Canada, and from proceedings thence arising in Convocation, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley) had issued an invitation to all bishops in communion with the Church of England, to assemble at Lambeth on the 24th of September. But why such an assembly should be called together at all, and why suggestions for summoning it should first have come from Canada, were questions which it was somewhat difficult to answer before the meeting of the Lambeth Con-

ference, but to which Bishop Ewing felt that a very simple and definite answer could be given after the close of its proceedings. If, however, he had any suspicion that the promoters of the assembly had some special end in view which they had not as yet distinctly announced, he gave no utterance to his doubts.

As the reader will remember, Bishop Ewing made one suggestion in reply to the Archbishop's invitation, and he would have taken his place among the assembled bishops without any further indication of his feeling as to what the constitution or aims of a conference of the chief pastors of the various flocks in communion with the Protestant fold of England should be, had not Dr. Pusey "uttered a public protest against the admission of the Scandinavian bishops to the Lambeth Conference." But the sentiments which Dr. Pusey had expressed were, in the regard of Bishop Ewing, so uncharitable, that he could not keep silence, and he published a reply in the form of a letter to the editor of the *Guardian*:—

DUNOON, *August 5th*, 1867.

"SIR,—Perhaps no more awful words have been heard since the name of Christ was first named than those contained in the cry in your paper from a well-known voice: 'We implore by the mercies of Christ that the Church of England will have no fellowship with the Scandinavians, who believe in Christ.' Oh, Church of England! if that cry represents your state, your days are numbered, and it is well they are, for the world and for yourself. You are not entering, and you are hindering others from entering, into the kingdom of the Father. National alienations are bad, but when a Church becomes merely national, alas for the world and the Church both.

But wherefore reject the Scandanavian? Why wound this brother of the Lord? Why should the priest, in the interests of the Greek Church which is far off, reject this neighbour who, it may be said, is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and whom, if he would only look on him instead of passing him by on the other side, he would discover to be nearer to Christ in heart and life than the preferred elder sister? Because Scandinavian organization is incomplete and Scandinavian confessions are imperfect! But is England's ecclesiastical organization quite 'safe,' or are her confessions and articles more accordant with Scripture than those of the Scandinavian? This fiery cry for rejection is too shocking to leave unanswered, and for my brethren's sake and for the sake of our dear Lord I cannot be silent when I read of such a savage perversion of the words, 'the mercies of Christ.'

"I am,
Your obedient servant,
"A FELLOW TRAVELLER."

The history of the Pan-Anglican Conference has yet to be written, but the records of its proceedings are preserved *in extenso* in the library of Lambeth Palace, accessible to the student; and Alexander Ewing was of opinion that it was a great mistake to retain them half shrouded in mystery, instead of submitting them to the light and air of public opinion. In the meanwhile, the editors of the lives of three of the bishops—Sumner, Gray, and Hopkins, of Vermont—who were present at Lambeth, have each supplied some particulars of the four days' deliberation which had not been previously published, without seeming to feel that in so doing they were violating any pledges given by the respective subjects of their biographies. It would only accordingly be following in the wake of precedents

to which no public exception has been taken, if the world were now for the first time made acquainted with the impressions of the Bishop of Argyll relative to the Pan-Anglican Assembly.

But these precedents would not have been deemed sufficient to sanction the publication of Bishop Ewing's personal reminiscences of the Conference, or of his estimate of the whole Pan-Anglican movement, if he had not during his lifetime communicated through the press, not only certain facts which occurred during the episcopal discussions, but also his persuasion, which the biographies of Bishops Gray and Hopkins entirely confirm, that the one great aim of the majority of the seventy-eight prelates was to secure a hierarchical decision against the recent verdicts of the Privy Council. Lambeth was once more to bid defiance to the palace of Westminster over the water. The statements, accordingly, which the reader will now meet with respecting the sayings and doings of the bishops in Conference are only echoes, more or less articulate, of opinions which the Bishop had already promulgated. But to make these intelligible the following observations must be prefixed:

The Canadian colony had no special grievance to lay before an assembly of bishops. The African colony supposed she had, for the State had thrown the shield of its protection over a bishop whom an African metropolitan had excommunicated, and the southern colony must have inspired the northern one to move in behalf of an Episcopal conclave.

"The meeting," according to the terms of the

Archbishop's invitation, "would not be *competent to make declarations, or lay down definitions, on points of doctrine.*" It was to assemble for "united worship and common counsels, which would greatly tend to maintain, practically, the unity of the faith, while they would bind themselves in straiter bonds of peace and brotherly charity."

But the majority met together for a widely different end; and certainly, in the words of Bishop Ewing, "it was no small matter for one man, like the Bishop of Capetown, availing himself of the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be able to summon in his own defence bishops from all quarters of the earth." For it has never been denied that the chief originators of the Lambeth Conference simply intended to procure the confirmation of a dogmatic judgment, while, in the interests of South African theology, they tried hard to make the Archbishop break faith with the meeting and with the English prelates to whom he had given his word that the South African question should not be entertained.

At the meeting held at St. James's Hall immediately after the rising of the Conference, and which is spoken of later on in these pages as a *conversazione*, the clergy shouted with delight at the assertion made by the Bishop of Capetown that the assembled bishops had confirmed the excommunication of the Bishop of Natal — Dr. Gray basing his statement on a merely abstract resolution. Bishop Gray's announcement was reported in the papers of the following morning, but in the *Times* of the next day it was emphatically contradicted by Bishop Tai

On the Thursday previous to the assembling of the Conference, the Bishop of New Zealand (Selwyn) preached a sermon from the text, "And some cried one thing and some another, for the assembly were confused, and the most part knew not wherefore they were come together" (Acts xix. 32). The preacher in selecting this passage as the subject of his discourse on the occasion, could only have been influenced by one of two reasons—a reason of regret or a reason of congratulation. Either the greater part of the approaching Lambeth assembly, consisting of some three score and eighteen bishops, were coming together they knew not why, and were consequently about to lift up discordant voices, or, on the other hand, it was well known to the majority of their number for what special end the summoning of the council had been suggested, and that among them there would be heard but one unanimous cry.

A few days before the meeting a proposal was made to the Dean of Westminster by the Archbishop, through the Bishop of London, for a gathering of the bishops at a service in Westminster Abbey, with the celebration of the Holy Communion, at the close of the episcopal Conference.

The Dean did not feel that as guardian of a sanctuary which belongs to the English people, and which is nothing if not symbolic of catholicity, in the noblest sense of the word, he would be justified in according the unrestricted use of it to an assembly which had either no definite programme of procedure or whose aims were of an avowedly party character. Dr. Ewing entirely concurred in the reasons which weighed

with his friend the Dean in declining to accede to the request which had been made to him, while he was highly gratified by the offer which was made by Dean Stanley to the assembled bishops, of holding some special service in the Abbey at which some object of general beneficence might be brought before the members of the Conference. It was owing, moreover, to the persistence of the Bishop of Argyll that the following letter was read aloud by the Archbishop to his brethren:—

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *September 21st*, 1867.

"MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I have been honoured with a communication from your Grace, through the Bishop of London, requesting the use of Westminster Abbey for a special service to be held for the English, American, and Scottish bishops now assembled in England, as I understood, on September 28th.

"On all occasions it is my earnest desire to render the Abbey and the precincts of Westminster available for purposes of general utility and edification, and this desire is increased when the request comes from your Grace.

"You will kindly allow me to state the difficulty which I feel in the present instance. I have endeavoured to act in such matters on the rule of granting the use of the Abbey to such purposes, and such only, as are either co-extensive with the Church of England, or have a definite object of usefulness or charity, apart from party or polemical considerations.

"Your Grace will, I am sure, see that however much your Grace's intentions would have brought the proposed conference at Lambeth within this sphere, in fact it can hardly so be considered. The absence of the Primate and the greater part of the bishops of the northern province, not to speak of the bishops of India and Australia, and of other important colonial or missionary sees; must, even irrespectively of other indications, cause it to present a

partial aspect of the English Church, whilst the appearance of other prelates not belonging to our Church places it on a different footing from the institutions which are confined to the Church of England. And further, the absence of any fixed information as to the objects to be discussed and promoted by the Conference leaves me, in common with all who stand outside, in uncertainty as to what would be the proposal or measures which would receive, by implication, the sanction given by the use of the Abbey—a sanction which in the case of a church so venerable and national in its character ought, I conceive, to be lent only to public objects of well-defined or acknowledged beneficence. . . . .

"These are the grounds why I hesitate to take upon myself the responsibility suggested. But when stating this difficulty, I feel so strongly the value of the friendly intercourse, to promote which has been the chief intention of your Grace, and of, I doubt not, many of the prelates who have concurred in this Conference—and I am so desirous that the Abbey shall be made to minister to the edification of large sections of our Church, even when not representing the whole, and of those outside our own immediate pale (especially our brethren from America) who are willing to co-operate with us in all things lawful and good—that I would gladly, if possible, join in advancing such a purpose. It has occurred to me that as the service indicated by your Grace is to be held after the Conference is finished, the Abbey might be granted for it without any relation to the conference itself; but either for some specific object, such as the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or for other home or foreign missions of unquestioned importance, or else (in those general terms which as I apprehend express your Grace's wishes) for the promotion of brotherly goodwill and mutual edification amongst all members of the Anglican communion.

"Under these circumstances, and on this understanding—which I should wish to be made as public as the announcement of the service itself—I should have great pleasure in permitting the use of the Abbey for such a service, to be held in the morning or afternoon of Sep-

tember 28th (as may be deemed most convenient), and I trust that, if this meets with your Grace's wishes, your Grace will undertake to preach on the occasion.

"I beg to remain, my dear Lord Archbishop,

"Yours faithfully and respectfully,

"A. P. STANLEY."

It need only be added that this proposal, though twice repeated at the Conference, was, it is understood, indignantly rejected.

One of the chief employments of the Conference was the preparation of a Declaration, which in the end became an altogether innocuous manifesto, after the Bishop of Winchester (Sumner) had shorn it of its exorbitant pretensions, as issuing from "bishops of Christ's Holy Catholic Church professing the faith of the primitive and undivided Church as based on Scripture and the four General Councils," to the more humble and trustworthy utterance of "bishops of Christ's Holy Catholic Church in communion with the United Church of England and Ireland." Again, it passed and published a series of thirteen resolutions of a simply practical character, excepting that one of these, derived from the Upper House of Convocation, was altogether hypothetical in its terms, setting forth that "*if* it was decided that a new Bishop of Natal should be consecrated," the consecration should only take place under given conditions; but no more sanctioning the appointment of a new bishop than a vote of Convocation would sanction a war with any of the continental powers, if it should declare that in the event of such a war taking place, England expected that every man would do his duty.

On the second day of the session a colonial bishop imported into the deliberations the whole Colenso case. The speaker, moreover—and he claimed to utter the sentiments of many of the brethren present—did not hesitate to declare that he had come to England for the express purpose of obtaining a formal condemnation of the Bishop of Natal; that, if baffled in his expectation now, he entertained the hope that a day would come when the *full anathema* would be pronounced on him; and that, if the Church of England would not endorse the excommunication of the Bishop of Natal, his one wish was that it might be altogether severed from the State. Of course, the Archbishop could not allow any resolution to be moved on such grounds. Much less could he permit the extravagant propositions of the Bishop of Vermont on the Colenso case to be put to the meeting.* But as Bishop Ewing wrote †—

"Had it not been for the weighty appeal of the Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall), the sagacity of the Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), the chivalrous advance of the Bishop of Ely (Harold Browne), the good sense of the Bishop of Lincoln (Jackson), and, above all, the gallant fight which was made by the Bishop of London (Tait), it is difficult to say what the position of the Church of England would have been to-day."

The conference, moreover, sent forth a "pastoral,"‡

* See the "Life of Bishop Hopkins," page 415.

† "The Lambeth Encyclical," p. 1.

‡ The following is a copy of the address issued by the Pan-Anglican Synod or Conference:—

"To the faithful in Christ Jesus, the priests and deacons and the lay members of the Church of Christ, in communion with the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic,—We, the undersigned bishops, gathered under the good providence of God for prayer and conference

signed by all the "assembled bishops." The Bishop of Argyll, however, withheld his signature to the document for twenty-four hours, and the reader will learn in the following letter at once the reasons

at Lambeth, pray for you that ye may obtain grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour. We give thanks to God, brethren beloved, for the faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love towards the saints, which have abounded among you, and for the knowledge of Christ which through you hath been spread abroad among the most vigorous races of the earth. And with one mouth we make our supplications to God even the Father, that by the power of the Holy Ghost He would strengthen us with His might, to amend among us the things which are amiss, to supply the things which are lacking, and to reach forth unto higher measures of love and zeal in worshipping Him, and in making known His name; and we pray that in His good time He would give back unto His whole Church the blessed gift of unity in truth. And now we exhort you in love, that ye keep whole and undefiled the faith once delivered to the saints, as ye have received it of the Lord Jesus. We entreat you to watch and pray, and to strive heartily with us against the frauds and subtleties wherewith the faith hath been aforetime and is now assailed. We beseech you to hold fast as the sure word of God all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and that by diligent study of these oracles of God, praying in the Holy Ghost, ye seek to know more of the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, ever to be adored and worshipped, whom they reveal unto us, and of the will of God which they declare. Furthermore, we entreat you to guard yourselves and yours against the growing superstitions and additions with which in these latter days the truth of God hath been overlaid; as otherwise, so especially by the pretension to universal sovereignty over God's heritage asserted for the See of Rome; and by the practical exaltation of the blessed Virgin Mary as mediator in the place of her Divine Son, and by the addressing of prayer to her as intercessor between God and man. Of such beware, we beseech you, knowing that the jealous God giveth not His honour to another. Build yourselves up, therefore, beloved, in your most holy faith; grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Show forth before all men by your faith, self-denial, purity, and godly conversation, as well as by your labours for the people among whom God hath so widely spread you, and by the setting forth of His Gospel to the unbelievers and the heathen, that ye are indeed the servants of Him who died for us to reconcile His Father to us, and to be a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. Brethren beloved, with one voice we warn you; the time is short; the Lord cometh; watch and be sober. Abide steadfast in the communion of saints wherein God hath granted you a place. Seek in faith for oneness with Christ in the blessed sacrament of His body and blood. Hold fast the creeds and the pure

of his hesitation, and the motives which prevailed with him in finally appending his name:

To the Editor of the *Spectator*:

October 22nd, 1867.

"SIR,—I only saw your paper of the 5th inst. yesterday, in which you express surprise at my having signed the late address from Lambeth, and seem to invite an explanation from me which I gladly give, as above all things I feel that it is needful that public teachers should be counted honest. I myself had no part in the composition of the address, and when the passage to which you allude ('reconciled the Father to us') was read out to us, I myself was so grieved at the expression, as inserted there, that I came to the resolution of not signing the address, and remained for twenty-four hours in that determination; but finally I agreed to append my signature on the following considerations: 1. That we had met for friendly conference, and not to lay down doctrinal definitions. 2. That our address was mainly a salutation to the brethren, couched in the general language of our formularies, with the intention not of teaching, but of recognising and upholding the unity of a body—the Church of England—which, constituted as it now is, is of inestimable value for the maintenance of truth and charity in this country. I felt, too, that I should be acting unfairly to those of my brethren who were of the same mind as I was on this point, and to the excellent Archbishop who had called us together—(I believe for objects of peace)—if I objected to phraseology which did not seem to offend others probably wiser and better, my seniors in years and certainly superior in station to myself, and declined to sign. The terms used were also, no doubt, those of our formularies. But quoted without

worship and order which of God's grace ye have inherited from the Primitive Church. Beware of causing divisions contrary to the doctrine ye have received. Pray and seek for unity among yourselves, and among all the faithful in Christ Jesus, and the good Lord make you perfect, and keep your bodies, souls, and spirits until the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

their context, I do not think they gave the true meaning of them."

In a scene described as full of confusion and excitement, immediately after the close of the assembly, and in defiance of the expressed wish of the Primate, the Bishop of Capetown, aided by one English and one colonial prelate, induced fifty-six bishops to sign the following declaration:

"We, the undersigned bishops, declare our acceptance of the sentence pronounced upon Dr. Colenso by the Metropolitan of South Africa, with his suffragans, as being spiritually a valid sentence."

But after an assembly which was called together for special purposes has broken up, no later action, however induced, on the part of certain of its members can legitimately claim a place in the proceedings of the assembly itself; and consequently this declaratory after-thought, while revealing the motives which had throughout inspired the promoters of the Conference, did this further service, that it proved how wise and careful of the interests of the Church and nation at large Dean Stanley had been in hesitating to offer the unconditional use of the Abbey to a fractional representation of the Anglican episcopate, "whose objects were undefined, whose discussions were secret, and whose issues were unknown."

The reader must here be informed, that besides the non-representation of the northern province of Convocation, with the exception of one clergyman, a weighty remonstrance against the Assembly was

addressed to the Archbishop by one of the ablest and, no doubt, the most learned of the bishops of the southern province, Conop Thirlwall.

A few days after the breaking-up of the Conference the Bishop wrote the following letter:—

To Dean STANLEY:—

"Pray excuse a line from bed. The Pan-Anglican *has* sat, and seems to have done no harm. No supreme spiritual council seems to have been erected—no tribunal of heresy, no holy office; but the evil is done and established. It *has* sat. It may sit again. It will *virtually* (by sitting when called) be the very council which, in its resolutions, it professes not to have founded, or to have wished to found. The clergy, if not legally, will be virtually, subject to it. It not only glorifies the element of sacerdotal judgment, apart from lay co-operation, but it also introduces *foreign sacerdotes*. To this I object—I object that England should be subjected to such a tribunal. Many prelates who attended meant no harm, but their very attendance did all that was required. The thing is done, and the acts are not so innocent as they appear. There are sentences in the Pastoral which beg the whole question at issue, such as 'reconciled the Father,' a notoriously wrong interpretation of 2 Cor. v. 18, 19, but no doubt insidiously put in for a purpose. Do the prelates thus acting recognise that they alienate not merely the really rationalising and worldly, but the most thoughtful and advanced Christians in the Church? What remedy have we? None but the distinct and repeated declaration that the Church does not consist merely of the ecclesiastic, or 'professional' Christian, but of the whole body of the baptized—and in England of the clergy and laity—with the Christian powers that be, as well as of the bishops.

"A synod this Conference cannot be considered, for a general council may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes;* and, moreover, neither

* Article XXI. of the Authority of General Councils

the northern province of York, nor India or Australia were represented in it; but it may be as mischievous in its effects as if it had been really clothed with authority, or, shall I say, when Gideon could not cut down the grove by day he did it by night!"

But, perhaps, what the Bishop might have been heard saying in those days in the course of a casual conversation about the Pan-Anglican Conference, was even more expressive of his various convictions and feelings on the subject than any of his more formal written utterances. And, fortunately, one listener, in possession of a faithful and graphic pen, has preserved the following notes of the colloquial answers furnished by Dr. Ewing to certain queries which he put to him relative to the Lambeth meeting—notes which are published in these pages with the writer's kind permission, and which, perhaps, are better fitted to convey a more vivid conception of the Bishop's rich and racy conversational powers than any other memoranda which have come under the notice of the biographer.

"'What,' said the interrogator, 'is your main feeling after the conference?'—'Relief, relief, relief.' 'Was there any sense of solemnity at any part of the proceedings?'—'Only the solemnity of being on board a ship that might blow up at any moment.' 'Any possibility of thinking that it was an assembly in which the Spirit of God was at work?'—'That depended on where I sat. When I was with the Bishop of Chester [Jacobson], yes; but when near, &c., &c., quite the reverse.' 'What was your impression at the conversazione?'—'It was like a scene from "Hypatia."' 'What is the worst thing that has been done?'—'That the meeting has taken place at all. You will never get rid of it. They will always be clinging

to it. They know that they have got fifty-six names which they can append to any document that they choose.' 'What do you think of the pastoral letter?'—'It is words, words, words, and nothing else. It was written by the Bishop of Oxford [Wilberforce] and very much shortened and cut down by the others. The Bishop of Winchester [Sumner] by one clean sweep took out the whole viscera of a sentence in the Declaration on the councils, and remained the hero of the field on the first day. We fought through it, paragraph by paragraph, and by that evening reached the word *primitive*. Then the Bishop of Oxford proposed that the remainder of the sentence should be referred to a committee, which endeavoured on the next day to undo what had been done on the day before, but they were beaten.'—'Great havoc made on the second and third days on the schemes for establishing ecclesiastical tribunals. A splendid speech from the Bishop of London [Tait], knocking them all to pieces. The metropolitans were kept down by a masterly argument of Bishop Harold Browne. . . . The Natal question was brought on at the very last moment by a kind of ruse. . . . One or two comical things took place. On the 28th, at Lambeth Church, the first lesson was Tobit II. None of the American bishops would read it, so the Bishop of Lincoln [Jackson] did."

Bishop Ewing was not an alarmist, he believed that "the kingdom of the Father" was always being advanced whatever obstacles might be thrown in the way. But he was not an indifferentist, and he uttered his mind boldly and plainly against all endeavours, in whatever quarter they might originate, to compromise or overbear the liberty of private judgment and free inquiry, which, in the good providence of God, has been secured to us in the Church of England. And foremost, as he believed, amid such attempts to effect a divorce between the Church and the enlightenment

and progress of the age, was the scheme which culminated in the conference at Lambeth. That scheme he had no manner of doubt was "built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark." It was a conspiracy against Protestantism in the interests of sacerdotal dictation. The projectors had to accept a failure, but they supplied a warning, and the Bishop thus spoke of the final outcome of the Conference:—

"Unwearied by defeat in time past, the prophets do ever repeat former experiments, and think, like Balaam, that by *prophesying from another place* they will be able to change the nature of things! But the nature of things cannot be changed. The ground of the faith of the Church of England is Holy Scripture; and as the Church cannot add to revelation, neither is it competent for her to place any declaration of her own on a level with it. But any authoritative interpretation of Scripture made binding on her members would be to supersede Holy Scripture, would be to set up a rival to revelation, and would abrogate her own standards. The universal Church has not proclaimed any such interpretation, and a partial interpretation by a solitary branch can signify nothing. 'What is the use of your so-called bishops,' said a leading Roman Catholic bishop in Germany to me at the time of the agitation occasioned by the 'Essays and Reviews,' 'and why do they not settle these things by authority?' I replied, 'Did your bishops settle much when they settled Galileo? Did they settle aught but themselves?' *E pur si muove.*

"At the Conference the supporters of Bishop Gray felt that their cause was weak. We do not say that that of Dr. Colenso was strong. We are not prepared to say that either bishop was wholly right or wholly wrong; but we are prepared to say that the Bishop of Natal had raised questions which cannot be settled by authority, and that all attempts so to settle them must end in confusion. Revelation must stand or fall by its own intrinsic power. No Church can make it true by its own *ipse dixit*. No doubt

it is now as of old, 'if these things are not of God they will come to naught.' Gamaliel was wiser than his metropolitan. Were the Church of England to accept as her own the verdicts of the Bishop of Capetown she would 'homologate' error. But she has not done this up to this moment. She is free from the errors of Dr. Colenso; she is free from the errors of Dr. Gray. The Lambeth Conference would have committed her, if it could, to the definitions of the latter. Happily she has escaped that misfortune. It is not likely she will accept the definitions of Dr. Colenso.

"A few more attempts to settle such things as were lately or are now at issue in the Church of England by external authority, a few more attempts to nail the Church of England to the wall, and she must become a *hortus siccus;* a few more attempts to keep down inquiry by dead weight, and she will go to the bottom." *

It had been the intention of Bishop Ewing to accompany Dr. Tait to the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, but he was prevented by indisposition. He returned to Scotland in the middle of October, and early in November he thus writes:—

To his BROTHER:—

"I intend to go to a dinner given to Norman Macleod on Wednesday, and say something on the importance of union among Christians, *in the truth*, and by the truth; and that the wakeful observation of a true principle is to be preferred to the temporary soporific of a false—that is to say, Protestantism is to be preferred to Popery, and union ought to be sought for by Protestants among one another, now that so many are combining on the other side."

The address which Dr. Ewing delivered at his own synod in September, on Union, had been, as he expressed it, "extravagantly praised" in the Scotch

* "The Lambeth Encyclical," pp. 14, 15.

papers, in which it was reported very fully; but this fresh utterance of his opinions provoked a letter from the Primus, who wrote to inquire if the newspaper extracts were correctly reported, as "some statements you appear to have made cannot be allowed to pass without notice."

In his reply Dr. Ewing stated that though the reports were in the main correct, yet from his anxiety "as long as possible to be of one mind with the Primus" he would willingly, before publishing the Charge, expunge an expression likely to raise local questions. But he adds in conclusion :—

"I am resolved to make a stand for Protestant principles ; and I cannot for a moment allow that the teaching which I have all my life had at heart should be imperilled by the present dominance of ecclesiasticism."

The following letters tell the story both of Dr. Ewing's outer and inner life through the winter months :—

To Bishop TAIT (on the proposed consecration of an African Bishop in Scotland) :—

BISHOPSTON, *November 14th*, 1867.

"The consecration business seems at an end, as far as we in Scotland are concerned ; but it would have been a *fiasco* had it gone on, and, not the worst thing for getting *England* out of it, a Gretna Green marriage. I send you a newspaper, which I think may be of use to you in your ritual discussions. It will show you a more dangerous state of things than many Colensos, for *he* will die, but a system lives. There is no doubt a strange *bouleversement* of principle, or, rather, unbelief in principle, and men are losing their heads, if (as Lord Westbury would have said) they ever had any. There is certainly an alarming absence of clear principle in both parties—Church and State. I

should like to hear what you *do* at the Ritual Commission very much. I hope the good Archbishop will not think of binding Leviathan with a hook."

To Dean STANLEY:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 25th.*

"You will observe that the 'Conference' has been called together again for the 10th of December; and, although it is but designated *adjourned*, these adjournments mean permanence, and the Court of Heresy is, we may say, now established.

"Pusey says truly when he says a Protestant cry has been attempted to be raised for ten years, and has fallen powerless. I like the Protestant cry because it enables one to hold one's ground against the priestly party.

"But, as things look at present, it does not seem as if anything like light and progress is to be carried on by the Church of England—it *may* be carried on in England, but not by her. Yet I should like to connect the progress of England with the Church of England. But, truly, God liveth ever."

Writing to his brother shortly after the publication of Bunsen's "God in History," he says—

"I think if you look at the third volume of Bunsen's 'God in History' you would lift up your heart. The views are good, and the light is good, and a pleasant sight it is to see the sun. But will any man ever tell me that Bunsen himself is not a pleasanter sight? What greater proof can we have that God is, than a godlike man—his love, his hope, his patience.'

To Dean STANLEY:-

BISHOPSTON, *December 4th*, 1867.

"I am not sorry that the battle of the Establishment (*in re* Colenso) was dropped. It never could have been fought on worse ground. For, consciously or unconsciously, the *Bible* was felt to be the question at stake, and all the Evangelicals, &c., were to a man with the priestly party. Had not Dr. Pusey, by a strange infatuation, thrown

over the Americans by his tract on the Scandinavian admission first, before the meeting at Lambeth (in which he sneered at the American Church as a whole), they also would as one man have joined the metropolitans! Happily the Americans' *amour propre* made them hang in the wind. And the next question (the Irish Establishment) will be about as difficult as the Colenso case. I am disposed to think that we shall ultimately resolve into Educational and Church parties. Cannot we do something for the unification of both principles more than has yet been done?"

To Bishop TAIT:—

December 6th, 1867.

"I do not know that I am expected at this *rechauffée* of the Conference, nor would it do much good if I went, as the votes are pretty certain to be in a vast majority on the other side, and with closed doors any *remarks* are rendered of little moment one way or another. The country, though apparently indifferent, is not unobservant, and a protest, a voice plainly stating the case, would, I believe, at this moment, if it could be heard, carry the country *with* the protester; but in a little while custom will have excused all things, and the 'metropolitans' will be the Church of England until that day when with education the poorer classes, who now care for none of these things, will have a Church of their own, whatever that may be.

"You, dear brother, have fought a good fight, but the day has gone against you, and all of us who love the principles of the Reformation.

"Have you seen Hutton's tract on the Incarnation (in *Tracts for Priests and People*)? It is a most remarkable and a weighty contribution to our theological literature on the question 'Cur Deus Homo.'"

To the SAME:—

December 15th, 1867.

"I am very much obliged to you for giving me so full and speedy an account of all that took place at the second Conference. Had the doors of the first Conference been open, and the noble words you said, as well as the speeches of

the metropolitans, been heard out of doors, men would have been seen in their true colours, and the great principles at stake would have been recognised; but even as matters now stand, Stanley's shutting the doors of the national sanctuary, and public opinion as expressed in the *Times*, *Spectator*, &c., have gone far to abate the pretensions of the mighty Pan. Still the evil has been done—viz. that the possibility of a faction overriding the decisions of the National Church has been made apparent. I do not believe that State connection is needful for the *truth*, but in England the State connection has allowed the outcome of truths, which, implicitly held, have not been explicitly taught or clearly recognised until now, and I am persuaded that the full enunciation of these truths is absolutely necessary, in order to secure any *real* belief in this age, for there can be no doubt, I think, that the thatching of 'Groby Pool' with *Pan*-cakes of authority and ritual, apart from, or from want of, seeing *light, and meaning, and truth in the things revealed themselves*, is itself a sign of an existing unbelief, and will not prevent a coming atheism.

"However, you, dear brother, have fought a good fight, and now, after this storm, you will, I hope, have a little repose, that is, until the next one comes up. But now you can get, I hope, what is rest to you—the labour of daily life, and no extra hours and strain. I wish I were nearer you to console you! To me life is keen enough in a small way—a constant irritation and little threats—as to what I know not. To be cast out of a synagogue is to be found afterwards by Jesus; to cast yourself out is another thing. I shall not do so, for I believe what the Church has always believed, when Christ was known as the glory of the Father. Have you seen Pressensè's 'Life of Christ'? It is very interesting. The Lord bless and keep you and yours, dear brother. Beloved of the Lord are, I believe, both you and your house."

To the SAME:—

December 23rd.

"I need not say how glad I was to see your letter in the papers, and that the world and the Church should

know 'that there is a bishop in London'—not that you or I are particularly admirers of Bishop Colenso, but the principles at stake are so very important that they must be contended for, even if one has to carry Colenso on one's back. But he is the difficulty, and even the *Times* has shrunk from the question, from finding its readers not going with it or not caring to take up the matter. *He* would be doing the truth a great service who would clearly enunciate the distinction between religious men such as Dorner and Pressensè in Germany and France, Campbell, Erskine, and McLeod in Scotland, and some names which I need not mention in England—who are all alike Liberals and Progressistas, but who are not less heartily believers in revelation—and those who are also Liberals and Progressistas, but who do not accept revelation in any biblical sense of the word. From the want of this 'riding of the marches' bigoted Churchmen, and weak Churchmen, and, of course, Roman Catholics, derive some advantage, and must be allowed a considerable excuse in not accepting either liberty or progress in religion."

To his BROTHER:—

December 30th, 1867.

"I have a nice letter from your friend Berwick, to whom I sent my 'Union' sermon, asking, 'What are the *conditions* of salvation?' that is to say the payment. I say, the same conditions on which Lewis stays at Bishopston. He is my son, and if he is of one mind with me, he stays with me, if not, he goes to another place—better or worse. On the other hand, salvation has conditions just as health has, and it *is* a condition, but a present, eternal, abiding condition, that we can only enter into eternal life through knowledge and conformity. I almost sent a donation to the Garibaldi Wounded Fund, but did not, reserving my aid for the Bible Society Meeting, where I intend to hold forth on Christendom being scandalized by the blessing of rifles by the Holy Father. I fear I have but small memorials to send you and yours. Children at the new year must be taught through gifts, but *we* do not

require them. 'In that day ye shall ask me nothing,' and why should we ask now?"

To Mrs. Robinson:—

Bishopston, *January*, 1868.

"I see, by the acquaintances you cultivate, that you are likely to end your days in a nun's head-dress. Well, if people would only be natural! But what with artificial brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and fathers in God, and Right Rev. Sirs ('your Righteousness' one man calls me), all the true meaning of life is lost. Our Holy Father, the Pope, is doing wonders among his children with 'Chassepôt' rifles, blessing them after *his* manner; and then he is, I see, surprised that 'an old man's blessing' is not popular. I should like to give my blessing in some less formidable way to my godson, whom you rightly say I should not know from Adam, nor he me from Pius IX.

"Well, there must be a good time coming, when we shall all know one another, that is, anything in any of us which is worth knowing. I begin to think there is no such quality in me, and that your boy will lose nothing in knowing me only by my photograph or the post. But I shall try to see him some day. I now send him a little book, scarcely suited, I fear, to his tender years; but, alas! we have no 'wale of wigs' in Argyll. We had dear Nina and her husband with us at Christmas, which was a great treat."

To the Rev. Hugh M'Coll:—

January 3*rd*, 1868.

I have but one sorrow in my Highland ministry—that I cannot speak the Gaelic tongue. I have tried, but cannot learn it. I hope bishops will come after me who will know it. If fit men be found in the Gaelic ministry, I do not doubt but that they will be elected for Inverness-shire, Argyllshire, and the Islands. It was the lack of such which accounted for my election in 1848. How different from the day when all Northern England, Western Scotland, and great part of Europe were evangelised from Iona! If you have not seen my Iona book,

I shall be glad to make you the present of a copy. It is full of the history of the Celtic Church.

"A great and true harvest is lying ready to our hands, a harvest of long-expectant and pious people, from whom I am shut out by my want of their language, and who are not likely to be so much benefited by others as by ourselves. I am no admirer of divisions and varieties of folds in the one great flock, but when habit, belief, and other signs plainly indicate the providence of God in giving us hearts and homes which are not open to others, we should be ready to thank God for the great and most precious of his gifts—human love and reverence. Take advantage of 'kent folk and kind faces,' give them that which God has given us, and which they desire at our hands—spiritual food. The Good Shepherd be with us."

The Bishop was able to attend the meeting of the Bible Society held in Glasgow, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, on the 28th of January, and the speech which he delivered on the occasion was afterwards published *in extenso* by the Bible Society.

On his return from Glasgow, the Bishop remained at Lochgilphead until the end of May.

To Bishop EDEN:-

March 4th, 1868.

"I wish I could join you in petitioning Parliament to maintain the Establishment of our Church in Ireland, but I cannot do so. The arguments you bring forward are very weighty, and I am by no means sure that in abolishing the Irish Protestant Establishment we shall not give a real impetus to Rome. Few have a greater dread than I have of her system, few know more of her workings behind the scenes; but I cannot sign the petition. If the Establishment represented the wishes of the people I would vote for its continuance; but I cannot give my support to an Establishment which is simply maintained by force, even though what I hold to be the truth is proclaimed by

it. Truth must be chosen for its own sake; and if I and those who hold this opinion go to the wall, we must go. Nevertheless, I believe that in the end we shall win the victory. Dear brother, many thanks for asking me, many regrets for not being able to act with you; but I feel that the only thing I can conscientiously do is 'revenir à nos principes.' If we do that 'all is well,' and must be well.

"I am glad you liked the Plea.* I am going to publish extracts from the works of William Law, the non-juror, author of 'The Serious Call,' and this surely will please you."

To his BROTHER (who was wintering in the South of France):—

March 17th.

"Bishop Wordsworth and the Primus are for our reviving the archbishoprics of St. Andrews and Glasgow, to prevent the Roman Catholics from doing so. We should only revive the memory of Beaton in Scotland, and I do not wish to wash my robes in the blood of Sharpe. I hope it won't be done; it will only make us ridiculous.† Most Scotchmen have as much horror of bishops as a bull has of red serge.

"Poor Alice has been in a state of real distress. Her devoted pet cat, which was really a curious animal in its love for her, died in her arms yesterday, after a week of intense suffering. Its leg had been terribly torn in a trap, poor beast! It was quite touching to see its attempts to be good, to purr, to make no outcry, to behave properly. Who knows what they are?—so near to us, and yet so far off from us. Truly, the whole earth groaneth and travaileth, and whether it be ascending or descending, whether Christ comes to raise us up or to prevent our descending, one thing is plain, that we are not as yet what we ought to be—so near the ideal, yet

* "A Plea for the Highland and Non-juring Congregations."

† When this proposition was formally moved at an episcopal meeting, the Bishop compared it to the martial preparations of a certain clan, "with four-and-twenty men and five-and-thirty pipers."

no fulfilment. But the certainty of the ideal is enough, and is prophetic of that which shall be; for what ought to be, must be, and will be, and the kingdom will come. Meanwhile, a greater than we was straitened until it was accomplished. We cannot destroy pain and death, but 'the devils are subject unto us.' Temptation, when vanquished, introduces angels; and only so do they come. Creation was a great venture, but no doubt in the end it will justify God.

"Do not let us be appalled by the prospect of any increased variety of Protestant opinions, of any multiplication of the number of Protestant sects. Denominations seem to arise very much as a matter of taste, by natural selection; but any amount of variety is preferable to the uniformity produced by the authority of a sacerdotal caste, which seems to me of not much greater value than that which exists among a number of clocks or cows: the clocks, probably, not knowing the hours they are striking, or the cows the number of legs upon which they stand. I have no fear for the result. Some among us who do not see that it is light which is coming, and has come, naturally fall back on the letter, and try to secure its influence by setting up 'bogies,' which certainly make the letter remarkably killing. But the spirit giveth life, and I do not doubt where the victory will be. Truth must prevail where it has a fair field; and it ever has a fair field where force is not used, for or against it. I suppose at first the withdrawal of the Establishment will seem to weaken Protestantism in Ireland; but it could not be avoided without endowing Romanism—a far greater evil, I think, than the course now taken.

"I have the most beautiful letter from Montalembert, notwithstanding my having sent him my speech at the Bible Society, condemnatory of Vaticanism. I sent it to him with the Iona book and some other things, forgetting that while I had censured his friend, Pio Nino, I had spoken in very laudatory terms of himself. Dear Montalembert, notwithstanding his intellectual errors, is evidently strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

March 19th.

"I was very glad to get your kind letter. I did not know, however, that there was anything between us farther than that, having been of late on different sides of Church politics, we have been less together. I have had good reasons for becoming more distinctively *Protestant*, and I suppose you may have felt more than you used to do the necessity of withstanding unbelief by authority. As to Scotland, no doubt your views have been that *they* should come to us; and mine, that we should go to them. But these are minor things. In the great things I hope we are one, and I never forget the orderly and Christian and delightful character of your household—the great test, I think, of real workmanship. The church in a man's house I understand; I am not so sure about churches. I am, however, thankful to be where I am. I do not wish to be a Presbyterian; I am thankful not to be a Roman Catholic. *Here* I can rest, if they will let me rest; albeit the place is small, and the hole whence we were dug very near at hand. The Irish Church is on her last legs. Gladstone is too earnest, and the Dissenters and Rome united are too strong to be resisted. Perhaps the English Establishment will survive, and, in another form, influence Scotland and Ireland eventually, which I take it is your view. Let us hope so. You know that *I* think that the Pan-Anglican laid the foundation of a *Free* Church, and that it was a great mistake. I write these hurried lines to assure you of my ever undiminished love and respect, though we warred in different camps."

To Miss EMILY FRASER, of Newton:—

March 19th.

"I was very glad indeed to get your kind letter and its violets. They brought back past days. I hope and believe these sweet sights and sounds are indications of something beyond which has foundations. But are not these very sights and sounds themselves foundations? To see *more* could not show us more fully that the source

which never can be seen *is* what He is. Does this seem sad? Love can only be seen by its acts, cannot itself be seen. 'No man hath seen God at any time.' What then! Is He never seen? 'The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.' But now do we become possessed of His revelation by 'putting our hands into His side?' 'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.' It is the last thing we know, really to know God, who is near and yet so far, but whom no microscope or telescope can reveal. Shall we, then, never see Him? Yes, for He is *with* us and *in* us. I do not know if violets speak thus to you, they do to me, and so do all sweet flowers; but not always. Sometimes the toil and moil and dust choke their sweetness. Have you read De Guerin's Letters and Life, and the 'Récit d'une Sœur.' They are Roman Catholic, and some stitches have to be dropped, but they are good reading."

To his BROTHER:—

March 25th.

"I do not like my birthday to pass away without one line to some of those nearest and dearest, and I single you out as him who has companied with me from the beginning (to use sacred language, which is never profanely if solemnly used), and who has shared my tribulations, and also has been partaker of my joys. Few know, or can know, what you and I have been, and, thank God, still are, to one another, and shall be throughout eternity. Strange yet joyful thought! Yet of old Aberdeen days, save in your and my memories, naught remains: the melodies are faint, and the far-off views grow dim; yet I would not by any means that they should die out. To-day I have been looking in the old Bible with the names of our births in my father's hand, and at his picture and our mother's. Poor dear parents! little known to us, dying younger than ourselves, so that we know more of life than they did. A real life they led, however—his a bold and manly one, hers a woman's love and sorrow. Thank God, we have, at least, not disgraced these honoured ones.

"There is a good deal going on here in politics and

religion. The Marquis of Lorne is canvassing the country without opposition. The Bishop of London has routed all the archbishops and bishops and metropolitans, and Capetown retires to consecrate at the Cape. But no doubt a reaction will come, and it will be said that a Church which cannot expel error is one with it, and had better be abandoned."

To Mrs. WHITAKER:—

April 25th.

"I am grieved that I did not take in sooner that dear Cunliffe Pickersgill was so ill.; had I done so I might have been of some use to him even in writing. I have been so often at death's door myself, that I might have conveyed to him thoughts which were helpful to me at such a time. I fear I may be too late now, but, if not, a few words may do for him what a few words at such a time have done for me. I would address them to him, but it may be best to say them, as if to myself, as reflections, and you can do with them what you like. As a bishop of the Church of God I can earnestly pray for him, and have done so ever since I heard of the seriousness of his case. His great sweetness and modesty always touched me much, and the memories of his marriage, and his union with those so dear to you, make me feel his case deeply. We are entirely in God's hands; it is our duty and it is our happiness to submit. We did not make ourselves. He gave us birth; He willed our being. There is great comfort in that. He placed us here, according to His wisdom, as was best for us. He takes us hence when it is best. In neither case does He consult us, for we do not know much because we see so little—our horizon is bounded by what we see here. We have five senses, there may be fifty thousand. There is one sort of nature here, one sky, beyond there may be millions; though doubtless there is, amidst them all, one permanent place for us. We have a birth, and an intimation of things here, which will obtain their completion hereafter. We cannot doubt that this will be so. God made us because He loved us; no other reason will account for our being. He does not require, He was

not obliged to make, us. If our being is pleasing to Him, our well-being is secured. Can we, who are evil, give good gifts to our children? and will not the eternal Father give us all good things? And lest we should not see and might not realise this, He takes our own very form and flesh in Christ, and manifests what He is, that we may know He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He weeps over the grave of Lazarus, from sympathy, from affection for the sisters, and for him He was about to raise. He will raise us all. But in the meantime, because of the hardships, the terrors, the miseries of the way, He weeps with us. Sin has marred a fine nature, and we have to die, for *flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven.* But we shall inherit the eternal, glorious, blessed kingdom of light and love, where those once entered in know no more care, anxiety, sorrow, or pain: they are at rest, and nothing can disturb the haven of their repose. Their companions are blessed spirits. They see sweet faces of angels and hear heavenly strains. In a little while their perfecting will be accomplished by the coming to them of those they left behind. In a few short years, which to look back on will seem but as a single day, those now living will be with them, they will be united never to be severed more. We are introduced to one another in time to be for ever with each other in heaven. This is the communion of saints, and it may begin now. We may have it with one another through prayer, and in union with God, God who is *One*, and who is equally here as there. At such a time as this, the last words of our Lord, and the last chapters of St. John, beginning with the fourteenth, are like sounds from that other world; they are like the voice of Jesus beside us, and indeed it is His voice that we hear."

To Dean STANLEY:—

April 15th.

"The magazines I spoke of decline to publish my article on the Pan-Anglican.* I suppose it is too stupid or too

* The Encyclical Letter of the Lambeth Conference. Glasgow: 1867.

extreme, or, perhaps, too dangerous (for all have their own 'bubbly jocks,' even magazines). But as one able to judge thinks it good for this present time (and sufficiently well done *for me*), I have had fifty copies thrown off, and send you six of them. Of course they are for friends only. I contend for the connection of Church and State, but I fear the tide is too strong for us, and that national churches are on their last legs.* Tractarianism does not love the State, and Dissent hates it *quoad sacra*, and both together will win; and then for the 'variations of Protestantism!' But I do not think the disestablishment of the Irish Church could be avoided.

"But it is not *religious* separation which is coming. Denominationalism (our future) is among Protestants not a thing of 'orders of the ministry,' but of social rank and taste. Peers and lairds choose Episcopacy, professional men and farmers choose an *established* Presbytery, and mechanics and shopocracy a *free* Presbyterianism. Thus it now *is* in Scotland, and thus it *will* be in England. It is a matter of 'clothes' among Protestants after all. Then let it be so, and let every one go to his own place.

"It is clear that the upper ten thousand go to the Pope from dilettantism, and the lower ten thousand from superstition. The eighty thousand will remain with common sense, and I shall not say with the Book of Proverbs, but with the conception that if a professed revelation has no *meaning* we have not a revelation in any true sense. But we shall have a democracy—a royal democracy no doubt—enthusiastic for the Queen and not democracy alone, until some future occupant of the throne shall fail to sympathize with the progress of the nation. These signs of the times you will say I see from Ben Nevis."

Dr. Ewing paid a short visit to London in the

* All the same, in a succeeding letter to his brother, and in his third "Present Day Paper on the Christian Ministry," the Bishop speaks very hopefully of the future relations of Church and State, while in the latter he presents us with a sketch of his ideal of a truly National Establishment.

summer, when he attended the meeting of the Argyll Fund, and preached in Westminster Abbey.

The following letters are selected from his correspondence after his return to Bishopston.

To Bishop TAIT:—

October 29th.

"I have just been reading Arnold's letters again, and am struck with the progress which has been made since his days, to which indeed he so much contributed, but which is now beyond his mode of thought. It is evident, I think, that set forms cannot now be made to suit any considerable body of people. The nations have outgrown most of their institutions. What to former statesmen seemed the right thing, to the nation now seems simply immorality. The casting out of Isabella from Spain, the loathing of priestcraft in Italy, and the present condition of Austria, are all, I believe, results of the world having grown more righteous than any of its institutions. I wish you would write something on this matter of righteousness.

"I was very glad to get your sermon on Dean Milman."

To his BROTHER:—

October 31st.

"The good Archbishop's death opens a great door for good or evil. If a brave man were appointed, who would open his eyes to all that is shaky and bad, and bring in Bill after Bill, he might yet, under God, save the Church of England. If we get what is called 'a safe man,' she certainly will go to the bottom. However, you will be partially out of all this in France, and hear but the murmur of the far-off sea, and know by the papers when the storm drum is up. . . . . .

"I have recently been reading Latimer's sermons, and find that the land question had a good deal to do with the Reformation. I suspect that the unwarrantable enclosure of commons, which has deprived the poor of their own lands and houses, has not only brought in a poor

law, but lost us half our Highland population, to the aggrandisement of a few lairds; so that it has become expedient *for the nation to die for one!* a new reading!

But what are we to think of our prophets who prophesied of none of these things, but kept things easy for the landlords, dwelling on the duty of 'doing our duty in that state of life,' &c. Is there no prophet in Israel who will establish the Church by establishing it in the hearts of the people? This and that man gets much praise for employing so many people. If the people had their own, they would not require any man to employ them. Jesus had 'compassion on the *multitude.*' Perhaps I am 'mouton enragé.'"

"'Oh, for an hour of bonnie Dundee!' my Dundee being a trifle like Garibaldi. But you see I am not as I ought to be, meditating a sermon for 'All Saints' day.'"

To Miss WINKWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 16th*, 1868.

"We leave this on Friday for my daughter's and Edinburgh, where I have some business meetings, and afterwards I have some idea of going on to Cannes, and it may be to Palermo. I find the cold in winter a great trial here. I am glad you liked this country; I trust you will be able to come again, and at a season when we have fewer interruptions. I have been busy with my Charge, the publication of which was delayed by my visitations, but I shall send it you. It is radical, red, white, and blue, and I fear requiring that which it will not get—much pardon from my landed and manufacturing friends—as it discusses the land tenure in the interests of the 'commons,' and capital in the interests of 'labour,' by endeavouring to represent Lazarus as having a right to more than the doorsteps, or at least that 'alms' is not the best way to help him. But if preachers do not preach on matters of the day, what is the prophetic office? Old Latimer was (I see by his sermons) burnt as much for fighting landowners about land as for fighting Rome about the Gospel."

The Charge which the Bishop delivered at the annual synod was afterwards published in a considerably enlarged form, with the title, "On Creeds, Church Establishments, and the Christian Ministry," and in its pages, as might be gathered from the foregoing letters, he placed himself face to face with some of the greatest social questions of the age in which we live — communism, the English land question, Irish land tenure, the rights of labour, the duties of capital, the migration of labour, the poor laws, education, co-operation, the dwellings of the poor, being all touched upon.

The Bishop, however, as the title of his Charge implies, did not restrict himself on the present occasion to the discussion of so-called secular questions.

The Divine simplicity of the faith as it is in Jesus; the difference between a cold reflex article and a living *credo* in a living God; the probabilities of disestablishment and the ministry of the future—a ministry ruled by light, instead of one which seeks to oppose its advent; the federation of denominations in a wider establishment, in which provision should be made for the maintenance of the ministerial work; the incalculable loss to England if the rites which impart consecration to our whole lives from the cradle to the grave should cease to be the expression of the national conviction, and become merely the symbols of conflicting sects; the prophetic calling of the ministry to claim for Christ the whole sphere of our present temporal existence; whether dogma or the Divine life in the soul of man should constitute the one great theme of the Christian teacher; the sym-

pathy between man and man which the ministry implies; and the future of an universal and abiding brotherhood which is to be the be all and the end all of the present discipline—these subjects were likewise discoursed of, and at the close of his Charge the Bishop thus spoke:—

"Let us rise from systems, whether of Episcopacy or of Presbytery, above all mere material apparatus. Let us rise to higher things; let us live in that region which makes the face to shine and the breast to swell, and where the heart says, I have seen the Lord; where we behold His glory, and the Word become flesh is in the midst of us. Let us not undertake the cure of souls until we have gone far in the cure of our own. Yet let us not, by undue self-introspection, draw back. Victory is certain. Christ died and rose and revived for victory, not for defeat. He must increase, and our increase is His increase. Happy is he who can forward this, for it is the joy of the Lord; happy he who enters into it. Let us do our part. Our work is to show forth Christ, and by this regenerate the world; our work is, with infinite tenderness to heal the wounds of humanity, a sad and stricken world—to help the coming earth to a better birth. It is not so difficult to help; not when we consider it. Men are all near and dear to us, nearer and dearer than we believe, until on a bed of death, when we seem to be saying good-bye to them for ever. Can any look on the face of the dead, say on that of a toil-worn son of humanity, without love and sorrow? When foolish guns are laid aside, and poor spades put away, and the crown falls from the pillow, and the toy lies by the side of the child, and mother and infant in one embrace sleep the sleep of the ages, and have returned to whence they came; and when the survivors move silently through the house as if afraid to disturb the departed, their eyes filled with tears, their ears with the sounds of their youth, could they then decline our vocation, that of ministering to the wants of humanity,

helping mankind to a better and more abundant life? And should we not in such an hour like to speak to them of Christ, to give them all, the mourners and the dead, with ourselves unto God, to pray unto Him and say, 'Domine Opera manuum tuarum ne despicias.' 'Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

VISIT TO CANNES—THIRD VISIT TO PALERMO—PAPER ON THE EUCHARIST—THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL—APPOINTMENT OF DR. TEMPLE—PUBLICATION OF PRESENT DAY PAPERS. 1868–1869.

AT the end of November Dr. Ewing resolved to join his brother at Cannes, and *en route* thither he penned the following letter to Bishop Tait, who had just been appointed to the see of Canterbury:—

CANTERBURY, *November 30th*, 1868.

"I find, my dear brother, I have half an hour to wait, and I feel more inclined to spend it with you than do aught else. I was glad to see you and Mrs. Tait, and the children, and Lady Wake, and all the well-known faces, and the new place, which is very pretty, and more than that. May the Lord keep and bless you. I write from the city of Augustine. It is thirteen hundred years since he left 'the eternal city (!)'. for this place, where you are now his heir. Poor man! he did not wish to come, and Gregory (*ille Magnus*) had to hound him on; and no wonder, when the Celtic bishops would not so much as eat with him. *Bene.*—I shall look at the *Chiesa di San Gregorio* with double interest when I am in Rome, and if you like I will send you the list of Augustine and his twelve, which is inscribed on its walls. But Canterbury is now Rome, for the light is here, not there. Surely not there when we see a formal blessing of cannon to defend

Christianity!—cannon and the temporal power! I hope the temporal power and the Establishment are not identical. But the light is its own witness; and the light is here surely, not there. May it continue *et lux perpetua luceat tibi.*

"I was glad to read what was said of you in the *Spectator*. I send the number, as it contains also an interesting and very powerful article on 'Spiritual Election,' a subject now exciting some attention in Scotland. The writer's *à posteriori* view of Calvinism is, I think, very suggestive. If you care to glance at it, pray afterwards return it to me at Villa Anaïs, Route de Grasse, Cannes, Alpes Maritimes, France; where, perhaps, I may hear from you now and then, for the sake of 'auld lang syne.' To-day is St. Andrew's Day, and I am in Canterbury, and have seen a native of my own land primate of England. I hope and believe it will be for the good of all, and not less your own good, my dear lord and father. I do not forget the Lollard's Tower, but hope I shall be able to get out when I like! Thanks for your kind words about my dear son, whose life at present is trying. I was never in so wretched a place in all my life as is that bit of the East End where he lives and works, and where I spent two days.

"Once more adieu, dear brother, for we may not meet again. The Lord bless you, and keep you in your great work; and I do not doubt that He will do so, for why else did He choose you for the chief pastor of His flock? Surely there is now a need for a great shepherd and a great primate, for the Church of England is in great straits, and how is she to be saved? It may be that the Spirit of the Lord is in you to enable you to save her. I am giving the voice of one from below, but it seems to me that if a great reform were announced, involving a change in such matters as the sale of livings, private patronage, &c., and the introduction of a lower order of ministers (in aid), in order to the more thorough identification of the Church with the poorer classes of society, it would unite all good men of all parties, would tide us over many difficulties, and, perhaps, do too much

for some people's comfort. I may be wrong, but to exalt the Church in righteousness would exalt it altogether, and *establish* it for ever. Pray forgive me. I do not desire the fate of Becket for you, but of Judas Maccabeus."

The happiness which the Bishop had anticipated from a couple of months' residence at Cannes was sadly interrupted by a long and dangerous illness, which confined him to his room for many weeks, and from which he had but partially recovered when he started for Marseilles to take the steamer for Palermo. He writes, however, of the great enjoyment he derived from a few drives in the neighbourhood at the close of his stay at Cannes, and from the visits he was able to receive from former friends and others, for whose kindness and attention he expresses himself as warmly grateful.

To Mr. Bowyer.—

PALERMO, *April 6th*, 1869.

"There is much to interest and amuse here, and were I well there is much I could do. There is a great movement among the Low Government party for improvement in all ways, and some of their officials are very nice fellows, especially Professor Tommasi, whose lectures on education I am trying to translate for one of the English magazines. Medici, the prefect, is also a fine simple old warrior, who has been in all the wars of the last thirty years. He gave me a warm welcome on account of my speech for the Bible Society, in which I had praised Garibaldi.

"Life is easy here, although the deeper problems are the same as elsewhere. Air and water are all you get for nothing, the rest you must purchase. We have the Duke d'Aumale and the young Orleans here just now (they have large property in Sicily), and it is curious to see in them another political stratum lying between the old Bourbons and our friends (my friends, at any rate) now in power.

"I trust to be with you a day or two on my return and have a talk about many things, dear friend, in that old garden where we have now walked up and down a good deal."

It was while pacing alone in this garden one day that the Bishop was overheard saying to himself, "How lonely is the seeker after truth!"

To Mr. Erskine:—

Palermo, *April 23rd.*

". . . Were it not for the certain belief that God is, and that He is guiding the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, we could not get on at all. But *here*, in this portion of the globe, few believe in Him. The Romans believe in the Pope, and that some people once saw the things of God, and that these people are to be believed; but they have seen nothing themselves, and would think it profane to ask to *see*. The others think there is nothing to be seen. Christianity has been so travestied in these parts, that the imitation hides the reality, and I do not exaggerate when I say that almost all the thinking men are infidels.

"The outward world here is very beautiful, yet, as you know, it is not the eye which sees, but the man. Mere flesh and blood never reveal anything to the human soul; and even agriculture itself vanishes when man, who is the true salt of the earth, loses his savour. Here even naturalism is not believed in, far less the spiritual sight. Blake, the painter, says to such, 'Do you see when the sun rises a yellow shining thing like a guinea coming out of the sea, or an innumerable company of angels praising God?' The guinea is all which is seen here, and even the guinea is but dimly seen.

"For the development and fulfilment of the kingdom of Christ we wait with more or less of patience and illumination. Yea, Amen, even so, *come*, Lord Jesus, and build up that which is wanting, and take away that which is contrary; but, above all, terminate the great mystery of

the sufferings of the innocent and gentle! It is impossible to be happy without the happiness of others, and how terribly unable to obtain happiness many are, and how many others are unwilling that happiness should be obtained. Yours in prayer and thanksgiving, here, always, and everywhere,

"A. E."

On his return journey from Palermo Dr. Ewing had the happiness of meeting his brother and his family at Mâcon, and with them he journeyed to England, arriving in the middle of May.

One of the Bishop's first cares on reaching London was to endeavour to make the annual meeting of the Argyll Fund, which was fixed for the 8th of June, an effective one. He was anxious that the fund should be true to its designation, and that the friends who supported it should not limit their consideration to himself, but extend their sympathy to the needs of the whole diocese—the claims of the schools and clergy being specially urged by him in addressing his correspondents.

The Bishop was also busily engaged during his stay in London in pressing forward the preparation of the first series of the "Present Day Papers," and we find him in correspondence concerning them with Mr. Maurice, Mr. Llewelyn Davies, and others, who had promised to co-operate with him.

But he had made a more urgent demand upon himself than upon any of his contributors; for from Palermo he had forwarded to the publisher the MS. of his own article on "The Eucharist," which appears as the second essay in the first series.

On the 14th of June, 1869, commenced the debate on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill in the House of Lords, and on learning that the motion in favour of disestablishment was very ably supported, he hastened to express his own views on the subject.

To Archbishop TAIT :—

GLASGOW, *June 15th.*

"I have seldom been more rejoiced than when I opened the paper this morning and saw the names of those in favour of the Bill. I am glad and thankful. It is the virgin among the lions, strongest in her nakedness. The Church of England will get a new lease thereby, for it is a noble act to let go all external aid to truth in that sad land where truth will never have a chance, until all parties have 'a fair field and no favour.' Then only will that desert blossom as a rose."

Referring to the clause inserted among the amendments sent by the House of Lords for the consideration of the House of Commons, and called "Concurrent Endowment," Dr. Ewing again writes :—

To the SAME :—

June 30th.

"Suffer me to express the profound conviction which I entertain, that 'Concurrent Endowment' would lead to the general overthrow of Church Establishments, not by the admission of a fragment of a hostile Church into State favour, but because, while outsiders or unbelievers would smile at the compromise, and would be encouraged in believing that all creeds are equally good or equally worthless, those communions which are now endowed would rather forfeit their connection with the State than consent to a scheme which increased the power of their rivals. Establishments arose out of *belief*, but I suspect that most of the advocates of 'Concurrent Endowment' would be found to have no very hearty belief of their own,

and that consequently the scheme proposed is not worth supporting. I conceive if a Bill to that effect goes from the Lords to the Commons it will not pass there, and its authors, especially if they are bishops, will be terribly pulled to pieces. You will excuse me, but I have felt all through that this new policy will bring to the ground an Establishment which is safe in its own dignity and integrity, and in the memory of its martyred bishops and reformers, and very precious *as such* to England."

The Bishop, to return to the affairs of Argyll and the Isles, was anxious to utilise, in the interests of the Highlanders generally, the proficiency in Gælic of Mr. McColl, the Incumbent of Fort William. Mr. McColl was already engaged in translating a little work—"Seven Faults"—published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; but the Bishop was of opinion that he would serve his countrymen still better by rendering into his native tongue a specimen of a higher style of literature. Accordingly, he wrote:—

"I send a book* by this post (pray take care of it, as it is very precious to me for family reasons) in which you will find a story called, 'Brothers and a Sermon.' Look at the passage I have marked, extending from p. 199 to p. 213, and consider whether so beautiful and powerful a picture might not be of use to our fishermen if turned into Gaelic metre. If you think so, pray attune your sacred harp. The poem may serve to bring Christ as He is before those who need Him most—the poor and wretched and hopeless, who are poor indeed if they have not Him."

The subject which the Bishop selected as the theme of his synodical charge this year was "The Increase of Infidelity." In it Dr. Ewing made

* Poems, by Jean Ingelow.

special reference to the approaching Œcumenical Council which the Pope had summoned to meet on the 6th of the following December. And the reason which chiefly weighed with him in calling the attention of his hearers to the Pan-Roman gathering was this, that the very fact of its being called together was an admission on the part of the head of the Roman Church that at present there was no light in the spiritual world, and that consequently neither fidelity nor infidelity could, logically speaking, exist; while, on the other hand, the creation by vote of a hypothetical source of illumination—which latter would claim for itself supreme authority, or identity with the claims of Christ Himself—could only produce the most disastrous results. An ecclesiastical plebiscite, expressive not of reasonable conviction, but of merely numerical adherence, would only tend to alienate more thoroughly from Christianity all thoughtful minds on the Continent of Europe, and the Bishop could not look on to such a result without profound sadness. He had his own ideal of an Œcumenical Council, and it was thus that he spoke of it:—

"Were good men of every church to meet and give us their experience as to what they have found to be good and true—men, not summoned by a waning and panic-stricken authority, but drawn together by a common love of the truth and of Him who is the absolute Lord of Truth—a representative Pan-Christian assembly of devout and reflective natures, who have long ago discovered that, of all subjects, the highest of all demands most calmness, most patience, most humility, and, above all, the utter exclusion of fear or merely self-regarding claims, for its

consideration—of men who acknowledged that their first allegiance was due to the light within, 'the candle of the Lord' kindled in their own understandings—how much would not be supplied to form a reliable basis for a common faith! But even such an assembly would only be a company of reporters or interpreters. The very reason of their existence would be that they owned an authority within each, no doubt, but above and beyond them all; and consequently any enunciation which they might formulate would only be an *ethical* one. That is to say, they would proclaim how far, or in what variety of experiences they found the light which was in Christ available for the needs of social life, or for the guidance of the soul in its hidden walk with God. But as to the fact or hypothesis of revelation itself, as to a binding authority over their hearts and consciences, they would simply own that they had either already received from heaven all that was necessary, or that they must wait. They would not dream of *creating the sun*; they would only be careful that their own eye might be single to receive its light. In either case, a grand moral impression would be produced on the world."

But in contrast with his ideal council Dr. Ewing sketched with great humour, and with equally great pathos, the "situation" of the Pope in summoning the forthcoming Council. The ship of the Church, he said, was found to be amid breakers, in a night of direst gloom. No one on board knew where they were, or what was the best thing to do to save the vessel from wreck, but in the common ignorance and despair the captain shall be voted infallible, and much, no doubt, the tempest and the darkness would be affected by the suggestion!

After the breaking-up of the synod the Bishop started for his autumnal visitations, and he speaks of

having been much touched by the intercourse he had at various localities with Highland Episcopalians of the labouring classes. He could entirely reciprocate the language used by one of their number, who said to him that "his visit made them warm."

In the course of the later autumn the Bishop wrote the following letters:—

To Archbishop TAIT:—

BROOM, *October*, 1869.

"It was a huge pleasure to me to see you at Dollar, with your own two good and genial brothers. I shall not soon forget my visit to you, dear Archbishop, when I stood with you at your father's tomb. Ah me! perhaps the dead know of our well-doing? Who can tell?

"I quite feel with Stanley what a terrible thing it is for a State to dissociate itself from God, and that no individual efforts can possibly be or represent the same thing, as the discharge of an obligation resting on a nation as a whole. I would contend for 'Establishments' more than 'Endowments,' for what we want to retain is God Himself, who will always be able *to roof Himself in*, so to speak; but a temple *without* God—alas! how many such there are! I am sure you struck the right note, when you spoke of the unsecularising the mode of presentation to cures of souls in England. That is the weak point of the Establishment. The opposition to Temple is on the decline, and will, no doubt, die out; but I should be sorry to see a severance of the intellectual and the religious elements. The Church, in a high sense, is an educational institution, but I suspect more so unconsciously by preaching Christ than consciously by proclaiming the knowledge of the schools. To combine the two is surely the great problem of the Church of our day. If the worst comes to the worst, and the State throws off the Church, there would still be an Archbishop of Canterbury. What some are blindly seeking after—liberty, equality, fraternity—fumbling for them by the rule of

thumb, it is his to announce scientifically, and as one of the rights of man, in virtue of a Headship which cannot be destroyed."

To Mr. ERSKINE:—

BROOM, *October 13th*, 1869.

"We have much still to learn about God: whether the terms force, will, or even spirit, I do not say adequately, but even approximately, represent Him: whether He is not something apart from all these—larger, wider, more delicate, more tender, formless, indescribable—but recognisable by the consciousness, and by that only. 'In Him we live, and move, and have our being;' but we are rarely conscious of this. Blessed and rare moments, when the silver lining at the back of the cloud shows that which is behind, of which, however, even then we see not the fountain, although we are more assured of its existence than we could be by the mere logical inference that as there is light, there must be a light Giver. Pray write to me.

"Your old friend Nina, of the sweet voice—dear Sir John's favourite—sends her best affection.

"I have been deeply interested in Mr. Sandford's election."

To the SAME:—

BROOM, *October 25th*.

"Did it ever strike you how great the difference is between the phraseology of the Gospels and Epistles? I cannot trace in the artificial theology of St. Paul anything like a natural outcome from our Lord's teachings in the Gospels, and it is surely a little perplexing to find the supremely moral significance contained in such words as these, 'The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,' replaced by the forensic language in which the death of Christ is spoken of in the Epistle to the Romans; or is it we, who all the while have been reading a technically legal meaning into words which St. Paul employed in an altogether ethical sense? Pray give me a few lines on this subject; for so far as I can see at present, the language of the 119th Psalm seems to me more in accordance with

the mind of Christ than the traditional sense which we have attached to many of St. Paul's expressions.

"I have been much helped and set up lately by the chapters on Law and Moses in 'Ewald's Israel.' It is well worth your while to ask some one to read it to you. I thirst for that vision which Moses saw, and which made his face shine: a glory which assuredly may be ours, and will be ours, when the light of suns which set has passed away, and there arises in our consciousness the blessed thought that He, the Eternal One, is with us, in us, as our Saviour, our deliverer, holding our lives in His, and sustaining them by the love which is His own essential being. To that love, dear and honoured friend, I leave and commend you, now and ever."*

On the 6th of October it was publicly announced that Dr. Temple, the Head Master of Rugby, was to be raised to the see of Exeter. The contribution of Dr. Temple to the "Essays and Reviews" was one of the least pronounced in the volume, and his views on the "Education of the World" were neither novel nor alarming. But the news of his nomination occasioned considerable excitement in the religious world, as Dr. Pusey's language, at a meeting of the Church Union, held at Devonport on the 11th of October, will evince, when he thus spoke:—

"The appointment is a horrible scandal, and the statement that Dr. Temple is not to be held responsible for the opinions of his co-essayists is a miserable excuse. . . . It appears to me that disestablishment is our only remedy, and it must come in ten years at latest, and better to be bared of all external help, if need be, now than when paralysed."

That announcement, followed by a speech from

* See "Present Day Papers." Series III., p. 47. Erskine's Reply.

Dr. M'Neile, in language equally violent, stirred up Bishop Ewing to write a letter to the *Times*, which the editor of the *Spectator* characterized as "the best that had been written in defence of Dr. Temple." In it Dr. Ewing says:—

"I have no connection with Dr. Temple, and had none with the 'Essays and Reviews;' but I cannot help endeavouring, by means of your columns, to point out how the case appears to many, as I happen to know, of the not least intelligent and devoted members of the Church of England, as between Dr. Temple and his impugners. Dr. Pusey says that Dr. Temple 'prefers his party to Almighty God and the souls of men,' and Dr. M'Neile—'I entertain an unfeigned horror of that scepticism . . . of which Dr. Temple is, as I think, justly accused.'

"Now, are these writers aware that many do not identify Christianity with the doctrines inculcated either by Dr. Pusey or Dr. M'Neile, and which are, after all, mutually destructive of each other; and that the doctrines taught by these writers are considered by many to be errors far more dangerous in the long run to Christianity than anything contained even in the 'Essays and Reviews,' and assuredly than anything which has been taught by Dr. Temple?

"Many among us are aware that the 'Essays and Reviews' took origin in the conviction that Christianity was not sufficiently taught by the schools represented by Dr. Pusey and Dr. M'Neile, and that, in short, their distinctive teachings were perilous errors, in the gripe of which the Church of England bade fair to be strangled to death; that the magical instrumentality contended for by the one school and the unreal morality of the other were destroying the meaning and benefit of revelation, and, by separating God from nature and righteousness, were driving out all true knowledge of God. The 'Essays' may be imperfect, but they cannot have such results as the doctrines of Rome and Geneva, and we believe that they were

an attempt to serve the best interests of revelation and morality.

"That the State should have protected the attempt is a matter for thankfulness. We do not identify the cause of religious truth with the protection of the State; but our connection with it is a blessing. May its protection long be ours. Evil for England and for religion will be the day when that protection is withdrawn, and every small theology will find a representative head for itself, whether under the banners of magical influence, unreal righteousness, verbal inspiration, or any of the various contending doctrines which now usurp the name of Christ's religion among us, and demand a separation of it from the State. Surely it is time to say that Dr. Temple and the Essayists —so far as their intention went—did well to strive to bring us nearer unto God by giving us the meaning of revelation in the combination of experimental fact with dogma, and the explanation of dogma in experimental fact? The infidelity of the Continent has been produced by theologies which omit or contradict experience and the laws of nature and morality, so that Comte and Darwin have become their prophets. Are not those to be thanked who endeavour to supply such religious teaching as shall prevent us falling into the same condition? The teaching of the schools of Dr. M'Neile and Dr. Pusey has failed to do so."

To his BROTHER:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 27th*, 1869.

"I like to think of you all at Cannes, I am very glad that you have got Jenny Lind's villa. It rises before me as the prettiest thing in Cannes. I do not think we could see it from the windows of the Villais Anaïs, but we could from many other places. It is a great thing for you having the Stonefields so near. I see their villa, Casa Dimes, before me now, and I have a drawing on my table of a red passion-flower gathered from its verandah. Remember to write to me long gossipping letters about all my old friends at Cannes.

"Tell me what books you read in the evening, what

fish Walter catches, what flowers Miss Henderson finds, what impertinence Elsie keeps in store for me, what shyness Christian, what solemnity Guy, what sub-surface quizzicality Wentworth."

In writing to Mr. Maurice at the close of the month, he says:—

"The first number of the 'Present Day Papers' is out, and the second will shortly appear. Pray kindly send for them in my name. I am most anxious to have a paper from you. Could you give me something which might be considered as the outcome of your ministry—something similar to your farewell sermon this November at St. Peter's, Vere Street—something which would tell us what you have found to be most precious and true—the real chart and soundings of the past way, and the outlines of the new world. It would be to me and to others of great and solemn importance, of true and abiding value."

In prompt compliance with this request, a contribution was sent by Mr. Maurice, which appeared as the sixth number of the first series. It is entitled "Meditations and Prayers concerning the Church and Mankind."

But the Bishop was at the same time carrying on correspondence with various other writers, who had undertaken, or from whom he expected or hoped to obtain, assistance in his work. In answer to his appeal he had the satisfaction of obtaining several papers, one especially, by which he set great store, by the Rev. H. Wace, on "Justification by Faith," and before the close of the winter he had completed a fourth contribution of his own on "The Christian Ministry."

From living his life from room to room and not ven-

turing out of doors, the Bishop was able to pass the winter at Bishopston.

To Mr. BISCOE :—

November 27th, 1869.

" . . . As to the Scotch Communion Office, it is very hard to say exactly what it strictly means; but I am inclined to think that the true *origin* of all such forms—a consideration which we must not overlook in the case of Roman Catholics and their school—is the desire to breathe a higher and purer atmosphere than that of the world. The problem of our day, and perhaps of all days, is to discover how this legitimate and deep-seated desire can be satisfied, in accordance with reasonable experience, and with the healthy performance of the duties of common life. As for myself, I have no rule to lay down; I only feel that to live in an atmosphere of ritualistic or fanatical excitement is just as injurious as it is to live in an atmosphere of mere worldly or business excitement, and I take it that the true path for us lies 'in patient continuance in well-doing' and in a meek following of Jesus Christ."

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON, Vicar of St. Stephen's Norwich:—

December 14th, 1869.

"I hear from your father of his good grandchild's death. Alas! how strangely is the world arranged! We feel this when it is the young and lovely who are taken from us. No doubt the mind in its different stages is wanted *there* as *here*, and one star differs there as here from another in glory. May our glory be the childlike glory which is not ignorance, but the overcoming of evil with good. Those taken young have not this glory, but they have one of their own; and who knows how much of the Cross enters into their souls when, on the threshold of a beautiful life here, they have to put away the cup."

To Mrs. WHITAKER :—

December 29th, 1869.

. . The Christmas season was too much for me, with

all the preaching and writing—and I cannot preach old sermons. How many warnings I have had, dear child! and how many times I have gone away from you and returned, and you from me! I, who have so often watched and looked at and over you in your cradle, and your dear mother standing by, have seen you grow up to be a woman and a mother. No change can be greater than that.

"One day we must all go away from one another—you from me, I from you. Remember, my dearest child, that whoever may go first, God is better, really better, than we are, and that we go to God, and shall find one another and all whom we love ever and always, in Him. 'He made us, and not we ourselves.' He made us for our happiness, and our happiness is very precious to Him. He knows what true happiness is, and often breaks us off from false by apparently cruel blows; but they are not cruel. In a little while we shall see all things plainly. Let us have faith in Him and in one another."

CHAPTER XXX.

DEATH OF MR. ERSKINE — ARDRISHAIG FISHERMEN — ADDRESS TO THE VOLUNTEERS AT BALLACHULISH — AUTUMN VISITATION. 1870.

IN March, 1870, Thomas Erskine passed on within the veil, and on the 28th Dr. Ewing thus wrote to Dr. McLeod Campbell:—

March 28th, 1870.

"I sit down to write a line of thanks to you for so kindly writing to me about him who is gone, and who was, and ever will be, so precious to us all. I had heard from Miss Gourlay of the previous state, and from Miss McKellar of the end, and was glad and thankful to know that in the evening-time it was light and peace. But I was doubly grateful for *your* letter, for I know how painful to you it is at any time to write,* and this indeed keeps me at times from writing to you, lest you should feel it incumbent on you to answer. I was much tempted to send a letter of Miss Cobbe's the other day. I asked if she had studied your books, and she says she has. But as to him who has left us, to you and to me his loss is irreparable. However, he had given his message, and the world will always be the richer. But how rich in memory are those who have not only read, but have also *seen* Thomas Erskine? Some day I hope you may be able to put together some lines of portraiture of him, with some

* Dr. McLeod Campbell suffered during the last years of his life from cataract in the eyes.

extracts of his best things—clear revelation as he was of a light above the light of setting suns."

The spring weather set the Bishop free from his indoor seclusion, and the first use he made of his liberty was to attend a synod at Rothesay, where, on the 20th of April, he delivered an address on "The Admission of the Laity into Synods." He shortly afterwards proceeded to London.

To Archbishop TAIT :—

BISHOPSTON, *Easter Monday*, 1870.

"I do not know exactly how you are, and therefore have a difficulty in sending my Easter offering. It is not much I have to offer, but perhaps a cup of cold water will not be unacceptable, and if refreshment of a light sort suits you—*le viold*. . . . .

"If I had six weeks' quiet, I should like to recall dear Erskine by means of a sketch and his own letters; but he was rather one who played upon an instrument than left it behind him. He was the first among us, in these last days, who said that revelation had a meaning, and that just in proportion as we recognise what the meaning is, do we *consciously* obtain the blessing which the revelation was intended to bestow."

To Mrs. WHITAKER :—

ADDINGTON PARK, *May 15th*, 1870.

"This is a very lovely place. The park is large and full of fine trees, with heather, and at present in the first blush of flowers and leaves in the verdure of the early year —cuckoos, primroses, nightingales, blue bells, and the sounding bells of the sweet English chimes. It is a fair earth, if we were only strong and free from care and sin, and had all those we love about us."

From Addington he had again to write on the following day to his daughter, on the death of her little girl :—

"I cannot tell you what grief your letter gave me, and how I sympathize with a loss which, with all my losses, was never mine. Dear little Irene is now nearer God, and less near to us—that is all. I cannot say, in looking back on life, that I could have undertaken it had I been asked beforehand. I know that the end is good, though the way is hard, and those who can have the end without so much of the way are surely blessed. I have little light to show on the spiritual condition of those little ones whose angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven, but who themselves were not able to recognise us here; but doubtless they will recognise us some day, and we shall be to them in that day what no others can or will be, but how we know not. But how few things do we know! We must live by faith, there is no other life possible; happily it is possible, and enough. It is something to me that I consecrated the ground where now she lies.* Dear little child! it has taken away also the name of Katherine, which was once amongst us, and very precious. Who knows but that the little one may now be with her, and find in her your mother and her mother! No doubt we should like to keep these little ones; we *feel* a loss; God intends us to feel it. It is necessary that we should feel, that we may not forget.

"Mrs. Tait here sympathizes with you very much, for she lost, sadly, no less than five little ones, and all at once. She says she would like to write to you. There may be something in her experience which may be of use. It has made her a very valuable mother to those who remain."

To Mr. MAURICE:—

CLAPHAM RECTORY, *May 21st*, 1870.

"I am much obliged to you for your remarks in your article on Newman's real position. I have of course no sympathy with the apprehension with which many regard the belief that good is in store for all men, as making too little of the difficulty of evil; but I think one has to

* The English burial-ground at Palermo, consecrated the previous year.

remember, in dealing with others, that this apprehension is widely prevalent. I almost regret that you have finished your paper on revelation. I all but hoped you might have aimed another blow at Newman, who seems to me to be in a very bad way, and who might not be sorry to see light even from what is now to him a foreign shore.

"So far as Christ dying for all men goes, Newman's use of 'We are a savour of death unto death' is like all he writes—a highwayman's argument, 'Your purse or your life.'"

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

WESTMILL RECTORY, *June 15th*, 1870.

"I can well understand your being thoroughly in earnest for the maintenance and spread of so noble a thing as is the Church of England. I cannot but think that one day or other the more liberal Presbyterians and Episcopalians, represented by McLeod and Tulloch—and shall I say myself and the Bishop of St. Andrews—may find themselves in *one* northern establishment.

"As to the fishermen, it is surely wonderful that such a thing should be! Yet some of my neighbours are very angry at me for the letter, and the Crinan Canal Commissioners have refused a *site*, and the Fishery Board also. Do you wonder at our people being Radicals?"

It had occurred to the Bishop that waiting-rooms, to be used also as reading-rooms, with libraries attached to them, would be a great boon to the Loch-fyne fishermen, and he hoped that the establishment of one of these at Ardrishaig would be followed by the erection of others in various localities along the coast. At Ardrishaig he saw under his own eyes the evils which arose from the absence of such places of shelter: the poor fellows landing after the night's fishing, and often after having been exposed to heavy gales and drenching rain, finding no door at hand open

to them save that of the public-house. The temptation to indulge in whisky for immediate bodily refreshment, which for lack of better arrangement was thrown in the fishermen's way, was made stronger by the fact that many of them were in part paid in whisky by their employers. That the temptation was yielded to to an altogether formidable extent will appear from the following statement which unfortunately could not be disputed: "The little village of Ardrishaig numbers only about one thousand inhabitants, and in one year the expenditure on whisky amounted to no less a sum than £4,542, exclusive of all wine and other spirits."

The bishop embodied his suggestions in a printed letter, addressed to Mr. A. Vansittart, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and he appealed at the same time to official authorities on the subject. But his proposals elicited no favourable response.

To Miss WINKWORTH:—

"I read with great interest Chunder Sen's paper, which you sent. I know a good deal about him, though I have not met him. He seems to be working out the same problem which all thinking men are: 'What is God?' and finding Christ very like what He ought to be, and if not God, then higher than any other created thing—a conclusion to me very clearly demonstrative of the divinity of Christ.

"Louis Napoleon has at last swindled himself. I should have been sorry, had it not been for this last most unprincipled war and his double-dealing with Italy. Fritz is certainly a useful son in a family; I hope old Carlyle is pleased with him.

"I stayed two nights at Mr. George MacDonald's. There are many fine passages in his 'England's Antiphon.'"

The episcopal synod at Perth, which the Bishop attended on his return to Scotland, was characterized by him as "the pleasantest synod at which he had ever been present. There was so little of the merely official in its proceedings, and so much of real brotherhood was manifested."

To Archbishop TAIT:—

STEAMER "IONA," *July 3rd*, 1870.

"I am on my way from Perth. It was no subject of our conversation at the synod, but I think there was a feeling that it would not have been beyond reasonable expectation had one of our bishops been placed on the committee for the Bible revision. They are bishops of a Church which, if not numerous, yet represents a highly educated, intelligent, and influential portion of the community. Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrews, is possibly second to no man in accurate and, I believe, philosophical knowledge of Greek, and he is a man deservedly acknowledged as sound and loyal to the Church in her Reformational yet Catholic aspects. I do not think that his name could have other than added to the weight and utility of any such committee, while its appearance there would have removed a certain impropriety which some feel, that while so many dissenting and alien Churches are represented, a *bonâ fide* and genuine branch and sister of the Church of England, yet an independent Church, should be left out. I write this entirely without the knowledge of Bishop Wordsworth."

To Archbishop TAIT:—

BISHOPSTON, *July 15th*, 1870.

"I am just starting off on a great journey of confirmations, &c., to Strontian, Kinlochmoidart, Ballachulish, Glen Creran, &c., but letters will follow me from hence. It is rough and terrible weather at present, and I see not my way back again! But the great words, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' are always being spoken to us, suggesting the secret of real strength, and furnishing

the key which gives us the heavenly and triumphant kingdom; nay, the King himself. I trust *you* will keep well, and I pray God to preserve you. Light is of far more moment in your place, dear Archbishop, than action, and God has given you light; and in these late letters to the *Times* there has been more help supplied to the Church of England than by a thousand bodily actions. How disastrous it would have been had anything been done by the Church of England which could have mitigated this declaration of infallibility, wherein the Roman Church has performed 'the happy dispatch' upon herself, and no one to blame but the suicide. Yet, *will* Churchmen fall back on light as its own witness? I fear not: but only on councils and apparatus.

In consequence of the decision come to at the episcopal synod in November, adverse to the admission of laymen to seats in the courts of the Church, Dr. Ewing addressed the subjoined letter to Dr. Eden:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 18th*, 1870.

"MY DEAR PRIMUS,—I grieve to see by the newspapers that a decision has been come to by the episcopal synod adverse to that which is called 'The Lay Question.' I was not aware that it was to be before the synod at this time. Had I been present, and been able to add my vote to yours (for I believe that you have a casting vote), the decision would have been different, for I see that the question was carried by one vote only—that of three bishops to two. But so great a matter cannot be thus settled. All the synods of our Church are desirious of an increase to their numbers; that which our Church especially *wants* and requires is an increase of lay zeal; many earnest laymen (I dislike the word) are anxious to be of use, and it is impossible that all this can be prevented by the veto of but one or two, or even by three of her members, however distinguished, voting against it.

"I look upon this as a very solemn and grave question;

and it cheers me to think that you, our representative head, my dear brother and Primus, are anxious to open our doors and embrace our fellow Churchmen in this way, who are equally able to discern the truth with ourselves. There may, by the presence of a larger assembly, be dangers from which we are now free, and there must be difficulties of detail as to arrangement; but all these sink into nothing in comparison to dwarfing the Church of God, and to transforming the Congregation of the Faithful merely into a committee of office-bearers or of ministries, however high or honoured these may be."

On July 29th the Bishop was at Ballachulish, and the memory of that Sunday is fresh in the glen.

A company of the Ballachulish volunteers, numbering about one hundred, all wearing the Argyll tartan, attended divine service in St. John's Episcopal Church. The day was "glorious," and as the news had spread far and wide that the Bishop was going to address the volunteers, a very large congregation, including many strangers from a distance, came to listen to his discourse.

It would be impossible to do more in these pages than to reproduce the following summary of the oration which the Bishop delivered. From first to last the minister of peace spoke only of war, selecting for his text his favourite passage, in which is recorded the wrestling of the Angel with Jacob; and here it may be stated that in a sermon on this incident in the life of the Patriarch, preached by Dean Stanley before the University of Oxford in the autumn of 1873, there occurs the following sentence: "It was the constant burden of a gifted bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church—a few

months since called to his rest—who, if any one of our day, wrestled with the questions of his time till the fragile frame was broken by the force of the spiritual conflict."

"The Bishop began by reminding his hearers of the great war which was always being waged by heaven against the ignorance, the selfishness, and the sin of man. In that struggle, he said, you have a parabolic representation of the striving of the spirit of perfect love with your own souls—the spirit which comes to you in the night-time of your loneliness, or ignorance, or fear—which awakens strange new feelings within you, and which will never let you go, will never suffer you to know peace or blessedness, until you yield to it; because yielding to it means that you acknowledge God Himself to be your best, your eternal friend, and that there is no breaking of the day for you, no true light upon your path, no salvation from the evil which makes you cowardly, fearful, superstitious, and miserable, except by simply leaving yourselves in the hands of your Maker. All our struggling until we know Him is to get away from Him. We may put a 'name' or a creed or a sacrament in the place of Himself, but the strife is never ended in that way. It will only be ended when we give up thinking that we can do better for ourselves than God our Creator and Redeemer means to do, or that His purpose for us is not better than our own wishes for our own happiness. It will only be ended when, amid shame and sorrow and repentance, we fall down before Him in the adoring recognition that His ways are higher than ours 'even as the heavens are higher than the earth,' that it is infinitely better for us to go halting all our days, humbled by the sense of the love of God, than to run hither and thither as we list, but all the while as strangers and orphans in the world, seeking only what good things we can snatch for ourselves, or how to escape the penalties we have incurred by our wrong-doing; like poor Jacob, who showed such a cringing, cowardly spirit in the message he sent by his servants to the brother whom he had

injured, but who became a prince indeed after he had seen God face to face."

Addressing himself, in the next place more directly to the volunteers, the Bishop said:—

"It might be asked how he, whilst repudiating war and advocating peace, could consistently consent to encourage such a movement as the armed men before him represented. And his answer was, that the British volunteers were enlisted, not in the cause of aggression or of defiance, but simply as defenders of the hearths and homes, of the throne, and the altars of their country. They might never be called on to draw the sword—and he prayed God that that contingency might never arise—but they must be prepared to repel the invader, and prepared with the best arms, the best drill, and above all, with the best men—men in character, men in reflection, who could realise all the weighty interests which hung on their virtue, who possessed intellectual as well as physical power, and moral as well as physical courage. Such qualities, he believed, were eminently shared by that National Guard called the Volunteer Forces, consisting, as these did, not of recruits enrolled at random in the hour of emergency, nor of conscripts who were dragged into the ranks, but of those who offered their service freely for the protection of their country. With such men, continued the Bishop, Cromwell overcame all opposition; and now that any day Great Britain might be absorbed into the vortex of that war which had broken out on the Continent, it was everything to know that such men were ready to lay down their lives, if need be, for the perpetuation of her safety and her honour."

The volunteers, as already stated, were attired in the Argyll tartan, but that was the tartan of the Campbells, and the Bishop, remembering the treachery and ruthless barbarity of which one representative of the clan had been guilty in the massacre of the MeDonalds in the neighbouring Glencoe, and

realising as a Celt, the associations which the uniform, so conspicuous on that day, could not fail to awaken, did not reckon it unbecoming the so-called "dignity of the pulpit" to introduce the following apostrophe into his sermon.—

"It gives me great pleasure to see so many of the family of Appin and Ballachulish join the ranks of the National Guard of Scotland; but possibly it has been a trial to some of you that, as belonging to a particular regiment of volunteers, you have to wear the colours of a clan which was your enemy in days gone by, when every glen well-nigh had to defend itself against its neighbours, who were often its bitterest foes. That time, however, thank God, has passed away, and although the names in it are various, Argyll is now one family. Cherish the memories of your Appin and Ballachulish ancestry, of which you are justly proud, but let all the enmities of the past be buried and forgotton. Scotland itself is now merged in England, and the best standard for you to carry is the standard of your common country. At the same time, I, for one, would have felt gratified if some such distinctive badge as the 'White Cockade' had been permitted to you, in memory of the 'White Rose,' and of the self-devotion of the men of Appin to the house which they deemed it their duty to follow, and to whose glory they had proved themselves loyal on many a well-fought field on the Continent of Europe—a house which is still upon the throne, the Royal Stuart of England and of Appin."

On the following evening, the Bishop delivered a lecture in the Mechanics' Institute at Ballachulish, on the subject of the Franco-German War.

The Bishop returned to Lochgilphead for his own synod, which met August 14th, and at its rising, he proceeded to Skye, accompanied by Lady Alice. For

a fortnight his headquarters were at Dunvegan Castle, the old stronghold of the Macleods.

With his artist eye and his fine historical imagination, the Bishop found himself at a very congenial resting-place in Dunvegan. But never forgetful of his Catholic mission, the fact to which he gives prominence in writing from Dunvegan is, that during his stay there he preached in the Established Church of the parish.

The following are selected from letters written at this period:—

To his BROTHER (on the death of Mr. James Wilson of Inverness).

BISHOPSTON, *August 8th*, 1870.

"This paper is in mourning for James Wilson—dead upon the field, but no doubt partaker of a better birth. The blank in the circle, social and religious, is great; but I scarcely regret it. His life was complete long ago, and surely to him the end was better than the way—an end which I associate with him more than the way—an end which he had ever in view, viz. that this life, save for the end, is meaningless. I doubt if I do mourn. I feel rather as though where he now is is more like his own place."

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON:—

August 8th.

"Your dear father was one of the first who saw afar off that which all now see at hand; and, as was said of Mr. Erskine in the *Contemporary Review*, 'how high must that cliff have been which caught the light so early:' so was it equally true of him. From him I heard of Erskine and of Mr. Campbell. From him my last letter was that I should try to write Mr. Erskine's life. I am not able. He (your father) never did justice to himself. He had marvellously splendid insight and power of expression. He saw not the word only, but the thing; and his

tenderness of heart, trustworthiness, and constant receptiveness I have never known surpassed. I think that now it is probable these kindred souls have met, and Erskine —Erskine, whom I think he never knew on earth—to whom, in his great humility, he never would be persuaded to go by me—me, who used to go out and in at Erskine's as my own home, knowing so much less of him, in truth, than your father did."

To Miss LUCY SOAMES (on her father's illness).

August 10*th*.

"Tell him we shall all meet where these things will be explained. They are but mysteries at the best. But the great day of judgment will, I apprehend, be mainly a revelation of the righteous judgments of God in the past—*i.e.* God explaining or sitting to be judged and acquitted and glorified by us, and we condemning ourselves, not He condemning us. And now He is judging the world by that Man (Christ) whom He hath ordained, for is not every man now being compared by the standard of Christ?"

To Archbishop TAIT:—

DUNSTAFFNAGE, OBAN, *August* 25*th*, 1870.

"I see by the newspapers that you are in Scotland. This is indeed good news, but I fear there is no chance of seeing you in the far west, and it would not do for you to sit again all night on a stone in Lochfyne, or what they now call 'the Bishop's Island.' To-morrow I go northwards for a month. It may be that we shall not meet much or often until we meet in the 'Ubique,' where dear Erskine now is, and where I suppose he sees more clearly than before; though perhaps we shall never *see* anything, but we shall have 'borne in' on our souls the transcendental assurance of the presence of the living and dear God. This hour will soon pass. Thank God wars are of shorter and shorter duration."

About this time a formal request was made to Bishop Ewing by his publishers, and the request was

re-echoed by many of his own friends, that he would prepare for the press a life of Mr. Erskine. But in writing to Dr. Campbell, he says:—

"I cannot do it. It would require greater spiritual discrimination than I possess to enunciate clearly the successive stages of Mr. Erskine's theological career, apart altogether from the delineation of his great intellectual capacity and fine sympathetic character. For in making his escape from the technical definitions of Calvinism, he was led, in the first instance, to embrace a no less technical view of *pardon*, and it was not until a considerably later period in his progress that he fully recognised that the whole Gospel is contained in the idea of Sonship, or, in other words, in the revelation which it imparts to us of our filial relationship to God."

To the SAME:—

BISHOPSTON, *November 4th*, 1870.

"DEAR DR. CAMPBELL,—I send with this a number of the 'Present Day Papers,' which contains some letters of Mr. Erskine's—a number I have had great hesitation in bringing out, as the letters were not revised by our dear friend. Yet, for the reason given in the preface, I have thought it best to publish them. Moreover, I felt that it was the only means which I possessed of doing honour to the memory of one whom I so esteemed and revered. It seemed also that the *light* he had (so far as transferable) is precisely that which at this moment the mass of our thinking countrymen are seeking and not finding. I have long been meditating on the changing aspects of the relations of man to God—the way, that is, in which God now reveals himself to man, which, if not different in reality, is different in manner, from that which seems to have been the experience of previous ages. Take, for example, the record of the outward manifestations of God. If such objective communications ever were vouchsafed, they are no longer a portion of our experience, and it is only by searching that

we now find out God. But how little have those searched who painfully utter the cry—'Have mercy upon us,'—'By thine agony and bloody sweat,' when the 'agony and bloody sweat' are precisely the proofs and gauges of the extent of the mercy which ever was, is now, and ever shall be. How very noble is the conclusion of Bunsen's 'God in History!' Have you read it?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

FOURTH VISIT TO PALERMO — DISCONTINUANCE OF THE "PRESENT DAY PAPERS"—SYNOD OF 1871—THE GLASGOW UNIVERSTY SERMON. 1870—1871.

THE serious illness of the Archbishop of Canterbury in November of this year occasioned a profound and widespread anxiety, and great was Bishop Ewing's happiness when he heard that the crisis had eventuated favourably.

A few weeks later the Archbishop, having been advised to spend some months in the South of Europe, invited Bishop Ewing to be his companion in travel. The latter, highly though he prized the invitation, felt unable to accept it. But a severe attack of bronchitis in the midst of December brought a change of plan and scene. He was once more ordered to Palermo, and the following are extracts from his correspondence during his fourth and last visit to Sicily:—

To his BROTHER.

PALERMO, *January 6th*, 1871.

"The world will think that I came here to see Ea, but it is not so. What it cost to break up our little establishment at Bishopston, and the peaceful routine of daily

life, God only knows! But Alice's self-denial is a rare and deep reality, and after my illness all her time and energy were spent in facilitating my going. . . . .

"Alice writes of an offer Dr. Caird has made me to preach in the university pulpit at Glasgow. I dare say she sent you a copy of his letter. It is gratifying, and may be the beginning of a new and better day.

"I am quite sure that unity and the Church are simply convertible terms, and that for us to profess to be reconciled to God whilst we are living in estrangement from our fellow-men, is pure delusion, and having this conviction, I could slightly modify the words of Scripture, and say, 'If we have not, or are not striving to have, fellowship with our brother whom we see, how can we have fellowship with God, whom we do not see.' The will of God, to which Christ came to reconcile us, is the will of peace on earth; and it is ludicrous for us to say that we even know that will, much more that we are subject to it; if we are not doing what in us lies to dwell together as brethren in unity. Man as man is dear to God. Mankind as such is one family in His mind and purpose, and it is only our own definitions that build up partition walls, and in this evil kind of architecture Rome supplies the great warning example.

"I trust, if you have not left Bournemouth, I may have a fortnight with you there in the spring. What you said some time ago is increasingly true: that we should lose no opportunity of being together now, we whose time is drawing to an end here, and who cannot replace each other upon earth. But is it not true that the course of our thoughts and studies, having grown gradually more and more into unity, especially of later years, indicates a future where there shall be not less, but more unity, where all hindrances of time and space being removed, we shall, in a higher sense, be one, as they are in truth whose spirits are one?"

To Archbishop TAIT:—

8, PIAZZA RUGIERO SETTIMO, *February 8th*, 1871.

"I rejoiced to hear of your welfare from the Bishop of Gibraltar, who has just been here. He tells me you have

gone to Mentone, whither I send this letter. We are, and no doubt you are, in the midst of buds and blossoms. Tell your young people to look out for the prettiest flower of the field—the paper narcissus. It is like a transparent piece of wet cambric veined with white. If they find it, it may be a secular sacrament between them and me, speaking too of the Divine. There is also a wonderful passion flower in the Riviera.

"I am very thankful to hear that Whitehead has just got a living from the Bishop of London. He is a very worthy man, who has waited long for some one to put him in when the angel troubled the pool. I wish there were more angels and more pools. He revised some of my papers for me. The last of the series will be a dissertation on the relation of knowledge to salvation, and the meaning of the word 'reconciliation.' In the appendix to it there will be some letters of the Bishop of St. David's, and Dr. Campbell, and I hope some part of that letter you wrote to me on knowledge and revelation.* It was written, if you remember, in reference to a charge of mine. It is a pity it should not be published, as it contains nothing controversial, and it would be a valuable contribution to the great object I had in view, which was to announce and repeat once and again that the Church is not herself the light, but was ordained to bear witness to the light, and that the holding forth of light, which, in St. Paul's words, commends itself to the conscience of men, is her one great warrant and seal of authority. As to the revisal of the Liturgy I freely concur in all you say. It is high time the Church of England should move on, but I feel that a great deal more is expected from us than is possible. Many say to me, 'Why do you bishops not tell us what we ought and what we ought not to teach our children from the Old Testament, as to the ark, the firmament, &c.?' I think we cannot do much except in our private capacity, or as individual bishops. But the stirring of the nations must extend to the Church at large. *Here* there is nothing but *absolute infidelity.* No one, however, I believe (except

* This letter was also published.

the Church herself), has committed suicide on account of infallibility. Protestantism, apparently, they shrink from, and Père Hyacinthe has not the voice of Luther. The nations of the South besides are, I fear, almost past the age of reform or renewal; yet surely the subjugation of Paris and Rome, the centres of the errors of the flesh and spirit, is a wonderful clearance of the ground for the future. If Germany would march on as the man of the first Psalm, we might hope for man in Europe. But I fear the nation is not God-fearing enough, although I think *Luther is more at the heart of Germany than Strauss.* But what a terrible thing it would have been had the victory been the other way!

". . " Is there any chance of *your* being in Rome? I purpose being there for ten days in April. If you are not to be there, I might look in on you *en route* in the Riviera, and see how Mrs. Tait manages her flock in the sunny South! I have no doubt well, and that she has gathered about her other children than those of her own little fold, even as she has gathered the orphans of St. Peter at Stonehouse. Were it possible for you and Mrs. Tait to come on to Palermo, my daughter would love to entertain you, and you would certainly see, as I think, the most beautiful capital in Europe! But then it is on an island! an insuperable evil to most.

". . . . I have found much of late in William Law's 'Spirit of Prayer,' and 'Divine Love' (leaving out his fancies about the glassy sea). Do you know them? I think you would find in them real help towards the life in God, and a closer fellowship with Him, resulting in a deeper consciousness of His presence and government. I have found them thus helpful."

To the Rector of CLAPHAM (now suffering from severe and tedious illness):—

"I am but held together by needle and thread; not all the sun, and flowers, and zephyrs of Italy suffice to keep me out of bed above half my time. I fear, dear friend, we are both of us now over the summit of the

mountain, and beginning our descent into the valley where we must lie down and be gathered to our fathers. Well, you and I have been telling other people all about this all our lives, and should therefore be masters of the situation ourselves; and no doubt *theoretically* we are so. I do not know that with me, at least, it is so practically. Lately I have got much help from some of William Law's books. He comes very near the point when he says that what the apostles gained from Christ was not so much a figure or a person, as a nature and a life. This life means patience, humility, meekness, resignation; and just in proportion as a man acquires these qualities, does he become a partaker of the Divine nature. It is in this way—indeed in no other way—that Christ is formed within us: the Father begetting the Son in us, while we learn to trust in Him with the very faith of Christ himself; and it was this wondrous unity with Christ to which His own great words pointed, when He said, 'That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.' This, no doubt, is the real thing; and, until we have gained some acquaintance with God in this way, He is after all but a paper God to us. I find in this the key and guide to great peace and strength, and just in proportion as I apprehend it."

To the SAME:—

April, 1871.

"Although the seed lies long, and many cold grey months of monotony pass over it, and all seems dead, yet a great work is going on the while. The corn of wheat in falling into the earth, seems indeed to die; but it is by the process of burial that it is prepared for resurrection, and at this season of the year when 'on the first day of the week' the *seed* of David arose from the pains of mortality once and for ever, we may lift up our hearts with joy and thanksgiving. What the resurrection body is we do not know. It is different, yet the same. I do not know if you saw, but I was much struck with the account in a late *Spectator* of the death of Professor de Morgan, the great man of science, who, in his life, saying so little

of religion, left in his will the strong testimony quoted in that paper to his belief in Christ's resurrection. It is very striking and valuable, looking at the matter from the scientific side of the question, which is, however, not so important for you and me, who know these things must be, and must have been, by an approach to them, and discovery of them from another side."

For two years the "Present Day Papers" had been an absorbing interest for the Bishop, and though he had failed to obtain the variety of subject and of treatment which he contemplated in his original programme, he had no reason whatever for being dissatisfied with the results of his undertaking. Moreover, the opinion which was formed of the various papers by such capable judges as the Bishop of St. David's, Dean Stanley, Dr. Caird, and Mr. Richard Hutton, afforded the Bishop much encouragement. The editor of an influential Scottish newspaper wrote to him a private letter, in which the hope was expressed that a cheap edition of the papers would be brought out, so as to insure their circulation among such readers as the operatives of Lancashire, "to whom they would prove as waters to a thirsty land." And his friend Miss Winkworth informed him that his own paper on the "Atonement" had so greatly interested Madame Lind Goldschmidt, that she lent it to a German who could not part with it again, and carried it off with him to the war. But the Bishop's health was unequal to the strain of continuing any longer without a break the labours which the "Present Day Papers" involved. He was not only editor, but contributor as well—eleven of the nine-

teen articles which make up the three volumes being from his own pen; and accordingly he instructed his publishers, that after the appearance of two additional papers by himself, one on "The Relation of Knowledge to Salvation," the other on "Reconciliation," the publication must for the present, at least, come to a close.

In the case of Bishop Ewing, we have a striking illustration of the words that "the boy is father of the man." He was a stripling when he ventured to impugn the assumption on which the main stress of the contention of Butler is laid in his "Analogy:" that the things which are seen and temporal are to be accepted as authoritative oracles respecting the things which are not seen and eternal. But the instinctive protest of his youth became the mature judgment of his later years, and in the preface to the first volume of the "Present Day Papers," he thus writes:—

"Revelation is 'the making manifest,' by an admission of light; it is the revelation of *meaning*—of a meaning capable of being understood, and which is required to be understood for the accomplishment of the ends for which the revelation was given, and which only are accomplished as it is understood. It is no additional mystery, but the explanation of mystery—an explanation commending itself to our conscience and reason, and operating by them. It is not sent to demand faith on authority, but to produce faith by explanation and by giving reasons for believing. If not received in this sense, we miss the character and ends of revelation. But how often is this done?

"Materialistic substitutions and technical definitions have been made to travesty its meaning, and have been

put into its place; and that which was given to lighten our darkness, has been brought to require more light to illuminate itself than the darkness to which it was sent! When light becomes darkness, how great is the darkness! and how doubly dark when Christ himself becomes the cloud!

"One of the most illustrious apologists of revelation grounds his arguments for its credibility on the fact that it contains mysteries *analogous* to those of nature."

In each of his contributions to the "Present Day Papers" the Bishop gives more or less ample and emphatic expression to his conviction that naturalism, or the theology of the first man, who is of the earth earthy, had obscured or perverted all the great truths which were first imparted, or were republished to us, with a power which flooded the channels of old words with new significance, by Him who is the Second Man—the Lord from Heaven. But it is especially in the two articles—the one in the first volume on the "Atonement;" and the second, in the third volume, on "Reconciliation"—that Dr. Ewing proclaims with most plain-spokenness and urgency, his persuasion that the white light of the Gospel has simply been replaced by the lurid glare of Paganism.

To summarise the contents of the two articles—

"With infinite pathos, the Christian message says to us, 'be ye reconciled to God'—be reconciled to the laws which involve birth, labour, pain, sorrow, and death, and even an heredity of evil. Believe that He, of whom all things have their origin, through whom all events take their place in one grand providential scheme, will in the end bring in and establish for ever in security the triumph of good over evil. Be reconciled, because Christ, your Lord and elder brother, has accepted all the conditions which it

has seemed meet to the Almighty and Most Merciful Father of all, to appoint for the discipline and perfecting of His children. Be afraid of nothing, except of losing trust in Him who created you, and for no less an end than that of being partaker of his own blessedness.

"But instead of this, dogmatism has introduced a mere arrangement, and an arrangement associated with antecedents, and consequents which, in Bishop Ewing's regard, rendered the worship of the heart simply impossible, because the arrangement meant this: that the Almighty Creator has called into existence a race of frail and dependent creatures, not developed age after age by a fiat of His power, but descending from our first father, who failed in his probation, and in failing, entailed on all his posterity the penalty of physical death, and of never-ending punishment after death. Both of these inflictions, according to the scheme of the arrangement, were demanded by an abstract attribute called Justice. But a second attribute stepped in—the Divine nature being divided into parts—and provided a substitute who, by His sufferings and death, because of the infinite dignity of His nature, satisfied the Justice which twice over demanded the death of the sinful family. To believe in this substitute, as He is represented by the arrangement, is to make shipwreck of our faith in the unity of the Godhead. For if His sacrifice wrought a change in the Divine nature itself, it finds its place in the same category with the terrible offerings with which the heathen sought to pacify their deities. But, after all, the sacrifice, so far as the great majority of mankind is concerned, has been offered in vain.

"Three payments are required to meet the claims of the abstract Justice: the death of man's body, the death of man's Saviour, and the living death—never to end—of a great multitude for whom nevertheless Christ tasted death. What then, said the Bishop, is the revelation, what the justice, what the love, in a scheme like this? The arrangement according to which God was reconciled to man, has not reconciled Him, for man as such is at last not saved. Two payments go for nothing in the case of a vast section

of the human family; for though all men die, and One has tasted death for every man, nevertheless, only a few 'mysterious individuals of mankind' are at last subjects of saving grace.

"No doubt the cause of the darkness which has prevailed since the apostolic age is owing to the fact that professed theologians have taken the place of those who have seen the Lord. The former, while repeating the words of Christ's immediate disciples, lost the spirit of the communication which these addressed to the world, by a very natural over-valuing of the letter in which their message was couched, and rushing in where angels fear to tread, they so dissected the Divine nature, and distributed, according to their conception, its various elements, that at last their scheme was perfect in all its parts, and nothing was left out, *excepting the life of God which they had theoretically extinguished.* Balances and equivalents made of none effect the direct revelation of the forgiveness of sins." *

At the close of his first paper, as if feeling that speech to man could only imperfectly convey his sense of the transcendent significance of the coming of Christ among us on his great reconciling errand, the Bishop breaks forth into the following apostrophe to the Divine Saviour:—

"O Thou who camest full of love, and sufferedst, and wast rejected of men, needful as indeed it was that Thou shouldst go among the wheels of a disordered creation to bring it into unison; who wast verily what Thou art before thus doing, but art now doubly become what Thou wert; who couldst not have acted thus if Thou hadst not been what Thou art, and, being this, couldst not but have so acted—King of Glory, who art only what Thou wert and ever must be from eternity to eternity! O eternal Rose, whose odour scents the universe! Thy bruising brought

* See "Reconciliation," page 30, Vol. III., of "Present Day Papers."

forth the odour, thy breathing gives us light and life eternal! Amen."

At the end of his stay in Palermo the Bishop could not give a very satisfactory account of himself. The hope of joining his friend, the Archbishop, at Cannes, had been supplying his imagination with many delightful pictures. But as the time fixed for leaving Palermo drew near, he found that he was unable to carry out his intention of journeying to the Riviera, and he was, in fact, detained by indisposition in Sicily until the end of April.

When again permitted to travel, he set out *viâ* Naples for Rome, where he became the guest of Professor Tommasi Crudeli, an able and enlightened man, and a conspicuous member of the party of progress, who had recently married a sister of Mr. Whitaker. It was under his roof that Bishop Ewing first formed the personal acquaintance of Père Hyacinthe, with whom as a reformer who made the spiritual life the base of his operations, and not political reform, he had more sympathy than with Döllinger, though he admits that he expected more palpable results from the German.

To Mrs. WHITAKER:—

ROME, *May* 1871.

"I hope in a day or two to be able to begin a slow journey homewards. I shall start with the Meyricks, and, if I can, get as far as Munich with them. But remember that whatever happens, nothing can really sever those who love, that in all worlds they find one another, and that the God who is guiding and governing us all here, in how many dark and sad and unexpected ways! is yet One whose nature is love, and who can have but one end which we

only defer and lose as we lose sight of this. You will always find me, my dearest Ea, and I you, and in all worlds the same, if at any time we be separated here, in Him. There are two verses in the 27th Psalm at which my Prayer-book always opens, and which give me great comfort: 'I should utterly have failed, but that I believed verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living; O tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong and He shall comfort thine heart.' What an extraordinary treasure and gift the Bible really is!"

Instead of the few days, however, which he had anticipated spending in Rome, he was detained there for an entire month by a very severe attack of Roman fever. Lady Alice, having taken alarm, hurried across the Continent to join him. The crisis, however, had passed before she arrived, and a few days after the Bishop was able to proceed on his homeward journey.

To Mrs. WHITAKER:—

ROME, *May 27th*, 1871.

"Every day I have been expecting to start, but never able when the time came. Lady Alice arrived on Monday, and I hope we may get off next week; but I am so bad with pain that I do not know how I shall manage it. We must live in hope. I have often been so unwell that I may (please God) get over this illness too. But I feel different somehow—perhaps it may be the Roman air—and that I shall be better when we move. I would not write you in this unsatisfactory way, were it not that I may not be fit in travelling for any letter writing. May we all meet, dearest, in merry England—merry, if so. I have loved you, dearest, with an everlasting love, as I believe you know. There is no other life worth having. Love and liberty are the factors of creation and the representatives of God and man. Let us live in love, and subdue all things to its gentle yoke."

To his BROTHER :—

MAYENCE, *June 11th*, 1871.

"The movement of Döllinger, as being more political, will have a greater effect upon governments and external relations, but it is less a spiritual than a scholastic secession. The religion which commends itself to the Anglo-Catholic mind seems to me more like seeking after the plan of a house than seeking after God; and is apt to lead us away from the grand secret, 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.'"

On reaching London the Bishop hesitated to inflict himself, as an invalid, upon his friends either at Lambeth or at Westmill, and accordingly by June 20th he was once more at Bishopston.

To Bishop WORDSWORTH :—

BISHOPSTON, *June*, 1871.

"I am glad once more to write to you from this place. I do not think I should have got out of the Roman capital alive if Lady Alice had not come for me and tugged me home.

"The third volume of the 'Present Day Papers' is now ready, and you would greatly oblige me and grace it by a little bit of dedication, written with your usual accuracy and elegance. Were I to try my hand I know that, though inaccurate, it would not be elegant! I think of dedicating it to Lady Alice, who has been, indeed, a most valuable coadjutor bishop in the diocese, and who has, on my account, suffered the loss of many things, choosing me, doubtless, for some supposed nearness she would thereby have to the cause of Christ.

"I am anxious to know if you are satisfied with the work of the revision as far as it has gone?

"I had much intercourse in Rome with Père Hyacinthe, and in Munich I saw Döllinger. The latter is affecting a wider political horizon; for the stupidest government is able to see the danger of an infallible Jael, with the syllabus and excommunication for a nail and hammer. I believe

that this movement will lead to a reconstruction of the whole body of 'Catholic Christendom' (that much-abused expression)."

On the arrival of the dedication Dr. Ewing thus wrote of it:—

"It is excellent—a dedication which could not have been penned by any but one to whom Latin was as the native air of his soul, a dedication which could only have been written in Latin, and a dedication which could only have been penned by the mind of a poet and the heart of a brother. And, apart from the grace and suggestiveness of your diction, I am specially obliged to you for stating in Latin—which Lady Alice does not understand—what I fear she would have repudiated if put forth in plain English."

The Bishop's dedication of the second volume to his brother has already been quoted; but it was in the following letter of this date that the suggestion was first made about the preparation of it in a Latin form:—

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *August 5th*, 1871.

"I remember when you were here you were pleased with the dedication of a Latin book by my uncle to my father. I want to use that in a dedication of a book to my brother; and, as the coincidence is curious, I think you could make something of it. There the one brother (two brothers only, as in the present case), the younger, dedicates his book to the elder—here, the elder to the younger. The names are the same in both, only there John is the elder—here, Alexander. In that case death put an end to thirty-seven years of mutual and extraordinary affection; in this, after fifty-six years—'Eheu! fugaces'—life and love still continue. Praise and thanks be to God! Now could and would you make something of it?"

The first volume was dedicated to his collaborateurs

in the work, and for the exquisite Latin in which it is couched the Bishop was likewise indebted to his scholarly friend.

To Archbishop TAIT :–

BISHOPSTON, *July 11th.*

"I see that you propose holding a consultation as to the future place of the Athanasian Creed. Had I been consulted, I should like to have said something, which, however, would only have been of the least use or interest, as the opinion of one who has studied the aspects of religion in various Christian communities. My conviction is, that there is a risk of that taking place in England, which has so largely taken place in foreign countries—a severance between the clergy and laity.

"There is a besetting conservatism in the clergy, which, if not sufficiently guarded against, is apt to convert them into the mere holders of documents, rather than into the spiritual leaders of the people. I do not think there is any vitality in the Athanasian formula, but rather the reverse, and that its retention in public worship is holding up the skeleton of the dead amidst the living—*i.e.* it is presenting to the living, inquiring, and understanding spirits of men, merely conservative and traditional elements. Besides, to the great majority of those who attend our churches, the *technical* phrases of the creed, if understood by the clergy themselves, are quite as unintelligible as are the special legal expressions in a title-deed, or the terms of a physician's prescription. Nay, more, I doubt whether most pious and devout worshippers do not experience something like a shock at the recital of the Athanasian Creed (so called), and shrink from describing God, as it were, to Himself, and insisting on the precise relations of the elements of His triune personality, as to which we are in no position to speak with certainty.

"Without putting the symbol out of the Church altogether, I would keep it as an old and curious heirloom in the charter chest. It might be looked at occasionally, but should never be intruded into Divine worship. But I

forget that I am speaking to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will be silent. Were it not for raising a storm in a tea-cup, and doing what would be of little use to ourselves, I would give notice that, at our next Episcopal Synod (in November), I would move that 'the creed of Athanasius be remitted to a place among our standards only.'"

To the SAME:—

BISHOPSTON, *August 28th*, 1871.

"I wish I could go down and see you, for I am sure you are, by this time, in 'bonnie Scotland,' on 'the Braes of Dollar;' but I am tied here with the rheumatism, or whatever it is, nursing my strength, too, to 'keep it warm' for Appin, whither I must venture on Friday next, having to confirm at Ballachulish on Sunday, consecrate on the Sunday following the little Church at Duror, and deliver a political address on Wednesday to the volunteers, by request, as I did last year on the German war and the Pope!

"Is there any chance of your extending your tour to Appin? I shall gladly give the Archbishop the *pas* in any of the foregoing functions, and still more gladly see his *pas* upon the green hills, and by the solitary lochs, of the West, and why not at Bishopston? I shall be away only ten days.

"I have been exercised as to Père Hyacinthe lately, a friend having told me that he is now in Paris, and that every exertion is being made to get him back to the Papal obedience, and that he is (as a monk) without home or help. I wrote to him, and have been getting up a small subscription towards procuring for him a home in which he may have leisure for calm reflection. I should ask you for a few pounds, but it may be that you have already been asked by Dean Stanley, to whom I wrote; and, besides, you have so many things on your hands, including, I believe, *this* diocese.

"I have my two daughters with me, so we make a very happy party, but break up to-morrow. I fear, alas! these to-morrows. Were it not for God in Christ, it would be

better not to have been born; for the sorrows of love, I think, outweigh the gain of its joys—as says Miss Procter—

> 'I had a message to send her,
> To her whom my soul loved best,
> But I had my task to finish,
> And she was gone to rest.'

"Blessed are we, that such as 'she' and the 'messages' are safe."

To his BROTHER:—

BALLACHULISH HOTEL, *September 7th*, 1871.

"We have got on capitally; things have all gone right; we had the most crowded church on Sunday I ever saw at Ballachulish—many could not get in. I dare say a thousand people were present, and fifty-five candidates were confirmed. On Monday night I delivered a second address, in the Mechanics' Institute, to about the same number (Volunteers and all) on the public events of the last year.

"I am more and more struck with the Church feeling which prevails here, and I am often tempted to regret that the Episcopal headquarters were not established in a district so full of natural charms, and possessing such strong spiritual claims, instead of on the dead-level shores of Lochgilphead.

"The Archbishop of York confirmed yesterday at Fort William for me, so I have not to go further at present, and I hope to return on Monday. It is a great comfort to have little Ea with me here. My beloved Gaels forget nothing, but it is not altogether painful to have the past so vividly recalled by them."

In the year 1871, the author of this biography having taken summer "duty" in the island of Mull, had the happiness of finding himself numbered amongst the clergy who assembled at the annual meeting of the Synod of Argyll at Lochgilphead. On

this occasion, the Bishop's house was filled to overflowing. Not less did the Bishop's catholicity of feeling reveal itself in the obviously unconstrained intercourse which he held with all his clergy alike. The Argyllshire clergy must have been conscious that they were not straitened in him, while they must have felt sure that every shade of opinion would, in turn, be allowed the opportunity of freely expressing itself in his own pulpit. It was a rare combination to find in him so much modern humanness, so much prophetic fervour and patriarchal simplicity.

On the second day of the assembling of the synod, the Bishop, after morning service, delivered his charge. The recollection of the face and voice of the speaker can never pass away. The charge itself was almost entirely occupied with the present aspects of Continental Christianity, and passages which an assembly of the most enlightened thinkers of our day would have received with cordial approval, and admiration of the speaker's insight and statesman-like suggestions, were addressed to a mere handful of laity and clergymen. As one looked at the speaker, with his graceful but all too fragile form; and as one listened to the words in which he summed up the fatal results of materialising Christianity, and expressed his fears lest the Old Catholic movement should prove too late, and then turned round to survey the scanty audience before him—the feeling was inevitable: "It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Simultaneously, however, sprang up the assurance, strong and confident, that the thoughts which the good Bishop laboured to express were

everywhere insurgent, and destined, in due time, to dissolve every existing ecclesiastical organization which either ignored or repudiated the common priesthood of all Christ's brethren, as well as every dogmatic system which would cramp or arrest the freest development of the Christian consciousness.

In the evening of the same day a goodly gathering met round the Bishop's table, and here he seemed to have the right word to say to every one in the course of the evening; but ere the dinner-party broke up, some toasts were proposed and some speeches made, which, in an altogether natural and informal way, revealed the delightful friendliness and trust and reverence with which the Bishop had inspired his guests.

In finally taking farewell of his clergy—and that was no cold formality with him—the Bishop presented to each of them the three volumes of the "Present-Day Papers," bearing his autograph in a characteristic inscription. Through these volumes he will still continue to speak to them.

At the end of October the Bishop paid a visit to Broom, and enjoyed there the society of his two daughters, of which he says, "It was the joy of my youth, and continues to be one of the greatest solaces of my old age."

To Mr. Bowyer:—

BROOM, *October 12th.*

"I cannot tell you how often I have thought of you during the last two months. No doubt, you may well say, then why did you not write oftener? But I had such weary lots of writing, and much pain and weakness to

contend with. Now my summer's work—addresses, charges, &c.—is over, and I can sit down to send you such messages, news, and comfort as I am able. I am also better, though still suffering much pain. Lady Alice is here with me, Nina (of course), Ea, my brother, Lady Mary Herbert, Mrs. Robinson, and ever so many children—a pleasant meeting in a Noah's Ark.

"How strange is life, when the feeble live and the strong fail—not exactly an illustration of Darwin's theory. But there is another life than the life of the body—the life of the will, which comes in the morning with the hot water, and wakens the body up, and puts aside its dreams, and says, 'Here am I.' Where was this 'I' all night? what was it that dreamed in the night-time? It seems to me that only the machine 'I' was here all night, while the spirit 'I' was elsewhere."

During the autumn of this year most of the English and Scotch newspapers drew attention to the circumstance that the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce) had preached on two successive Sundays in the parish church of Glengarry. The announcement gave Bishop Ewing very great satisfaction, and he wrote to the Archbishop to say how delighted he was to learn that he had officiated in a Presbyterian church, adding that he looked upon his doing so as a step in the right direction—"a step towards that great goal to which he hoped all Churches alike were tending, where the distinctions of their various ministries would be lost and swallowed up in the common objects for which they were instituted."

A copy of the Bishop's letter was forwarded to the Presbytery of Abertarff, within the bounds of which Glengarry is situated, and the members of the district

court instructed their moderator to reply, that they were glad to find that the Bishop of Argyll entertained the same views with the Church of Scotland on the subject of a free exchange of ministerial services among all Churches which are sound in the faith.

The adherents of the High Church party, however, were not of the same mind with either Bishop Ewing or the Abertarff Presbytery, and in their newspaper organs the right reverend preachers were seriously called upon to give an account of their reprehensible conduct. Unfortunafely, in making answer to the call, both Dr. Thomson and Dr. Wilberforce pleaded apologetically that they had simply been discharging the duties of a "mission," in occupying the Presbyterian pulpit; but "the most religious nation in the world," to use Bishop Ewing's words, "ignorant of the fact that the term 'mission' is often employed in England merely to designate a service not performed in the customary manner, was indignant at being supposed to be a fit subject for Episcopal conversion."

In the following letter the Bishop alludes to the disastrous effects of this timid policy :—

To Bishop WORDSWORTH :—

BROOM, GLASGOW, *October* 14*th*, 1871.

"MY DEAR BISHOP AND BROTHER,—Your letter was the only comfort I have had for some time with regard to our Scotch episcopate. With you, I regret beyond measure the outcry raised by some amongst us against the southern bishops preaching in a Highland glen, and still more so that *they* should have thought it needful to apologize for so doing. But the spirit thus revealed has only led to fresh disasters. I had accepted the invitation of the Senatus to preach in the new university hall here, when I

was interdicted by an episcopal brother. I was to use the Liturgy if I wished, and I saw no objection to officiating. On the contrary, I rejoiced at the prospect, and this not because I was to use the Liturgy, but because I could thus join in the worship of a common Redeemer, with brethren divided from us by no insurmountable barriers. But this is not to be: that is to say, if the interdiction I have received is allowed to stand. I now allude to it because the facts are well known, and besides I mention it as the question is being forced upon *us*, and we must answer it, both to *ourselves* and to those among whom we live here, 'What is the object of our Ministry?' I confess that if the spirit of which I complain represents the spirit of our Scotch Episcopal Church, it is a grave question with me, and I am sure it is also with you, whether we should take part in a ministry which has so manifestly departed from the object for which it was instituted. For, is not fellowship the end of the Christian ministry, and is it not the work of a true ministry to achieve its end by producing union on the way? Episcopacy, as you well know, while claiming superiority of degree, for the *well*-being of the Church, never did, among us, claim to be necessary for its *being*."

Glasgow may well be proud of the magnificent university buildings which have in late years sprung up to adorn the city on the western bank of the Kelvin. The buildings are still incomplete; and until the erection of a college chapel, the Senatus resolved to make use of the large central hall for Sunday services. Recognising the fact, moreover, that it is only through its theological faculty that the university could be said to be allied to the Church of Scotland, and that professors and students in all departments are connected with various denominations of Christians, the Senatus further resolved that the temporary chapel should be thrown open to the ministers of

several Christian communities in rotation, and invited clergymen of the Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and of the Episcopalian Churches, both in Scotland and in England, to conduct a service and deliver a sermon on successive Sundays.

From his frequent visits in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, from his connection with the university—from which he had received an honorary degree—and from his well-known liberality of sentiment, it naturally came to pass that the Bishop was requested by Dr. Caird to preach at one of these services. He cordially accepted the invitation; but on his acceptance becoming known, the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway stepped in, claiming a right to inhibit him from preaching. Bishop Ewing considered his interference unjustifiable; for the hall in which it had been arranged that he should officiate was not an Episcopalian church, and as he had been careful to express in his letter to the Archbishop of York, the only jurisdiction which could lawfully be claimed by any bishop of the Scottish Church was not territorial, but only congregational. However, he waived his rights in the interests of peace, and, after a copious correspondence on the subject of Bishop Wilson's interdict, the Bishop of Argyll addressed the following letter to Dr. Caird (now the Principal, but at the time, Professor of Theology in the University of Glasgow):—

BROOM, *November 7th*, 1871.

"You will have heard that the Bishop of Glasgow interposes a barrier to my taking advantage of the kind and

generous offer which you made me of occupying the pulpit of the university, and of using there our Liturgy.

"I think that I ought to say to you that in doing so, I am sure that the Bishop had no object in view save the preservation of those ecclesiastical barriers which the wisdom and piety of our fathers erected, and which he thinks himself bound to maintain as of primary importance. I myself have formed a very different estimate of their value, and conceive that when in any case they come between Christian fellowship and unity, they come between us and the objects of their own institution, and cannot therefore be considered of primary, but only of secondary importance. But I shall not enlarge upon this subject here, as I hope to express myself more fully on the matter in the preface to a sermon, which I intend ere long to print, and, with your permission, to dedicate to you, the Senatus, and the students of the university. It is the sermon which, under other circumstances, I should have preached before you and them."

The liberal press of Scotland on this, as on so many other occasions, was unanimous in the expression of its appreciation of the catholicity of spirit in which the Bishop of Argyll had responded to the invitation of the Glasgow Senatus. But the only episcopal friend who came forward publicly to support him was the Bishop of St. Andrews, who addressed to the Primus, and published in the *Glasgow Herald*, an admirable letter, in which he "wished it to be understood how extremely he regretted the course taken by the Bishop of Glasgow."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:

BROOM, GLASGOW.

"I cannot resist sending you a line to thank you for your great kindness in coming all this way to see me in my low estate. . . . . Many thanks for your contribution to the cause. . . . . Christ is the heir of all the ages,

and our golden age is in the future, not in the past. The shadow of Peter, thank God, is giving place to a very real presence of Christ himself."

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *December 29th*, 1871.

"I am afraid there is no chance of my being with you. I have never got rid of the illness I had in Rome. I am sometimes better, but never well, and since I saw you I have never been, I may say, out of my room, having got back here with great difficulty, and I know not when I may leave it again.

"I do not know what is the object of the synod, and I therefore have no views to express, but I have written a letter to the Primus in answer to his summons, saying that I trust he will be able to do something at it to relieve the Church of the scandal under which it now labours—of refusing to join in common work with fellow-Christians, from whom circumstances, rather than difference of belief, have too long severed us, and by rejecting whom, when they were holding out to us the heart and hand of friendship, we have shocked the whole Christian sentiment of the country. Against that rejection no voice has been lifted up amongst us, save one—no doubt an important one—that of the Bishop of St. Andrews. I hope some protest may go forth from the synod against the act of the Bishop of Glasgow, but I scarcely expect it, as the Primus, when he last wrote, evidently had his sympathies with Bishop Wilson. As for me, I have, in my letter to Dr. Caird, and in the preface to my unpreached sermon, made the best of Bishop Wilson's case. I shall send the sermon* to you, of course, directly it is published."

It was a sermon on peace and goodwill which the Bishop had meant to preach before the university. It was a sermon breathing only peace and good-will

* "A Sermon for Christmas-time, 1871-2." With a Preface Explanatory. By the Right Rev. Alexander Ewing, LL.D. Glasg., D.C.L. Oxon., Bishop of Argyll and the Isles in the Episcopal Church of Scotland. Glasgow: James MacLehose. 1871.

which he eventually published. The official prohibition of his officiating in the university hall elicited no word of bitterness from him, and his discourse is throughout in entire accordance with its motto, taken from the Vatican obelisk—

> "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ governs,
> May Christ keep his people from every ill."

To Archbishop TAIT :—

BISHOPSTON, *December 3rd*, 1871.

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I do not know if you have read Newman's new edition of his essays. It is curious to see a man obliged by his premises to say that that is true which he does not in the least believe in his heart to be so—a sacrificing the real to the "official" principle. Does not such a phenomenon strongly suggest to us the non-recognition of the "official" as being in any way an essential part of the truth which is by Christ Jesus?

"I see you are engaged with the Bennett matter. How strangely the interest has ceased in all these questions and in the case also of the Athanasian Creed. Is it because the greater questions are becoming more prominent—the nature and being of God and of Revelation? I think so. And that we have to face questions, to which, I do not doubt, God will give us the answer in due time, but which our fathers scarcely dreamt of—the world having turned further round, and we, being portions of it, having advanced with it. Yet the answer, I believe, is contained within the old circumference—viz. the knowledge of the Father by the Son, in the spirit which proceeds from that relationship. Ever Father, ever Son, and all that is requisite on our part, an increase of faith in the Father.

To the Incumbent of BALLACHULISH :—

December 21st, 1871.

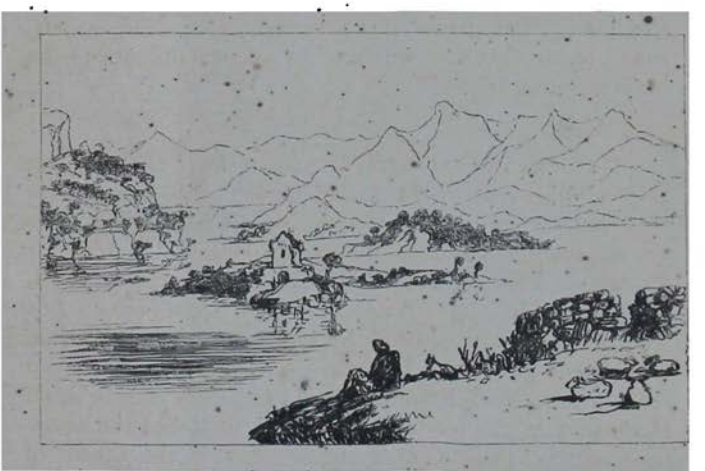
"MY DEAR MR. MACKENZIE,—I have just got your note requesting me to address your meeting next week. You know how I love Ballachulish and its many memories, and

what pleasure it always gives me to be there. But at this season I cannot venture so far. I trust that your meeting and all its arrangements will be successful. You have many supporters and kind friends around you, and these are the chiefest earthly treasures; for there is nothing so good as love, so easily carried about, and which costs so little. It bears all burdens, and yet is no burden itself. The law of Christ is 'Bear ye one another's burdens;' it was this law which led Him to the Cross, where He showed His divinity—not as the Jews thought He should, by coming down, but by remaining there. What a glorious season Christmas is! And how full of meaning! It makes glad and cheers up the otherwise darkest and deadest time of the year. The carols of Christmas are indeed *angels'* songs, as at this time we have no singers on earth—the birds all being silent."

To Mrs. Robinson:—

"My dearest Clifford,—I cannot leave such a letter as yours unanswered for a day, for in truth one seldom gets such letters as yours, for the simple reason that there are not many Cliffords in the world (nor many Stewarts or Frasers). They are the cocoa-nuts of this world in which the milk is hid. Nina is another of these cocoa-nuts. But why is it that with them fewer letters are exchanged than with others? Why? because you are sure of what you read in them, and have not always to be looking to see if the money in the bank is safe. And no doubt the assurance of the possession of these riches is the source of many quiet songs, and of much pleasant though 'unconscious cerebration,' not less pleasant than the conscious. At the same time, dearest Clifford, the world *was* better and brighter once, and it may be because the eyes were brighter and the heart stronger. But yet I think it is true that we enter into our higher life with time just as when the sun sets the stars come out; and we see more and mightier things than in the day, though the light is not so bright. But the question remains, where are they who made that day so bright? where the ourselves of thirty years ago? Well, *I* am here, and I am sure *they*

are somewhere, and that we shall meet in some common home, for there is but one house and one Father. And such love! Love fills the world and the worlds, and upholds the farthest wilderness of stars, and gives life to millions of beings upon each of them—such love and such a lot of it. Can He then be tantalising us with the past, playing with our tenderest and best feelings as a cat with a mouse? Then I should be better than God, for I would not do it. But this is profane, and the truth is therefore the other way. For we are only good in our best, and love is our best, and our best is what God is; and so let us lift up our hearts and rise, and rise, and rise."



BISHOPSTON, *December 31st*, 1871.

"MY DEAREST NINA,—I write a line, the last to-night, to wish you and yours many happy returns of the New Year, about to dawn in an hour. 'Ring out the old.' I have just finished preaching to such a large congregation at nine P.M., and ended with the whole of that noble passage of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'

"I send you a few sketches, thinking they might amuse you, as they are mostly illustrations of your own old songs; but they are destined for Uncle John, and I must ask

you to forward them to him. One appreciates Burns more from home than at home, *i.e.* in Scotland; and then they were very hastily done, and girls and boys I cannot draw; but they will suggest the ideas of the songs. 'Leezy Lindsay,' who ought to have been, is no lady, whereas 'Coming through the Rye' is, and ought not.

"I shall, perhaps, send you something of the sort, if you please, as I fear I must deny myself what I wished to send you, 'Christopher North's Recreations' (all about the Mearns), and Alexander, Bunsen's 'God in History.' But this year this, and many other good works must be left 'for lack o' gowd.'

"Unlike Marley in Purgatory, who had the money but could not get at the people, I have the people but cannot get at the money. God is the governor, and knows what is best. Life is more than meat, and love than life, and honesty is necessary for love."

The Bishop remained at Bishopston, "cawing from a back room," to use his own words, for the winter months. But he preached regularly every Sunday, as, without exposure to the keen air outside, he could pass directly from his study into the adjoining church.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEAN STANLEY'S LECTURES IN EDINBURGH—DEATH OF MR. BOWYER—MYERS'S CATHOLIC THOUGHTS—DEATH OF PROFESSOR MAURICE—DEATH OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD—CHARGE ON INSPIRATION. 1872.

IN January, 1872, Dean Stanley delivered before the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh four lectures on Scottish ecclesiastical history; and picturesque and pathetic the lecturer could not fail to be, when he had such a story to tell as that of the development of the religious life in Scotland from the Celtic era down to modern times. The lectures, as is known to many readers, were afterwards published as a volume, bearing the title "The Church of Scotland;" but copious reports of them appeared in the Scottish newspapers of the day, and these were read by the Bishop of Argyll with eagerness. For, in truth, the Dean, an Englishman, had been discussing, before an audience of Scotchmen, the very questions which, ever since his entrance into the ministry of the Episcopal Church, Alexander Ewing had proposed to himself for solution. What his impression of the Dean's treatment of Scottish ecclesiastical history was appears in the following letters:—

To his BROTHER:—

"Stanley's lectures show a marvellous acquaintance with Scotch facts and their bearings. I almost think they are the best things he has ever written (apart from the allusion to a certain Celtic bishop), and no doubt they will, when published, be a popular book."

In writing to the Dean on the same subject, the Bishop says:—

"I would mention, if you would excuse me, that you have omitted an act which, if injurious and discreditable to the Establishment, is yet the hinge on which most of its recent history turns—the deposition of Dr. Campbell. To that is mainly owing the influx into the Episcopal Church of a valuable portion of the Establishment, and their desertion so weakened the latter, that at the disruption the Calvinistic party carried the day. Now, however, Dr. Campbell is the boast of the Establishment. At a dinner given him on the occasion of his being made D.D. by the University of Glasgow, three years ago, I asked the chairman, Norman Macleod, if they would now turn him out? He replied, 'We owe much to Luther, but the theology of our days owes a far greater debt to Dr. Campbell. It was our glory to have brought him up,' and—I whispered—'to turn him out?'"

February 5th, he writes to his friend the Rector of Clapham, still suffering from lingering illness:—

"MY DEAR BOWYER,—Alick tells me he saw you the other day, and that he found you wonderfully well—at least in spirit. I do not know whether he was father confessor enough to find out what your spiritual condition was, or whether you were likely to confess to him. But in any case I have little doubt that he reports truly, when he writes that you were cheerful, and at rest. In one sense it is a great rest to be ill—so ill as to have no power of choice left. At such a time one learns to be as a little child—contented to see others at work around;

and, perhaps, too, in such a season, one sees more clearly the face of the Father, and enters more fully into the deeper meaning of life, than when one is engaged in the activity of duty. Indeed, the childlike spirit seems to me so divine, that I have often thought that the boy who says, 'I will play at being a soldier or a sailor,' or the girl who is busy with her doll, is far nearer the kingdom of heaven than the hardest worker who toils and pants, as if God were an austere master, and as if life at best meant only vanity and vexation of spirit. The former are happy harmonious portions of this beautiful world of God, the latter seems to have lost himself and all sense of the beautiful."

On February 23rd he thus writes to Dr. Campbell:—

"I have had my time greatly taken up with that business of Bishop Wilson's, and I cannot say how much it has impressed me with the feeling that those apparently innocent things, apostolic succession and high views (as they are called) of the Christian Sacraments, are really *anti-Christian* in their operation. When they take shape in actual life, they reveal their meaning to be a doctrine of election, which is just so much worse than the common one that it is *external* and official, and which, moreover, renders the sacraments themselves uncertain in their efficacy, by demanding the co-operation of the will of the minister, if the reception of them is to be savingly beneficial. How destructive this doctrine must be of all simple and immediate fellowship between man and man, and between man and God, I need not say. And yet it is a growing thing in the Church of England.

"I have, as you know, stopped the 'Present Day Papers.' Dear Mr. Erskine's letters were published under a feeling little short of worship for himself. In publishing them I ran the risk of all the Episcopal judgments, especially when I put forward his latest, and, I believe, most valuable testimony in the direction of Mr. Maurice's conclusions on the restoration of all things!

"Well, sixty years hence, perhaps, these few words of his in his letters will reveal the real life which was once among us; though, unlike St. Paul, his bodily presence was more than his books. I never cease to feel thankful, dear Mr. Campbell, that you put your thoughts into forms which *will* remain. I sent, some weeks ago, your 'Thoughts on Revelation,' to Père Hyacinthe, whom last spring I saw much of in Rome."

This was the last letter which Alexander Ewing wrote to his much esteemed friend. A few days after it was penned came the news of Dr. Campbell's sudden death, and the following letter of condolence was sent to his widow:—

To Mrs. CAMPBELL:—

BISHOPSTON, *March 13th*, 1872.

"Perhaps beyond the circle of your own family no one will miss him who has gone more than I shall; not that I saw much of him, but he was here to refer to, and to be, as he was ever, a help in time of need. No one owed more to his theology than I did, though many have turned it to better account. His works, and those of my first teacher, Mr. Erskine, form a double star which has lightened an otherwise dark and dreary night. But if his loss is so great to me, what is it to you, dear Mrs. Campbell? And yet what my daughter tells me you said is, I doubt not, true—'No one could have been so long with him, and not know how to bear it.' But he has not gone, in any true sense, at all. I feel myself, and you must feel still more fully, that he can never go away. The influence of his life is *never* absent from us. Would that we could feel that our influence was as strong with *them*; and no doubt in some sense it is, for I cannot but believe that those who are separated from us for a time miss the love and affection which God gave them in us, and which our own hearts assure us He is keeping for them. The light he gave to those in want of light was immense. His 'Atonement' and his 'Thoughts on Revelation' are books

which can never die; and those who know them best like them most, and read them oftenest. That on the 'Atonement' I never leave home without taking with me. I trust something will be done in the way of a memoir—perhaps by his sons. There never was a life which shed more blessings of the higher sort amongst men than the equally calm and patient yet noble life of your husband, whether as a suffering or as a triumphant martyr. May we all so patiently live in faith, that we may attain to where he now doubtless shines, by the side of Him whom here he confessed in the days of trial, of darkness, and all but alone. May that eternal light which now shines on him enlighten us, and may his rest be ours."

In February he also heard with great sorrow of the death of his much-valued friend Mr. Bowyer, and he thus wrote to his brother:—

"This week we have both lost two great branches from the tree of life—Bowyer and Dr. J. McLeod Campbell. Dear Bowyer I hoped to see in the spring, but he has now another spring than ours. The truest and best friend, save yourself, I ever had—always the same, and always abounding. Lucca, Pisa, Clapham—all associated with him."

From the seclusion of Bishopston came also, during the month of February, the following letter to Bishop Wordsworth:—

"My dear Shadow of St. Andrew,—I wish you had been on the committee which discussed Athanasius. I had thoughts of writing to you a letter as to *creeds*, and may do so still. I am very far from indifferent, quite otherwise. But the moment one grows anxious about religion, and asks, 'What mean ye by this service?' the cry is 'Rationalism, rationalism!' and they will not receive you because your face is as if you would go to Germany.' But there are no greater rationalists than St. Athanasius and St. Paul, whom the former does not explain, though he

tries his best, poor fellow! In the meantime, our faith is to be provisional, until it is ascertained if there is anything really good in these MSS. in Venice! There (*vide* Humboldt) was once a parrot who had the only remains of the language of an extinct tribe of Indians. Our friends wish to cage us up with that bird.

"I have not made up my mind whether the old war-horse represents Athanasius himself or his deacon. Only a deacon would have no right to use such strong language, and, after all, it is somebody's language. What Stanley said in Edinburgh did good, not because he spoke well of you and me, but because, say what they will, Stanley's facts are as good as his way of putting them; and I have not a doubt in the world that he has given a great tonic to establishments, the principle of which is so precious both to you and to me. He made one or two mistakes, such as our 'humble' support. No bishop likes such a word as that—terrible fellows, bishops! If it had not been for them we should have been all Christians to-day. There were eight hundred at the Vatican Council!—more than twice as many as at Nice; but this episode as to bishops is but a burst of that rocket which has let its stick fall into the eyes of the Aberdeen presbyters. They have been making a great disturbance, insisting on that which is neither in our articles nor in Scripture."

The criticisms called forth by the Bishop's unspoken university sermon were many and various, but in the diocese of Aberdeen they took shape as a requisition signed by a large body of presbyters desiring Dr. Ewing to give an explanation of the statements contained in the preface.

A few of his personal friends were indignant at some remarks on the sermon which had appeared in a certain newspaper. But of these, as of the requisition of the Aberdeen presbyters, the Bishop could only write:—

"I did not see the paper of which you speak. Happily for me, people only send me the pleasant, and not the unpleasant, criticism; but no notice should ever be taken either of the one or of the other. Ecclesiastical persons are, above all others, liable to these attacks, and so much the more liable in proportion as they take a strong or even a distinctive side. Besides, who but ecclesiastics burn each other? Howbeit, the less of fire and wrath the better.

"I do not hold the propositions which the presbyters draw out from my preface, nor are they there; and as I am alive to give the author's true meaning, it can easily be arrived at. But then they will say, 'Aha, aha, old snail, we soon made you draw in your horns!' Very galling this to a Celt, and of very doubtful service to the truth. I shall consider before I write. I certainly do not believe that apostolic succession is *needful*, any more than I believe that it is needful for the Queen to be a Stuart to be a queen. It is absurd to make disbelief of apostolic succession into a *case*, and this the Primus knows. I had some thoughts of writing to him, but I shall wait, and meanwhile send my thoughts anonymously to the *Contemporary Review*."*

In the meantime the Bishop was watching with keenest anxiety the larger interests of the sister Church in England—her doings in Convocation and the recent attempts of some of her members to supersede Bishop Colenso by the consecration of another Bishop for Natal.

"Bishop Eden," he writes, "is off just now to arrange in London with Brechin and Edinburgh for another bishop in South Africa, contrary to my protest. In doing so they are merely aiming a side blow at the Church of England, and the principle of an establishment.

"I have made up my mind to withdraw from the Board

* "Anglo-Catholicism." An article in the September number of the *Contemporary Review*.

of Missions. I objected personally, and in writing to the Primus, to the consecration of Bishop Macrorie. It does not in any way fulfil my idea of missions to the heathen. Besides, I think it time to do something to check the downward course on which our little Church has entered, and its entire denial (in these last years) of the principles of the Reformation. The *Cape Echo*, a paper friendly to Bishop Gray, says "the consecration of Bishop Macrorie was marked with a ritual celebration which would have made our fathers stare, but which we hope our grandchildren will think meagre. What is the meaning of this? It is, perhaps, good for the savages!"

The Primus begged Bishop Ewing to reconsider his decision, asking him if he might not well rejoice that Christ was preached in any way. But the Bishop replied that he could only assent to the general proposition of the Primus, his contention with the party with whom he refused to act arising from the fact that they claimed the *exclusive* right to preach the Gospel, and denied to others the liberty they demanded for themselves.

It was during this time that the Bishop conceived the project of publishing the "Catholic Thoughts" of the Rev. Frederic Myers, which it will be remembered were first placed in his hands in 1848.

With the humility which was as characteristic of Dr. Ewing as was his courage in proclaiming unpopular truths, he assumed towards the new-found "thoughts" the attitude rather of a disciple than of a sympathizer who, by methods and strugglings personal to himself, had reached the same conclusions as Mr. Myers had previously adopted, and consequently he not only desired that Mr. Myers's work should be introduced to the notice of the public, but seemed to think that

in publishing it he would be leaving to the world "a more important legacy than any utterances of his own."

The "Catholic Thoughts" consist of four books, the first two on the Church of Christ and the Church of England. At the time when Mr. Myers was pursuing his quiet meditations in the retirement of Keswick, Oxford—and soon all England—was ringing with the loud-toned enunciation of a claim to apostolic authority on the part of certain ministers of the Established Church. That claim appeared to some at the time only the sport of heated ecclesiastical fancy. It roused others to a passionate antagonism, such as found utterance in the vehement pamphlets which the late Isaac Taylor brought out at intervals under the title of "Ancient Christianity." Mr. Myers had too much humour not to perceive the ludicrousness of the position of infallibility—for it meant nothing less than that—occupied by a clique of teachers belonging to a Church whose peculiar national existence, in its present relations, was simply due to the fact that it had broken with infallibility. He saw, moreover, with the fine intuitive faculty which belonged to him, that spiritual truths, in the profoundest acceptation of the words, must at least be as independent of authority as a common rule of arithmetic. Perhaps few saw so clearly as he did the "drift" of the Oxford movement, but he did not rush forward to oppose it with party watchwords or personal denunciation. He could not doubt that any manifestation which exalted itself against the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free must pass away before an ampler unveiling of the

light which is in Christianity itself, and that a true Catholicism would, as the fulness of the times drew on, replace all the narrow conventionalities which had been propounded or accepted by those who seemed to labour under the hallucination that the Church or humanity is in want of another foundation than that which is laid in the love, the sacrifice, the brotherhood that are found with Christ in God.

In the third and fourth books of the "Catholic Thoughts" Mr. Myers treats of the relation of the Bible to Christianity and Hebrew Monotheism. And, perhaps, we do not yet possess in our insular literature any work which can be regarded as either occupying the same ground as that over which Mr. Myers travels, or as worthy to be the substitute for his essay.

In the month of March the Bishop had an attack of severe illness while the guest of his daughter at Broom, and when still unable to leave his room he sent forth from his seclusion the following letters:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'GLASGOW HERALD.'

"Your appreciative and able article on the death of the Rev. F. D. Maurice will no doubt be deeply felt and gratefully responded to by a wide and increasing circle. Nothing could be more true than your concluding words—'The English Church has never had a more devoted follower or a more faithful son.' Nor may I add was there one who had less token of her recognition.

"I have travelled in lands where only the names of two of our clergy were known, and one of these was that of Frederick Maurice—a Transylvanian bishop, a Sicilian priest, and a German Pfarrer having spoken of him to me as the only English theologian (with one other exception) of whose *writings* they had any knowledge.

"But his own country and Church had no distinction

to confer on him. Some years ago, when his health was failing, application was made in his behalf for the deanery of St. Paul's, which was then vacant. But the application was refused, and the appointment was bestowed upon one whose orthodoxy, as orthodoxy is now defined, was unimpeachable, but whose theology simply strikes at the root of all rational belief, assuming, as it does, that we can know nothing whatever of the character of God Himself, and must be contented with the announcement of certain arbitrary or merely 'regulative laws.' Mr. Maurice's theology on the other hand was worthy of the name, for he held that in revelation God Himself and not merely a code of laws is set forth; and that He is so manifested to us that we can with confidence and hope leave the destinies of all men in His hands. He taught that God is the Father of all men, that in consequence there is no escape from the exactions of His perfect laws, and that His one great object in the infliction of punishment was the amelioration and not the final misery or destruction of His children. But such teaching was not to be tolerated in high places, and neither the State nor Church forgave in Mr. Maurice this his unpardonable sin. For it was neither the State nor the Church, but the University of Cambridge, which poured honour upon him. Yet no one has been more forward and unwearied than he was in the promotion of all schemes which had for their object the regeneration either of the individual or of society. It is a pregnant lesson. We are by no means condemning authorities who enforce the laws of their churches or their states, but we would call attention to the fact that the greatest and most valuable teaching which the world has ever heard was first of all rejected by it. The Jews stoned their prophets, but aftewards built their sepulchres.

"All men can discern the signs which are visible in the outward heavens, but all do not discern this time. We have just seen the highest theological teachers of our day cast out. Erskine rejected, we understand, from Holy Communion by a Scottish bishop, Dr. John Campbell deposed by the Establishment, Maurice left to die un-

honoured. It is the fashion to say the Broad Church is in the ascendant. The saying may be accepted, if by the Broad Church is meant only the vague liberalism to which all things are equally true. But the saying cannot be allowed, if by the designation 'Broad Church' it is intended to characterize those who believe in God as the Father of many others than those who come to Him by churches or by the standards of churches. Such men are not in the ascendancy. In all the churches they are laying down their lives. But their time will come, and though they are now sowing in tears, the children of their opponents will build them sepulchres. It is the incoming of a new day, but those who have watched for and hastened it are now perishing of their night watch.

"We see that the body of Mr. Maurice has already been offered a sepulchre in Westminster Abbey. We cannot blame his friends for refusing it. But it would have been well if his living voice had been heard within its walls along with his who assuredly would have welcomed him there—the large-hearted Dean of the Abbey. Maurice's voice is now still; but no man probably in his day did more to turn back the infidelity of our time—not in the sense of affecting the masses, but in the sense of affecting the few by whom, in course of time, the masses are affected. More than one eminent writer for the press is indebted for most of his religious enlightenment to the counsels of Mr. Maurice. If it be true that his line of thought has little influence with scientific or materialistic reasoners, it is generally admitted by them that, did their premises allow any inference for the being of God at all, it would be in the direction of the Maurician theology. But I must not trespass on your space with what was intended to be a postscript to your own obituary, and an echo of that one note of sorrow and of honour which you, sir, struck so well. I cannot better sum up or finish what I have to say, than in the words of a remarkable poem just published in your city, 'Olrig Grange,' in which these lines occur, not only applicable to its hero, but to Mr. Maurice and many others who have fought the same

fight and died the same death—lived by death, and died by living :—

> 'But all through life I see a cross
> Where sons of God yield up their breath :
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death,
> There is no vision but by faith,
> Nor glory but by bearing shame,
> Nor justice but by taking blame ;
> And that Eternal Passion saith,
> Be emptied of glory and right and name.'"

To Bishop WORDSWORTH :—

BROOM, THORNLIEBANK, *April 12th*, 1872.

". . . . I have no quarrel with the Athanasian Creed itself, but with its flaming sword. I want the tree of life to be its own sanction and security. To me it is profane to stand up and describe the Almighty to Himself as we do in this creed, and then proclaim what will be the condition of those who do not think as we do. And I do not doubt (notwithstanding ——'s dance before the ark) that the creed is the product of a barbarous age ; but all the same I think that the alternatives between which *we* have to choose are these two—the recognition of Christ as being one with God, or the conclusion that there is no God at all.

"As to education, I am much inclined to go in for the scheme which requires that the Bible be read in all schools, and gives up all catechisms. The loss of these would be more than compensated by the universality of the use of the Bible, while the condition might smooth the way as to Ireland and the priests.

"I see so much of the evils of *church* worship abroad, that my very love for the invisible makes me fear and shrink from visible churches perhaps over much."

To Archbishop TAIT :—

April 20th, 1872.

"I dare say you are in the midst of Convocation, and a letter will be a bother about our little affairs in the North, —a storm in a tea-cup, which is of no consequence unless you happen to be in the tea-cup. And now you have a

storm in the great sea of England. I am very much struck with the change in the Church, or rather the clergy, of England since good Archbishop Sumner's time. First these Ritualists creep in, humbly apologizing and excusing themselves, and then they stand up and denounce others as *heretics*, while they call Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley 'imbeciles,' and Luther 'a rascal.' Meanwhile, all England is on the gaze, and the reckoning is made, whether such a ministry should be paid for, and whether, if they were not paid for, they would not disappear. They are the greatest danger to the Establishment the Church of England has yet seen, doing for her just what the priests have done elsewhere, severing the clergy from the people—shunting Christianity into a special siding. The action of the Irish Church as to the Prayer Book is very hopeful, and nothing, I think, can be more instructive than the comments on it. 'Such men,' it is alleged, 'are possibly not ordained, the rites having been so mutilated.' Oh! where does wisdom dwell, and what is the place of its rest?'

After having been confined to his room for nearly a month, the Bishop once more could venture out of doors. But it was with very mingled feelings that he found himself again moving about in a neighbourhood which had long been as a holy land to him. There was no Sir John to welcome him at Polloc, and his friends Erskine and McLeod Campbell had also passed away. But there was still left one man within reach to whom he could turn with sympathy, now that the old familiar faces were taken from his sight—Dr. Norman Macleod—and on one of the first days after his recovery he drove into Glasgow to spend an hour with him, little dreaming that he was going to take a last farewell of that genial and greatly gifted Scotchman.

A few days afterwards the Bishop wrote to Mrs. Macleod the following characteristic letter, on the occasion of his hearing a report of the sale of the property of Geddes, which belonged to her family; but it was only a few weeks later when he had to condole with her on a loss which perhaps moved the heart of Scotland more than any other event had done since the death of Thomas Chalmers, and not only so, but which, as Dr. Ewing writes elsewhere, "was felt by all, from Windsor to Pitcairn's Island."

"MY DEAR MRS. MACLEOD,—There was no famine here yesterday, save of "the Mackintosh lament," * while I fear you had a real cause for lament yourself as to Geddes. I quite sympathize with you in that matter, and feel that one thing worth becoming a Jew for was that land reverted to its original possessors in fifty years. It was a good law; and with all our progress I am sure that if a family has but a cottage to which all the scattered sons and daughters may look, from Jerusalem or India, or from the ends of the earth, as a *pied-à-terre*, it has, next to living parents, the best human anchorage below. As I have not now one bit of the land possessed by my father or his fathers, I am trying to make a 'family seat' of the plate chest, and I hope to give it to my eldest son to sit on, and hand down —a succession of spoons, you will say. Well! when Abraham became laird of Canaan, it is said, he did not find all he wanted, but he discovered that the only thing which could keep him and his children together was a city which had its foundations not in title-deeds, but in God; and yet now and then we do loathe that light food, and crave a diet of flesh ('Diet of Worms'); of brick and mortar, earth and water—in short, Geddes and the sandy flats of Nairn, and the hills of Cromarty, and the Findhorn River.

* The "Mackintosh Lament" was a favourite air of the Bishop's, and it was one which he specially liked to hear played by Mrs. Macleod.

Yet, perhaps, even these bear likeness to some pattern on the Mount.

"Remember me pray to the Arch-Druid of the West."

To the SAME:—

June, 1872.

"Little did I think when I last wrote to you that he was ill. Most of all do I now regret that, though his near neighbour for so long, it is but lately that I really knew him.

"The little note your son was so kind as to send gave me great comfort, for he tells me that you were greatly supported. It is well to forget the things which are behind, and to reach forward to those which are before—to dwell as far as is possible on the future, not in the past. The past will recall itself in a thousand ways, at a thousand turns, with flashes of sorrow and sudden pain; and it is better it should be so. But we must not dwell on it, but on the future; for if we drink no more of the fruit of the vine here, we shall drink it new and renewed in our Father's kingdom. And it is a Father's kingdom—as *he* used to repeat and believe—a kingdom not bounded by this world, but one of 'many mansions.' Seeing him, as I did, always full of life and rejoicing in his strength, and doing all things with such apparent ease to himself, it is difficult to connect him, in my mind, with the need of *rest*. But doubtless rest was needed. We did not see how much trial he bravely endured, and no doubt it is better that it should be as it is, than that he should have known weary years of broken body and an exhausted mind. He has died in full vigour, in the midst of his conflict, as have so many other martyrs; and doubtless, treading here the path they trod, he has ascended with them. How great the legacy he has left us in that good example and that encouraging career!—far better for all of us than any other ancestral inheritance.

"I dare not trust myself to say all I would about him—his thorough and genuine response to every emotion of the heart, his genial companionship, his high and lofty ideal, his true love and worship of the Lord and Saviour.

To lose such an one is much, but to have known and loved him is far more. Yet the fact of our having once loved him is a pledge from a loying God and Father that he is to be ours again in the fulness of time. For if we who are evil know how to give good gifts unto our children, shall not our Heavenly Father, who is so much better than we are in that in which we are best—our love and righteousness—give us all good things? May He strengthen your hands and encourage your heart, dear Mrs. Macleod, in waiting and in doing what He has given you to do. You have the prayers and sympathies, I may say, of all this nation, from the very throne to the poorest classes in our largest cities, and in prayer you can realise the communion of saints and the presence of his spirit who is still one with you.

As soon as the Bishop was able to leave Broom he rejoined Lady Alice in Edinburgh, at the house of Dean Ramsay, only, however, to be again laid up for a month with severe illness. "I have just," he says, "had my holiday (the clerical two months), and most of it was spent in bed, with three doctors to pay for it—a curious provision of nature that suffering costs money."

To the Archbishop

23, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, *May 23rd*, 1872.

"I need not say how grieved I was not to be able to go and see you, and to have some further happy intercourse, and talk of the things which happen on the way, ere the great gates shut upon us! I was, indeed, very ill, and the many stripes of these last years make me feel the need of that first necessity—'the taking of the manhood into God.' I hear you are so well, and doing so much on all hands; I hope you will not overdo it. Now you are at Stonehouse—where I wish I was with you, as I should see more of you there than at Lambeth—will you not come to Scotland? You are sure

I think, to come to Dollar, and may, I trust, come on to the great West Coast, and see us all, and 'Bishop's Rock,' and, once more, Lochgilphead and Fort William, where there is no snow nor heat, no Arctic bears or Bengal tigers. You must have been grieved, as I was, at the result of Convocation. It is a step backwards, there is no doubt; not the index of a *crisis*, which we should not dread, but of the steady rise of that 'Catholic revival' which is utterly powerless against the absolute enemies of revealed truth, though fled to by so many as a protection. We are, I fear, drifting into the Continental state of infidelity, *contra ultramontanism*, and yet there are the indications of a larger day, which I thoroughly believe is near at hand, in which the teachings of St. Paul and St. John, announcing the love of God to the whole world, will supplant our narrow definitions and antiquated symbols. Our dear Dean Ramsay —'ultimus Scotorum'—is going to London in the middle of June, for the last time, no doubt. I knew he would much like to see you, and you would like, I am sure, to see him; and hear his Scottish 'Reminiscences.' Perhaps you could give him some? His book is in the twenty-first edition. His letter about the Glasgow College sermon did infinite good in Scotland, and I am glad to say that Bishop Cotterill seems inclined to follow in his steps. I trust to be able to leave this to-morrow, and to get as far as Broom, and then on to Bishopston next week. I cannot expect to hear from you all the ins and outs of the past affairs. Time is too precious, and an *archbishop* must not write of these things, save under the seal of Confession! I hope you did not dislike what I said in the last *Contemporary*, and in a little while I mean to do something more in the same direction, for what else, save God himself, is there worth living for, if not *Ecclesia Dei?* though, alas! *the way to Him*, too often proclaimed by the Church, is so very difficult to find, that it might seem as if living for her were a barren and unfruitful work."

To Lord GLASGOW:—

. . . . BISHOPSTON, *June 22nd*, 1872.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I write to you now that you may

turn over at your leisure what I would suggest as to the future of the college, or, I should say, cathedral; for college is a poor word. I know nothing lies nearer to your heart, and I see by the preparations on the island that you intend to be much there yourself. I think you might make it a working cathedral, on the plan of the old abbey at Iona. Cathedrals have become *caviare*, because they have been *capita mortua*, and that we cannot afford. But something of the sort is really needed in the Highlands and Islands, if the remnant of the old Episcopal Church there is to be kept alive. We have canons honorary and ordinary, but both are as yet merely ornamental. Now, I should be inclined to make honorary canons of those who can do no work, and to give *stalls* to the working clergy; in the first instance, to those who are working in our oldest fields of labour, where there are no rich to maintain a clergyman, and where, in consequence, the congregations are in danger of dying out—such as Ballachulish, Duror, Glencreran, and Skye. Much good would be secured by an arrangement which enabled the incumbents of these spheres to reside from time to time in the cathedral. Hitherto, I am sure, your wishes have not been fulfilled by mere tuition and a few English students; nor has the college been sufficiently united with the county and the diocese. The clergy feel this, and if we could only give stalls in the first instance, and afterwards see our way to a small endowment of some £50 per annum, it would considerably brighten our future. I confess I should like to see 'Ballachulish,' 'Duror,' 'Glencreran,' over the stalls on my next visit."

To Archbishop TAIT:—

BISHOPSTON, *Festival of St. John the Baptist*, 1872.

"I do not know if, in the midst of so much that occupies you at this moment, a voice from the wilderness is likely to get a hearing, particularly if it be only that of a *curlew*, signifying nothing but wildness and great solitude. Poor Norman Macleod (why should I say poor?), a noble and genial spirit, has been taken from

us, in the midst of his hearty and happy life, and we are so much the poorer. How few are left to whom we can go for sympathy and succour! What a mowing there has been the last two years!—Bunsen, Erskine, McLeod Campbell, Maurice, Norman Macleod. I dare say there are 7,000 left somewhere, but I do not know where.

"I do not know what to think of the Bennett judgment. Stanley says, 'What is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander'—Gorham and the 'Essays' being the goose, and Bennett, I suppose, the gander. Perhaps! But if you have sympathy with the goose, and none with the gander, you do not wish such sauce. And I think, at least, that in the Church of England, as established by law, the gander is a bird likely to devour his own offspring. Of course, it is righteous that judges should give the benefit of the doubt to the prisoner; but if the result of a judgment is to make void the law, then we may *lose a good law* and retain a bad subject. Such a judgment is neither wise nor fair. Did I not believe that *law* signifies little in these matters, and that it is the public spirit which is all-important, I should be anxious about the Church of England; and I think it is high time to endeavour to raise that spirit into the belief of the truth that *revelation is the complement and not the contradiction of reason*, else reason pure and simple will be sure to win one of these days. I was very thankful to see the stand you made against the retention of a creed we do not believe, that is, so far as the anathemas are concerned, and that is all your quarrel with it, as it is mine. Archdeacon Claughton raises an entirely false issue in saying 'the dislike of the creed is the *dislike of the doctrine of the Trinity.*' No true Churchman denies that Christ is God. The question now is between Christ being God on the part of believers in the various Churches, and there being no God at all. Blessed be His Holy Name, He and Christ are One. Christ is One with Him, the Most High, for ever." The Creed of St. Athanasius will go, like the Pope, from the ambition of monopoly, while having really so little to give after all. But I fear the gander will become a great bird, and destroy much of the fair pastures of England. 'It is not so much

what they eat, as what they tread down,' said an objecting farmer on the subject of these birds to me.

"It was a great loss to me this year, and I may say last year too, my dear Archbishop, not to see you and yours —so few sympathizers, as I said before, being now left. How few of those who started in life at the same time as we did, and know about and care about the same things, remain! Norman Macleod is an irreparable loss, and none but a Scotchman can know *how* great. Did you see that frightful letter of the Moderator of the General (Free) Assembly, in which he said that there were none of them who did not hold the most rigid tenets of Calvin? I do not believe it.

"Is there any chance of you this year in the fair northern land; you and your dear wife and the bairns? It is not now such a 'far cry to Loch Awe,' and many would like to see you there, many who I fear may not see you elsewhere. Pray do think of it, my dear lord, ere the night cometh, which is settling down upon us all, and which has removed so many out of our sight—blessed be God however, but for a time, a little time, when we shall find, them 'new' in the kingdom of heaven!"

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

BISHOPSTON, *June 28th*, 1872.

"I was nearly a month in your lower regions, laid up, at our good friend and 'episcopal patriarch,' Dean Ramsay's. I was on my way to London, but was obliged to return here. I had three doctors, but nevertheless I got better! I should much have liked to have seen you, as there was much to talk about. Could you not come here about the time of my synod (to be held the third Wednesday in September), and give us your help—not to spy the nakedness of the land, but the ruddy legs and beards of the Celts? I am going to deliver a Charge upon the new translation of the Scriptures, which will be of great use to you!"

To the Rev. A. J. ROSS:—

BISHOPSTON, *July 9th*, 1872.

"I am sorry to hear that you are not to be in Mull

this year, and I fear there is no chance therefore of your preaching our synod sermon, as you do not hold a charge. On consideration, I agree with you that, even if you cared to come so far, it would scarcely do, save on the second day. Could you give us a discourse on that day? I should be delighted, and the others also; and if you can come, I can take you in. Pray let me know.

"I see in the *Spectator* a constant whipping of the bishops as to the Athanasian Creed, and I heartily wish it would answer its end; but they do not seem to respond, save with a backward movement. I am not much of a bishop, and not one at all in the eyes of many, but I have some feeling for my *order*, and also think that some *clergy* would not feel weakened by the hearty backing of even one bishop."

To Archbishop TAIT:—

BISHOPSTON, *July 22nd*, 1872.

"Is there any chance of your coming this way? I hope so. We are off to-day to Stonefield, Oban, Invercoe, Glencreran, &c., &c. Letters, if addressed here, will follow us, and I should at once, and how gladly, return to welcome you here, and kill that fatted calf which I see from the windows; or, if thought better, take it about with us, whilst we go here, there, and everywhere together. I can offer you a yacht, too, at the end of August, and we could go together to Mull and Fort William.

"I am strangely better, and hope to live till eighty! My brother and his wife are here, and my youngest son (with two prizes and a half, and honourable mention), from Trinity College, Glenalmond."

To his BROTHER:—

INVERCOE, *August.*

"Would you were here with me to see the everlasting solitude of Glencoe! the red light on its hills, the setting sun, and the dark glen. There is no place like Invercoe—the waterfalls, the woods, the clear river, the solemn sunsets, and the stupendous hills. I shall I hope give a lecture at the Ballachulish quarries on Wednesday, on

'Prince Charlie and his Men,' not altogether leaving out the Nonjurors and the Anglo-Catholics, who, forgetting Charlie and his men, occupy themselves with cups and platters!"

To the SAME:—

CRAIGNISH CASTLE.

"*August 22nd.*—The weather has been splendid. The memory of sapphire lochs, and golden hills, and straths of birch, and heights of pine, of the antlers of red deer, and of the salmon which rise and plash and tumble in the Lochy, the Spean, and the Arisaig, make one rich with real riches. Mrs. Gascoigne, our hostess, is an excellent woman. There are few things more consolatory than to think of the number of excellent people there are in the earth."

"Last Sunday two hundred worshippers, all 'Episcopalians,' met at the bridge in Glencoe under the fir-trees. Thanks to Lady Alice's bazaar and to Lady Glasgow's kindness, a roof I trust will by next year cover their heads. The contractor came yesterday, and Lady Alice is away with him to the quarries to bargain for slates, and afterwards she and I go and look out for a site. If the land were but in the hands of Episcopalian proprietors, and some permanent provision made for the clergy, all might be well in Appin, and the old ark still float on the waters."

"NATURE.

"Ever living, ever dying,
Ever laughing, ever crying;
Ever spending and renewing
Ever idle, ever doing;
Ever ending and beginning;
Ever leaving, ever weaving
Into warp and into woof
Remnants, fragments of the olden
Of the basement making roof,
Of the faded making golden."

Appin and Glencoe: the People and the Place.

From an Address delivered at Ballachulish on August 7th, 1872.

"Last Sunday we had over us the blue vault of heaven, and the mountains of Glencoe on either side for our church's walls. It was a more splendid dome than is that of St. Peter's, and the writing larger than that there: 'Te Deum laudamus,' than 'Tu es Petrus.' The keys of the Kingdom were delivered in Gaelic, and the whole service was in the same language. There were about two hundred worshippers, and as I looked upon them, every knee bent in the grassy moss, and every head bowed low, repeating the words of our venerable Liturgy, I felt myself rebuked by the earnestness of their devotions. There they meet Sunday after Sunday in the summer evenings, under the fir-trees at the bridge over the river Coe. In the silences in the service we could hear its current, mingled with the sea-like noise of the light breeze in the pine-wood overhead. When he preached the clergyman seemed thoroughly in earnest, and the attention with which he was listened to was deep and profound. There were many old people who evidently knew nothing but the Gaelic tongue, and to all it was no doubt the language of their choice.

"Both the scene and its surroundings were remarkable: Glencoe and the hills which beheld the massacre, these people many of them descendants of the sufferers that Service and Liturgy retained when so entirely abandoned elsewhere in Scotland. It was a little piece of the past fallen into the present; and if not *un pezzo del cielo caduto in terra*, to the antiquarian and the conservative, and no doubt to the religious inquirer also, it was a scene of the deepest and most stirring interest. The ideal is assuredly greater than the real. The only remnant of the past here is the Church. The lairds of Appin are gone; the old holders of the lands and property are no more; but the Church remains, notwithstanding emigration, dispossession, and deaths, pretty much as before. Charlie Stuart and his cause are extinct, but the creed of the Nonjurors still holds its ground in the Strath of Appin, in Lochaber,

and Glencoe. The tomb of the royal Stuarts is under the dome of the Vatican, their angels with the torch reversed; the arms of Great Britain, France, and Ireland are now merely a funeral hatchment there, but here there is still life. Here, under the living vault, are living men using the Prayer Book of King Charles and the sacramental vessels of the Stuart Establishment. On the paten for the Holy Communion in the Episcopal congregation of Ballachulish you can still read. 'Parish of Appine,' and the sentiment of the place is altogether with the past. He who would still see what the Stuart and Highland aspects of Scotland were, as seen by Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth, let him come to Appin and Glencoe. Here he will see still 'a bonny brier bush' growing in front of the house of Glencoe, planted and cherished in memory of Prince Charlie, whose white rose it bears. In the glen the Highland lasses still turn the hay in merry companies of four or five, their blue petticoats and white jackets seen far off among the hills, or, single in the field, one reaps and sings by herself. Still the old songs are heard in the old tongue—still 'the plaintive numbers flow for old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago'—and still is sung the more 'familiar matter of to-day, some national sorrow, loss, or gain that has been, or may be again.' Nature likewise is all unchanged. For here is the sultry stillness of the everlasting hills, and in spring time the cuckoo bird, breaking the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides.

"Notwithstanding, however, all that has been said and sung, it is strange and remarkable how little interest is taken by the English Church, or by the Episcopalians of Scotland, in these still remaining vestiges of their own and the older faith still here. But should it come into the heart of any wealthy Churchman to give himself to the restoration of this Church and people, and to make himself a home in this place, he would find a noble work and a hearty welcome awaiting him—a work which would both reward himself and others in every way.

"When what is called the Anglo-Catholic movement first began in England, I, in common with many others,

conceived the hope that it would take the form of a revival of the best aspects of the past, that it would manifest the catholicity of our Church in the spirit, and benefit those living portions of its old organization, which languished for want of sympathy and support. But in common with many others I have been greatly disappointed. This movement has merely concerned itself, on the whole, with the revival of antiquarian usages and sentimental practices. It has thrown itself into the defence of dogmas (which were not attacked), and into the cultivation of relations with the far-off and unseen, in preference to the living and real portions of the Church among us, which are languishing and in need, though still alive. Ah me! how different would be the return from warm hearts and loving eyes, if thus warmed and brightened beyond what walls and cups, and vestments can afford, however golden, great, or lustrous! These things cannot reward us, and God most lovingly and righteously has so made us that only in benefiting others can we truly benefit ourselves. Yet men think they please Him when they do outward things in His honour; but they surely miss a far higher reward and a far higher and better thing when they put the dead in place of the living. I trust I am not uncharitable to Anglo-Catholicism, but I have been forced thus to speak of it by the experience that it too often ends but in a higher form of selfishness. I say this because there are so many lovely and loving souls who have been hindered by it from becoming still more lovely and more loving. And I believe that there are many who, if the more excellent way and higher for themselves were put before them—the way which finds an end in the welfare and hearts of others—would endeavour to walk in it, and obtain a reward far beyond that afforded by observances and apparatus. 'Feed my sheep, feed my lambs,' saith the great Redeemer. These are the everlasting duties, and in the discharge of them lies the true good of men.

"In the island which fronts the quarries, and on which the fir-trees grow, lie buried, as you are aware, the bodies of most of the inhabitants of Glencoe, of Ballachulish, and

of Lochaber. The Stuarts are buried in the old churchyard of Appin, where there are many remarkable and some strange inscriptions. One in particular, by, I think, a 'Stuart,' commemorative of his wife, whom he calls 'the delightful Anne;' but the Camerons, Macdonalds, Mackenzies, Robertsons, and M'Colls bury in the island. I went to look for the grave of Mary Robertson, so well known to us all, who died and was buried there in the spring of the present year. I could not find it. But Mary will be long remembered. For thirty and nine years she tended the Church, as the holy women in Scripture did the temple. It was not only her place of worship, but to some extent the object of her worship also. Gifted with a reverence and awe which are the privilege of few, she was so little awake to the common affairs of life that it seemed as if her mind were at times deficient. Yet she said a thing occasionally which showed great insight into character, and a just appreciation of its merits or defects. She will be long remembered as she ought to be by all who have at heart the history of the district and the Episcopal Church there. Her prophetic and worn appearance, her acts of worship, her inquiring and anxious expression, her absolute prostration before the emblems of the invisible, will be recalled by all at the mention of her name. At the old ruins I found the memorial slab, however, which marks the grave of the heroic blacksmith who at Prestonpans unhorsed a dragoon and slew him with his broadsword. He was a Mackenzie, I think, and with his Highland targe and sword, his kilt and plaid, his sturdy form, with the dragoon tumbling from his horse beneath his weapon, is outlined and carved upon the stone in a spirited—if archaic sculpture. Prestonpans and Colonel Gardiner (for it is one of his dragoons) are still subjects of conversation here, which Waterloo and the Crimea have not obliterated, although Waterloo also has had its heroes from this place. Eilan Munn contains at least one Cameron of Fassifern, the gallant laird of which, with so many others of his heroic regiment, the 42nd, fell at Quatre Bras or Waterloo. There is also a carving on a stone commemorative of the descent of a white dove upon the bosom of a

quarryman; as he lay when struck down mortally wounded by a shot from the quarries.

"Eilan Munn is the isle of the saint or hermit of that name, but this holy man must not be confounded with the saint of Glasgow, Kentigern, the 'darling Mungo' of St. Serf, as Dean Stanley calls him. The latter was contemporary with Columba, but he from whom our Eilan takes its name was a later worthy, one probably with a mission from Iona. Round his cell a burial-ground for the dead bodies of his converts was soon formed, until at last the island became the final resting-place of all connected with the district by the ties of kindred and locality as well as of religion. Eilan Munn had connection with a southern diocese. Its chapel was a dependency, I think, upon the abbey of Paisley.

"It is remarkable from what distances the bodies of the dead are brought to this last resting-place—frequently from Glasgow, and sometimes from America. Moreover, the very living come from the latter, to await their end near the venerable churchyard, and a curious illustration of the fact came under my own observation. 'Do you see that lame old man,' said my companion, 'at the end of the village. He came here in a dying state, all the way from America, to be buried at Eilan Munn, and he does not know what to do now, for he has got better!'

"Callart and Culchenna, the first now tenanted by members of the great and historic house of Radcliffe, and the last at times the retirement of the beloved and lamented Dr. Norman Macleod, of the Established Church, lie both sleeping in their birchen woods opposite to Eilan Munn. But the outward rush of the tide now streaming seaward, and on the bases of the giant hills that strange red weird light warns us that it is sunset, and time for us to descend from Eilan Munn and to leave its tombs to the silence of the night, the requiem of the sea birds, and the mournful cry of the solitary curlew—to leave Eilan Munn and to betake ourselves to the mainland, where the corn crake now is calling, while the lark sings overhead. We land by the mouth of the sounding Cona, whose waterfall is heard amidst the trees, and enter the silent porch of the

Macdonalds, beside Prince Charlie's Rose-tree, and lie down at last to dream of Sir Walter and of Waverley, until the words come back (quoted with such good taste and feeling by Sir W. Stirling Maxwell at the Scott Banquet of last year), Sir Walter's own melancholy refrain on the sunny shores of Naples, but which ever and anon steal upon us in Appin and Lochaber—

> 'It's up the craggy mountain,
> And down the mossy glen,
> We canna gang a milking
> For Charlie and his men.'"

Dr. Ewing returned to Lochgilphead for the synod of September the 18th, where he delivered his Charge on "The Character and Place of Holy Scripture in Christianity," of which the following is a summary :—

"The revision of Holy Scripture now going on by the Committee of Divines assembled for that purpose at Westminster has opened out momentous questions.

"The questions raised are such as involve both the character and the value of revelation, and to a certain extent the fact of the revision not only raises but answers them, for it implies that Scripture is not to be considered as miraculously perfect, but only as providentially preserved, and not free from errors or imperfections, but developing from within itself the means of correcting the one and supplementing the other. It is further assumed that there does not exist, that there never has existed, any body which could *authorise* the letter of Scripture, and, on the contrary, that the letter, when rightly learned, calls forth a spiritual body which is capable of judging of its contents. Examining Scripture by its own light, in the reverent exercise of the power which is inherent within us, probably these conclusions will be arrived at :—

"First, that although revelation could not have been imagined by ourselves, we are able to recognise and accept it when placed before us, and are by its acceptance raised to a higher being; secondly, that the Bible contains a

series of revelations, extending over a period of 3,000 years, of which the most modern is 1,800 years old; thirdly, that the revelations were given by degrees; and, fourthly, by accommodation—that is to say, as men were progressively able to bear them. Revelation supplies the wants of nature; is its complement and explanation, not its contradiction or destruction. It does not contain a systematic arrangement, yet it is connected by a chain which, although interrupted, is traceable throughout. It deals mainly with the history of one nation—a nation chosen to bring forth the Messiah—and it is only in relation to Him that the history of any other nation would seem to have a place in the sacred writings.

"In the progress of revelation the knowledge of God and immortality is at first faint and distant, limited and specific; it is always expanding, until at last it embraces all the world and all future worlds. The God of the Jew can scarcely be called the God of the Christian, for the Jew finds himself in antagonism with the first principles of Christianity, namely, that all men are brethren. The progress of revelation can be easily recognised when we contrast the wisdom of Solomon with that of St. John and St. Paul, or above all with the sayings and life of Christ. The series is also one of accommodation as well as degree. We find the earlier law and rites annulled and superseded by later ones. And it is impossible, if we have regard to the state of man at various stages of his career, from the infancy of the race to the present age, to imagine that the method of his education could have been different. Judaism, in short, is one long system of accommodation to be superseded, as it has been, by that to which it conducted. Conscience and the intellect, originally immature, have to be dealt with as they are able to bear the light; and in revelation they are so dealt with.

"But beyond this, it has to be considered that the Bible is not the revelation itself, but only its record—the work of human hands subject to infirmity—a record embodied in human language, which was never fully able to express that which it was intended to convey, and committed to writing necessarily subject to all the accidents of time and change.

"Nevertheless, revelation is true. Although the vehicle is imperfect and exposed to deterioration, no such imperfection or deterioration belongs to it as materially, if at all, to affect the substance or essence of revelation. But from time to time the Biblical documents must be studied, as it were, anew, by the aid of the latest scholarship, and in the light of the developing Christian spirit which is begotten by Scripture, and still more by the Divine source from which Scripture came. Emendations of the text of the original and amendments in translation have taken place, such as learning has dictated and the analogy of faith demanded. The Canon, both of the Old and New Testament, now under revision, is that which has generally been accepted by the Church. Although it possesses no external seal, but only providential indication of its Divine origin, it has been taken to be authentic. It is true that some early assemblies of the Church rejected portions of the New Testament which others accepted, and that the Canon of the Old Testament varied from time to time among the Jews; yet as, since the epoch of the Council of Nice, most of the present canonical books have been accepted, no question is now raised as to their authenticity. And assuredly, looking at the Canon of Scripture as we now possess it, it will not be denied that it has been most wonderfully preserved, seeing that, in many cases, it furnishes the most unequivocal condemnation of the errors of those who have been instrumental in preserving it.

"If it should be alleged that the uncertainty which these considerations attach to the letter of revelation diminishes considerably the security of the external ground on which our faith rests, it is a sufficient answer to say, that no variation in the letter has been discovered of sufficient importance to affect the spirit of the communication, and that that spirit, amid all variations of expression, is unmistakably Divine, raising us above ourselves, and placing us on a level which otherwise we could not have reached, but which the highest within ourselves testifies to be the dwelling-place of the Most High.

"It is natural that we should look for infallible guidance in Holy Scripture, and, no doubt, we find it there; but let

us take heed lest we substitute a mechanical for a real guidance—a literal exactness for a spiritual life. The elaboration of definitions has often gone far to deprive us of the reality of the things defined, and left us at last with a merely mechanical conception of God Himself. As men have too often, in ascribing divinity to Christ, forgotten the characteristics for the sake of which alone He is to be regarded as Divine, in like manner we have forfeited the sense of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the main substance of the Biblical records, by indiscriminately claiming infallible inspiration for all portions of the text of Scripture alike. But the spiritual truth conveyed by Holy Scripture is so vast in its integrity, as to leave it a matter of comparatively small importance whether the mode in which that truth is conveyed is itself perfect. It is consequently an egregious error to suppose that, with all its freedom, modern criticism has in the least affected the ultimate basis of faith.

"After all that has been written, Holy Scripture, as a whole, remains much as it was before; standing out and beyond any other writing claiming to be of heavenly origin, and showing itself to be in its essence and bearing altogether unique and divine. In comparison with the spiritual light of other nations, that enjoyed by the Jews, and still more by us Christians, is so much higher in degree as almost to amount to a difference in kind, and is altogether inexplicable, save on the supposition of its being a *revelation*. With all their intellectual superiority, the literature of the Greeks and Romans, even in the case of those among them who were seekers after God, is theologically as inferior to that of the Jews as the Jew was inferior to the Greek in matters of art and science. The utterances of the Hebrew prophets, the aspirations of the Psalms, and above all the recognition of God exhibited in the words of the Lord's Prayer, have no parallel among the writings of other nations. The knowledge of Divine truth, spreading over so many centuries, and which grows and brightens from the most humble beginning, and increases to the perfect day of the Messiah, who is Himself at once its central object

and its end, could not have had a merely human origin. Standing in the silence of the universe and asking whence we came and whither we are going? who made us and what is our destiny? we have in the Bible a voice which answers all these questions, and which leaves with us the impression that the same power which enabled us to ask them has itself given us the solution which they demand. In a word, the New Testament imparts to us such a revelation of Christ as the Way and the Truth and the Life, that in looking to Him, or in listening to Him, all minor considerations are forgotten, in his Divine effulgence all doubts, all difficulties, are swallowed up in victory; and we have no desire 'to ask any more questions,' for this surely suffices us, that in seeing Him we have seen the Father."

At the close of the Charge the Bishop acknowledged how much he had been indebted, in the preparation of it, to the second part of Mr. Myers's "Catholic Thoughts."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CRUISE IN THE WESTERN WATERS—MEMORIAL OF THE ABERDEEN PRESBYTERS—SERMON ON MISSIONS—CONTINUATION OF PRESENT DAY PAPERS. 1872—1873.

SHORTLY after the meeting of the synod the Bishop set out on a visitation of "the Isles" in the yacht of Sir William Thomson. Among other friends on board was the Rev. Charles Watson, the minister of the Free Church at Largs; and in a letter to the Rector of Westmill he has reproduced his impressions of the Bishop's sayings and doings during the course of the delightful voyage:—

NORTHFIELD, LARGS, *June*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MR. EWING,—Since I last wrote to you I have failed in more than one attempt to give a sketch of your brother as we saw him in the *Lalla Rookh*, during her cruise among the Western Islands, in the autumn of 1872. I cannot reproduce the play of feature, the delicate movements of hand or head, which with him often expressed much more than his word.

"And with regard to the wit, the delicate humour, the playful fancy, that existed alongside of so much serious thought—the fun in which he far outwent us all—it would be as wise to offer the picture of a rainbow by producing in a cup the water of its raindrops, as to give in a page of sentences the material which he made so bright. Some

ridiculous conundrum about 'Delos' and 'Samos,' some trifling story which had scarce point enough to cause a smile, he would take up, and, dressing it afresh in all sorts of new forms, and using it for every unimaginable purpose of illustration, make it a wonder of brightness and richness and capability. Some of us had heard on shore a man complaining of the minister of the district that he did not preach the Gospel, who, being asked how or in what particulars the minister thus failed, made answer that he had rebuked from the pulpit and in a sermon one John Mackay for misusing a white horse, '*as if that was the Gospel*;' nay, he had said that John should do to others as he would be done by, '*as if horses was others whatever.*' It was amazing what the Bishop made out of this small story —enlarging it, rejoicing in it, dwelling upon it, making it the text of disquisitions on character, on forms of religion, on national peculiarities, until at last John Mackay and his white horse became the source of endless amusement and advantage to us all.

"Sir William Thomson, when he persuaded your brother to go on the cruise, put the yacht at his disposal. The idea was to take him to those parts of his diocese which were otherwise not easily reached. But it was difficult to induce him to carry out this plan. He was always trying to find out what the others would like best to do, and if by any means he succeeded, or thought that he had succeeded, in this, he then made it quite clear that thus his plans too would best be carried out.

"If at any time he met with persons with whom he might not have much in common, it was notable how he devoted himself to them—finding out the subjects that interested them, taking care that they had plenty of room in the circle of talk, which else might have closed in and left them outside. It was also very notable with what perfect safety he could be familiar: he never guarded himself, or took precautions, or retreated behind anything, and yet his dignity was never even threatened—that real and perfect dignity which he never lost.

"I said something in a former letter about the way in which your brother abandoned himself to his friends. This

is not a good term, but I know not how else to express the absolute confidence he always showed in their comprehension and sympathy. It always seemed to me that this characteristic lay at the root of all his relations to God. He fervently believed in the friendship of God, and interpreted this word as applied to Him by what he knew of friendly feeling in himself. It was in this light that he looked at all else that he knew of God and all duty towards God. This is far too large a subject for me to enter upon here with any fulness; only let me say, that it was this, as it seemed to me, that made him unsympathetic, so far as his own practice went, with all that is formal or artificial in Christian obedience and worship. He spoke of the delight a man would have in the handful of buttercups brought to him by a friendly child: they would be kept till they withered in a glass on the study table. But how absurd would he be who demanded from all his friends, old and young, a daily service of buttercups. 'We cannot conceive of God doing anything of the kind, and God has not done anything of the kind.' Starting from this point, the Bishop had much to say of Christian freedom under the eye of God, and scarcely less for a kindly half-amused toleration of many formalities and ritualisms impossible to himself.

"Every conversation in which he took part did, as by a natural process, bend itself from its starting point, whatever that was, towards things spiritual and divine. Every scene, indeed, through which we passed, every effect beautiful or grand of light or shadow, suggested to him something of the mind of God. This it was, I believe, which made that sketching in water-colours, which he pursued so eagerly and so successfully, much more to him than the means of gratifying a strong taste for art.

"It is impossible to speak of your brother's sketches without vividly recalling that familiar figure seated hour after hour in his place beside the mainmast, enveloped in his long, simple, rough cloak, with the monk's-hood of it drawn so far over his face that little of him could be seen but the quick gleam of his bright eye as he strove to catch and transfer to his sketch-book some striking bit of loch or

mountain-side, from which the swift yacht was carrying him away. How eagerly he laid on with his broad brush those masses of colour, the really wonderful effect of which made those hasty sketches even more true to nature than his finished drawings, while all the time his conversation flowed on uninterrupted by his work.

"Perhaps I may venture to put down my recollection of one or two scenes, in which I can still see and hear him with some distinctness.

"One day we were slipping in the sunshine through the bright waters of the Linnhe Loch, when we saw before us what seemed a fountain of birds springing out of the sea. As we came nearer, it was evident that literally thousands of white sea-gulls were engaged over one narrow spot in feeding on a shoal of small fish which the porpoises had driven to the surface. The birds were screaming with delight as they rose into the air, and dashed themselves into the water again among the porpoises who leapt up towards them into the bright sunshine. Some one made a remark about the singular beauty of the flesh-eating animals, but the Bishop had become grave and silent. But presently he said, as if to himself, 'I don't quite like it; I wish there were no carnivora.' After a little, when we were alone, he continued, 'There is no use in putting such notions into people's heads, but I wonder they do not feel for themselves the difficulty of the carnivora—no sin and yet so much suffering—beautiful creatures, wonderfully created, with all kinds of grace, to walk and swim, and dive and fly, and all to eat other creatures who cannot even ask not to be eaten, and that from the first, long before man was made. You cannot explain it—no one can. I am sure there is a way out of it, though surely not what some seem to think was the Apostle Paul's way out, when he says "Does God care for oxen?" for our Lord says that God cares for sparrows and for all the fowls of the air, and no doubt for everything He has made. We must wait patiently for this and for many things besides. It will all be clear and satisfactory some day; besides, we have to walk by faith, and that could not be if we saw everything.'

"In the evening we cast anchor in a quiet corner of the

loch near Ballachullish. One of the men got out a hand-line, and began to haul in whiting two at a time. So all the fishing-tackle was got out, and soon the canvas buckets on deck began to overflow with silvery fish. The Bishop was delighted with the scene, and in him, too, awoke the old instinct, which he acknowledged to be still strong within him, and if he did not take a line he watched with eager interest those who held them, and hailed with exultation every bigger fish that was swung in over the gunwale. As he was standing near me I heard him say, 'We are gulls ourselves after all—mere carnivora;' and then addressing me, "I suppose we shall always find in ourselves the counterpart of every mystery or difficulty we discern outside ourselves, and some new ones besides. For here in the morning we were aghast at the gulls and redbreasts, and now in the evening we are using, not beaks and claws, but reason and high intelligence, to do the very same things, and rejoicing as they did over death and destruction—only we don't scream. Why do we feel and not feel? why see and not see? "fearfully and wonderfully made" indeed—and *made* you see. Well, perhaps we shall understand ourselves one day as well as the robin redbreasts, who have good in them too; for you remember how they carefully covered the babes with leaves, and we never did anything that was better in its way than that.'

"After a delightful Sunday at Balmacarra, in which the Bishop twice had service on shore, Sir William accepted a challenge from Lieutenant Lillingstone to try a race with his yacht—the *Sybil*—to Portree. This delighted your brother. The two yachts were of the same size (about 130 tons), and of almost equal age, and no one could guess on which side victory would lie. The morning of the race was almost a dead calm, so every possible sail was set. But no sooner had the start been made, than the wind began to rise with squalls out of the west. From the direction of the wind it became very doubtful if we should be able, without tacking, to weather the lighthouse point in the narrow sound of Kyle Akin, through which a six or seven knot tide was setting against us. It was clear that

the yacht that succeeded in doing this would gain the day. So into the teeth of the strong tide we steered, lying close to the wind, which increased in violence till the masts with their heavy topsails were bending like rods, and the water raging in a torrent over the lee gunwale. If everything stood it was clear that we could do it, but the chances were that the topmasts would go. We were within a hundred yards of the lighthouse with ten yards at least of deep water to spare, when suddenly so outrageous a squall came down on us, and heeled the yacht so far, that the lashings of the deck-hamper could no longer bear the strain upon them, and the spare spars and the larder and the hen-coop and luggage and barrels were precipitated together into the raging torrent inside the bulwark and shrouds. It was a moment of intense excitement to us all, but of unbounded delight to the Bishop—he literally shouted with joy. I can see him as he steadied himself on the side of the companion hatch, leaning on the steep deck: his black hood thrown back, his eyes sparkling, his right arm waving in the air as if he were heading a charge of cavalry, protesting against a rope being touched. 'She can do it,' he cried; 'the masts are standing splendidly! Oh, what good spars they are! Hold straight on—don't throw her up. There is room enough—six yards at least of water to spare.' And in another moment we had bored our way past the lighthouse rock, and getting out of the strong tide, which by taking more than half her speed out of the yacht had made her feel the wind so much, she lifted her bulwark out of the water, and began to run, as was her wont, on an almost even keel. As for the *Sybil* she had been thrown into the wind when the squall was heaviest, and we were two miles ahead before she cleared the sound. When peace and order were restored, the Bishop did not speak, but his face worked with curious half-deprecatory smiles, and at last he said quietly, 'I did not think that I should ever again in this world enjoy anything so much as that five minutes'

"I am, my dear Mr. Ewing,

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES WATSON."

Alexander Ewing was the most charming teller of stories, and a distinguished friend of his has addressed to the present editor the following letter, which, with its accompaniments, seems to find its most appropriate place after Mr. Watson's vivid representation of the Bishop's conversational genius:—

To the EDITOR:—

"Bishop Ewing's life must be very interesting, to judge at least from that portion of it which was known to myself. My only fear is lest the peculiar characteristics of his inimitable humour should not be adequately represented. Certainly none of his friends would recognise him in his biography without these stories, which in his mouth were parables, and you need not be afraid of their effect. All great men, from Aristotle downwards, have been humourists, and have taught us that at times there is no better way of inculcating great truths than by edging them with an element of the ridiculous. I shall never forgive you if you do not find room for the stories of the 'Twa dogs' and the 'Bull of Kilgraston.' The great attraction in the literary view of Norman M'Leod's life is that rare combination of boundless humour with deep devotion which was alike characteristic of him and of Alexander Ewing."

The stories requested are here reproduced, but they owed half their charm to the circumstances which suggested them. The "Twa Dogs," for instance, did duty for a variety of perplexed situations, from that of the Pope being voted infallible, when nobody knew in what direction the ship of the Church should be steered, to that of the party which has to go to the country without a cry; and the "Bull of Kilgraston" was abundantly utilised in favour of facing boldly either hazardous duties or questions which involve in their solution apparently perilous issues.

"THE TWA DOGS.

"A gentleman one day saw on the pier of Aberdeen a boy who was holding two dogs in leash and crying bitterly. On his kindly asking him what was the matter, the boy replied, amid his sobs, 'Oh, sir! I had thae twa dogs frae the steamer to take to somebody's house; but I hae forgotten where he lives, and when I cam' to look at the address which had been tied round their necks, I found that they had eaten it off.'"

"THE BULL OF KILGRASTON.

"When a celebrated living artist was in one of his younger days fishing on a river which ran through his father's property, the gamekeeper, who was in attendance, recommended him to try a pool in an adjoining field. In this particular field, however, a formidable-looking bull was grazing, and the fisherman expressed some doubt as to the safety of acting on the suggestion. Immediately, however, the keeper, without saying a word, clambered over the intervening paling, and, courageously advancing to the brute, struck him a blow on the nose with the butt-end of his dog-whip. The bull forthwith turned tail and scampered off. On his return to the fisherman the keeper quietly said, *"'Deed, Mr. Frank, folks are jist spilin' thae bulls by bein' frichtened at them.'"*

In September of this year a meeting of certain of the bishops took place to consider the "memorial of the Aberdeen presbyters" on the Bishop's Glasgow sermon.

To Bishop WORDSWORTH:—

October 4th, 1872.

"I do not shrink from the battle, as you will see if you read my article in the September *Contemporary Review* on 'Anglo-Catholicism.' I am summoned to Perth to stand my trial, and I shall send my reply to the Primus as soon as he shall have defined what are the principles of the Church which he supposes me to have impugned, and also what *he* means by the words he uses—'Gifts of the ministry and validity of orders.' I do not think that I

shall or ought to attend the conference, although it probably would be a friendly one. But as it sits on my own matters I cannot with propriety be present; and besides, by doing so, I might commit (or be reported to have committed) a cause of vast importance to the chance of words—the matter at stake being nothing less than the Protestant character of our Church in the north for which I have so long contended."

Neither did Dr. Wordsworth attend the conference, and the Bishop again wrote to him:—

October 18th.

"I do not know but that you are right. The curse of our Church is the interference of our bishops with each other. I have not heard what was done at my trial, and, to tell you the truth, I am very indifferent about it. Things cannot be worse than they are—the only life which seems among us being wholly given to these childish and mischievous substitutions for Christianity. Ah me! when the whole world lieth in wickedness, and pure and lovely souls are everywhere passing out of sight, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand for every man if the door were but opened for him, how sad it is there is no true sound of the everlasting chimes, but that poor youths and maidens are lured to the rocks of the syrens! It is well that we have not only an Ulysses, but in you a Hercules and a Jupiter Tonans, to save us not only from syrens, but from chimeras dire, hydras, and asps."

Dr. Ewing had written early in October to Mr. Story, of Roseneath, inclosing a contribution towards the window about to be erected in the parish church to the memory of Dr. Macleod Campbell, and in acknowledging his donation Mr. Story preferred the request that the Bishop would preach the sermon on the occasion of the inauguration of the window. To this request the Bishop replied:—

October 20th.

"My dear Mr. Story,—I should not have been so long in accepting your very tempting invitation, had I been able to send a definite reply. The bishops of our Church are holding a council at Perth, to sit in judgment on a sermon I meant to preach last year in Glasgow, and I cannot say what conclusion they have come to. . . . My own impression is—and certainly it is my desire—that I shall be able to preach for you.

"How time flies! bearing away with it so many whom we looked up to as pillars and lights. Surely the other world is getting all the good people at once! During these last three years, Bunsen, Maurice, Erskine, Campbell, Macleod! How strange it is that their spirit is so inadequately reproduced in their followers, who seem mostly to run off into a false liberalism which contains no cure for the world's mischiefs and misery. And the Churches seem so entirely taken up with their own affairs, that they forget the object for which they exist in the world: 'I have compassion on the *multitude*.'"

To the Archbishop:-

Broom, *October 25th*, 1872.

"I should have answered your welcome letter long ago, had I not waited for the 'Deliverance' of the bishops. I have just received it to-day, and it amounts to no more than that they have placed quotations on Church government from the ordinals and the canons over against quotations from my preface, leaving out all personal application. This is what I think they ought to have done, and if the 'Deliverance' does not open the door, it does not shut it beyond what it was before; and therefore, so far as I am concerned, I am to be *let off*. I got your letter from Inverness, which I keep with much *reserve*—my brother, who saw it, saying, 'I am sorry you did not meet the Archbishop at Balmacarra, but that letter is even better.' I hope you are none the worse for all this last month's work. I trust to be in London early in the spring, and to see you at Lambeth."

To the SAME (with further reference to the inhibited Sermon):—

BISHOPSTON, *November 7th*, 1872.

"I have been much comforted by your remarks, quoted in the *Times*, on Döllinger and his party, and *our* relations to other Protestants in *this* country. Although the bishops here acquitted me, or, rather, gave the subject the go-by, our organ, the *Scottish Guardian*, has a leading article, 'trusting no more will be heard of such opinions,' &c., which are 'repudiated by all the English prelates'—*i.e.* all who hold that a materialistic succession is necessary for a valid ministry! And certainly the drift of the chief *activity* in the Church at this moment does seem in the direction of rebuilding that which at the Reformation was destroyed. The rejection of the laity from seats in the synod, the conversion of the Eucharist into the mass, the 'no God but God, and Athanasius is His prophet'—these are the conclusions and the cry which carry the sympathies of our Church congresses. And what are the laity doing? Are they waiting to see Christianity reduced to an *Ultramontane* clique of priests and rampagious widows? I think I would bet on the good Church of England's ship, were all the priests to leave her, rather than on any other with them on board. I see Froude tells his American audience 'there never was such a set of fellows as bishops.' Assuredly they have a knack of getting into the rear instead of the van of humanity. But in the beginning it was not so. Dear old St. Paul went ahead, and ahead *alone*. I look on your move on behalf of *missions* as the very thing to draw off our superfluous waters into fertilising channels."

When the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed his appeal to his clerical brethren and his countrymen in general for a special day to be set apart for prayer for missions to the heathen, Bishop Ewing heartily responded to the call; and on St. Andrew's day, 1872, he preached the sermon on "Missions," which

is published in the volume entitled "Revelation considered as Light."

The Bishop commenced his sermon with the following words:—

"Many of us are aware that a call of a very remarkable description is now being made for missions to the heathen. It is remarkable in many ways—the way it had origin, the nature of the case, and that such a call should be needed. It took origin with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, observing a number of Indian students attending the university classes in London, but still continuing heathens, was as much struck with the fact as Pope Gregory was more than a thousand years ago, when he sent Augustine, the Archbishop's first predecessor, to convert the 'Angles' into 'angels,' as he said they would be were they Christians —a coincidence at all events in the character of the call, and we hope one of happy augury."

But on this occasion the demand from the various missionary societies was for men rather than for means, and it is thus that Bishop Ewing addresses Christian parents:—

"And when we think of the numbers of clergy insufficiently provided for, and the number of young men who do not know how to occupy themselves, the numbers who can find no occupation, the numbers who in search of wealth, of fame, even of a livelihood, or of mere sport and amusement, adventure themselves, and spend days and years in the farthest and most forbidding regions of the globe—in the Arctic and torrid zones—leaving their bones too often to whiten or decay there, or to be carried hither and thither in the currents of the ocean—we marvel that there are so few who, for higher and better things, go not so far, or go not at all.

"My heart bleeds for the mothers of this country. Nothing on earth is so divine and tender as a mother's heart. She seeks nothing but the happiness of her child —his highest happiness. She sees him grow up, she

tends and cherishes him. One day that well-known form is to go away, perhaps for ever. They must all go into the world, she says. She trusts he will be happy. She is not so occupied with his success, she hopes he will return—that is the chief thing. She is hopeless without this hope. Many do not return—perhaps most do not—from the far-away portions of the earth to which they have gone; so she fears. One thing only could console her—one thing only, of which, alas! the mothers of this country know so little—this, that one day her son should come to her and say, 'Mother, I go away to distant lands; perhaps I shall never return. I go on a mission for Christ to the heathen scattered abroad. If I die, we shall meet in a better place; and even now we shall not be divided. You will find me, and I you, everywhere and always, in Christ. I would stay—God knows how gladly—but there is work to do; some one must do it; I delight to do it, and to cast in my little work and life to the great contribution. It is all right, mother; to depart, to be with Christ, is far better—better for you, as for me.' She would feel it was so, and shed no tear, but say, 'Many a time from my youth up have I given thanks to the Lord, but never so much as now.' Why is it that the mothers of this country have no such partings? Why do not they bring up their children to think of this as the object and aim of their lives? Then would they have joy in their sons, joy instead of anxiety and sorrow—joy in their going as in their staying, in their lives as in their deaths—and be afraid of no evil tidings. For nothing new or strange can happen to those for whom death is no evil but a remedy—at once opening heaven."

To his BROTHER:—

BISHOPSTON, *December.*

"I have not been able to write to you, as I wished, from being unsettled. We have been at Inverary and Poltalloch. The Duke and Duchess were most kind. We saw many interesting relics—the crozier of St. Columba and the skull-cap in which the great Marquis of Argyll was beheaded. The Princess Louise is very like any

one else, only a little prettier and more polite, which makes it pleasanter for others, and I suppose easier for herself.

"Mr. Story, of Roseneath, was there, and he renewed his request that I should preach at the reopening of his church. I feel more and more that our little Church here in the north, if we do not allow it to enter into relations with the other Christian bodies of the land, will become a mere *caste* and appanage of the rich, and tend to divide social life in Scotland even more than it has hitherto been divided—a policy as dangerous as it is anti-Christian.

"I have formed a friendship, through the press, with a Mrs. Crawshay, of Merthyr Tydvil, whose address on education struck me hugely. She seems an *esprit forte*, if I may judge from the extract she sends me, which pray return. In its way it is inimitable."

Having resolved to reissue and to continue the "Present Day Papers," the Bishop again found himself overwhelmed in correspondence, in the attempt to gather together a staff of efficient writers.

To Lady AUGUSTA STANLEY:—

December 27th, 1872.

"DEAR LADY AUGUSTA,—Can you give me Père Hyacinthe's address? or will you so far favour me as to forward the enclosed to him, and trust me for the stamp? We have been holding conversations here and there on the subject of his future. Italy is no field, and Paris is as yet unready. For a time he might do very well in England, with an audience from the upper classes. Surely the Bishop of London would give him the Savoy or some such place to preach in? and by this means, and by lecturing, and by occasionally writing in periodicals, he might do very well. The Presbyterians in the north would take him up *because* of his marriage, and who can tell, if well introduced—and surely that might be managed—but that he might become the man of the people—the man, at any rate, of the *élite* (the elect). I have said something of al

this to him, and should do my little all—little indeed!—to help; but (Scotch-like, you will say) if, as an *avant-courier* for himself, he would write one of the 'Present Day Papers' for me (they are about to be reissued *con furore*), it would help both him and me, and help, too, the cause of truth. Alas! that we should have come to this. But it is the fact that our younger clergy, and some thoughtless and undisciplined laymen, are seriously imperilling the truth. And such as they are to deliver us (save the mark!) from the arrow that flieth by day (Positivism), and the pestilence that walketh in darkness (Jesuitism)!

"We had the pleasure of seeing the Duchess of Argyll last week—very well, and full of mind and heart.

"I had not seen the 'Life of Lord Elgin' until the other day. The passage alluding to Lady Matilda is very striking and beautiful, and, alas! too true. 'We ne'er shall look upon her like again.'"

To the Editor of the *Spectator*:—

BISHOPSTON, *December 31st*, 1872.

"MY DEAR MR. HUTTON,—I write a line to thank you—for I suppose it is you—for that very remarkable and cheering article, anent Dorner, in this week's *Spectator*. It is a real 'find' every now and then to get such a thing, and it is only to be got in the *Spectator*. But is it you? or if not you, who is it?

"But I have a scheme! I am continuing my 'Present Day Papers,' and want fresh hands. I hope for help from Frohschammer, Döllinger, Hyacinthe, and some other foreigners. Whether it be you or not, can you help me?"

To the Rev. A. J. Ross:—

BISHOPSTON, *January 7th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR ROSS,—It did pass my mind that it might be you, but I did not know you were so practised a writer, or (you will excuse me) went so deep; but who shall say how deep or high the student of Dorner with the spirit of Erskine may go? Well, there is one good thing, that as Mr. Hutton is overwhelmed with writing and cannot help

me, I may get some help from you in a true and much needed work—the manifestation (as you term it) of 'the growing Christ.' If that is well discerned, all the rest will fall into its proper place.

"I am reissuing and adding to the 'Present Day Papers.' I at one time thought of giving the series a more scientific aspect, but I think the *completion* which the men of science want is the ethical and moral revelation in Christ, which Dorner so well alludes to in the introduction to his first volume, and which all can understand who think about religion at all. High metaphysics will not be read by one in a hundred, and we must have circulation.

"Now could you write for me an enlarged edition of your article on Dorner, on 'der werdender Christ?' If so, I need not say how much obliged and delighted I should be: the papers are to come out quarterly.

"I expect to pass part of March or April with the Archbishop at Lambeth, and (D.V.) shall see you then."

To Mr. SEEBOHM:—

BISHOPSTON, *January 7th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Though personally a stranger to you, may I venture to assure you that your letter in to-day's *Spectator* cheers my deepest soul; as did also an utterance from the same voice some years ago, which said that 'there yet were among us strong men into whose eyes the name of Christ brought tears, and who for Him would even dare to die.'

"I venture to introduce myself to you by means of the two papers enclosed, and to ask your aid in a project which I have in hand. I am about to continue the series of 'Present Day Papers,' and am seeking help from those to whom the same aspects of truth are precious. What I desire to see is a realisation of the growing Christ in humanity—the completion and development of that to which man cannot attain by merely intellectual and scientific acquisition. These are good in themselves, but in reality they do not rise beyond the Greek level. They ignore and leave unaccounted for the deeper and higher movements of the human heart."

To Miss CAMPBELL:—

BISHOPSTON, *January 17th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MARGARET,—I was very glad indeed to hear from you, as I always am to hear of you and yours. It is a connecting link with the abundant past, and also with the fruitful present. I hope the work gets on—of collecting and editing your father's remaining papers. What I saw with Mr. Story was quite, I thought, worthy of and equal to his past, although there are passages in his 'Atonement,' as at pp. 140 and 381, which can never be surpassed in value. They have been key-notes to myself of all he ever wrote or taught. I have just copied them out, and sent them to the Duchess of Argyll. I was very glad to see Mr. Story, and to make his acquaintance at Inverary. I hope—but it is only a faint hope—to go and assist him (as he has kindly asked me) at the reopening of his church and the dedication of your good father's window, and then I should also see you *all* at that time also. But I am somewhat afraid to make too sure of it, partly because I shall be most likely then in England, partly because people seem to think I do more harm than good by overtures and attempts at fraternisations of Churches, for which the time has not come. To my mind, instead of having come it seems rather to be receding, in England at least. If I do not go I shall write a sermon, which will, perhaps, be better than speech. I am busy in reviewing and correcting my papers. It would be a great thing, and much prized by me, and I am sure by my collaborateurs and the world, if any fragment or fragments of your father's letters, papers, or other things which you and your brother can spare from the Life were to find a place and preservation in this way. Mr. Story, perhaps, would give me a chapter one day on the 'phases of faith' in Scotland."

To the Archbishop of CANTERBURY:—

BISHOPSTON, *January 28th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I fear that I have little to say to you, and experience tells me that you have

nothing to say to me. Alas! So, having nothing of my own, and expecting nothing from you, what is to be done? Yet now and then one must venture to 'speak to the man at the helm,' were it only to comfort him with the words that 'the night is far spent.' I do not myself feel that all this Atheism and Romanism, and these other monstrous Magellanic clouds, are more than clouds—veils, that is, or vapours, here and there obscuring heavenly bodies. Still it is dark, and I dare say that we have got much to learn of the nature of God, and that He is not a figure of speech, nor to be detected by the microscope or the telescope, or mathematics even of the higher sort. In place, however, of finding no room for God, I find too little room for anything else, fearing the Pantheistic more than the Atheistic error. But who can look through the experience of life, still more, who has ever recognised the inner meaning which is conveyed in the words, 'Whosoever seeks to save his life shall lose it,' or been surprised as by the discovery of hidden treasures, when 'out of the eater came forth meat,' and that which was terrible before emptied itself in fulness of light and comfort—without exclaiming, 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth,' and 'setting to his seal' that we have to do not with *it* or any mere arrangement, but with the living God Himself, always and in all places?

"I am reviving the 'Present Day Papers,' with the theology of Campbell and Dorner as a basis, and hope to get writers able to meet the wants of the day in the presence of the existing Atheism and Deism.

"I have in view not a Broad Church, or Low Church, or other Church periodical, but four times a year a volume of four papers each on the above lines. The publication will also include essays devoted to the discussion of pseudo-Christianity, which, under the name of Romanism or Anglo-Catholicism, is put forward as the food man wants in his great need, poor creature! and which seems to make those who accept it unable of themselves to discern truth from falsehood; while in the end, those who are rendered, or pronounced to be, incapable of proving anything, will be of opinion that their inability is a justification of un-

willingness to make the experiment. How sad the moral shipwrecks are which Manning and Newman have made in the eyes of all thinking men, and how little less melancholy is the conduct of our prelates and clergy who, like Salian priests, dance before an ark—the Athanasian Creed—which, if not empty, surely contains very unworthy representations of God.

"I have given up the hope of preaching at Roseneath."

To the Editor of the *Times* :—

February 7th, 1873.

"SIR,—We are, it seems, to have a visit from the Shah of Persia. Not long ago we had one from the Sultan of Turkey, and before that one from the Pasha of Egypt. They are our Oriental clients, looking to us to keep them on their thrones. And we do so to maintain (as it is termed) the balance of power. But it is an expensive guardianship to us. Our last attempt cost us the Crimean War, and, although aided by France, involved us in greater loss and disaster than we had suffered for more than a hundred years. Let us take care that a Persian war does not cost us India. We certainly shall not now have the aid of France, neither shall we of Italy, as before. We are not particularly popular in Germany, and it is Russia which is to be the foe. Russia, because we suppose she is about to possess herself of Persia, and so imperil our possession of India.

"There is no doubt that Russia is a growing power, and that in the best sense—viz. in civilisation and morality; and there is as little doubt that the Government and State of Persia have been as corrupt and debased as can be conceived, and that for many hundred years. So that the "Great King" or Kingdom has degenerated to a wilderness and something like 3,000,000, or less than that, of inhabitants. Yet it is a country (the *Spectator* tells us, writing, too, against the interests of Russia) which 'a little money would make most fertile.' 'In ten years Persia might be restored by Russian engineers and Russian colonists to all her old prosperity. She needs nothing

but ten years, fifty good hydraulic engineers, 20,000 convicts, and settled order, to become once more a garden in which a great population might grow rich. Water once secured—securing water is in Persia an engineering affair only—there is no country in the world with higher natural advantages for agriculture, stock breeding, and mining enterprise than Persia, and few with a climate so endurable by Southern Europeans, or one in which the human race grows sturdier . . . . But,' it continues, 'so shattered is the kingdom, and so thinly peopled, that it contains fewer persons than Switzerland, in a territory twenty times as large.'

"So much for our friend the Shah and his territories. May we not say the same of the Sultan and his, where the Asiatic saying has been fulfilled to the uttermost, that, 'Where a Tartar horse treads the grass grows no more'? We are to stand, then, in the way of the bettering and salvation of these poor countries, lest India be imperilled, or Russia grow too large. I do not write in the interests of Russia, but in those of my own country, and of truth and righteousness. I write in the interests of humanity, and of this poor Persia, whose misery and famine were only last year brought so appealingly, and appallingly also, before us. I write—before we are further embarked in so sad and strange a policy as that of supporting tottering or decrepit thrones which have been the curse of humanity, and on which the doom of God has gone forth—to ask the nation to weigh well what we do. We shall not save India by such means, and it would be dearly purchased at such a cost if we could. Our only apology for retaining the possession of India is that our government of it is good for its inhabitants, as undoubtedly it is. We cannot deny, then, that a similar government would be equally good for Persia, nor that (in the face of its unparalleled internal moral reforms, in the manumission of the serfs by the present Emperor and nobles, and the like) the government by Russia there would be as beneficial as is our own in India. But we fear the aggrandisement of Russia, and, adopting the policy of M. Thiers, seek to make England great by making other nations small—a

poor and mistaken policy, as M. Thiers himself can now tell and show.

"Let us refrain from it, and believe that the good of one is the good of all, and be not so much anxious that any part of the world should be labelled with the name of England or any other local nomenclature, as that men should be better and happier, by whatever means their improvement may be effected. Assuredly we should do nothing to prevent it."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VISIT TO BROOM — LONDON — WESTMILL RECTORY — LAST ILLNESS—DEATH—FUNERAL. 1873.

BISHOP EWING was still comparatively young, and intellectually and spiritually he was daily growing in newness of vigour and of life. His affections had the dew of their youth upon them, he was watching with only keener interest and profounder insight the various evolutions in science, in politics, in theology, and, as if heretofore he had been little more than a passive spectator of the events which had occurred since he first entered the ministry, he was laying down a programme of future labour, and looking forward to the accomplishment of his plans with an altogether joyful confidence and hope. For him the great day of reconcilement had dawned. Christ was claiming for his own the whole sphere of legitimate human activity. The lights of science, of conscience, of all Scripture given by the inspiration of God, were converging to a common focus for the illumination of the world, and the Bishop was girding himself anew to bear witness of the glad tidings to his age. But though his eye was not dim; nor his intellectual force abated, the twelve hours of his mortal day were drawing

to a close. It was "with larger, other eyes than ours" that he was to watch the gradual increase of the day, whose advent he had hailed with the thankfulness of those who have been watchers in the night.

Early in February of this year he paid a visit to Broom, but there was no ground for apprehending that it was to be the last. It is true that he caught cold on the journey from Bishopston, but the days he passed under his daughter's roof at this time gave him the greatest enjoyment. He read with his usual avidity, and among other subjects he was greatly interested in finding it stated, and proved by statistics, in an American newspaper, that, in direct contradiction of what had been asserted by certain Englishmen, orthodoxy on the subject of the Trinity had vastly increased in consequence of the Episcopal Church in America having dropped in public worship the use of the Athanasian Creed. His correspondence, moreover, did not slack, and, besides his private letters, he addressed to the public press communications on the following subjects: to the *Spectator*, on the Athanasian Creed; to the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, on infanticide; to the *Scotsman*, on the death of Dean Ramsay—a letter to which reference has already been made; and to the *Scottish Guardian*, on schools and catechists—on the way in which the Episcopal Church in Scotland might best provide for the spiritual welfare of the children of her communion under the New Public Education Act, if that Act should preclude religious instruction from either being authorised by a local school board or being imparted by the schoolmaster.

There was yet one other question of the day which engaged the consideration of the Bishop at this time, and this was, to use his own language, "the sanction which recent legislation had given to immorality." This legislation he resented with his whole soul, and he was to the very last urgent in maintaining that the Church of England, with the Archbishop in the van, should never rest until the obnoxious bill had been expunged from the Statute Book. In Dr. Ewing's regard experience had proved that the measure was utterly inefficacious as a means of preventing physical suffering, while it committed a Christian community to legislation in behalf of vice, and proclaimed that there was one class of society whom it was our duty to insult and still further degrade, instead of seeking to raise and save.

The Bishop took farewell of Broom towards the end of March, and on reaching London he thus wrote to his daughter:—

To Mrs. Crum:—

35, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W.
March 24th, 1873.

"My dearest Nina,—I have not enjoyed a visit to you and yours for many a day so much as my last. It was long and strong, and the 'sweet habit of living together,' as Augustine says, has only one fault—that it comes to an end. I find that I can only get on in life by forgetting the things which are behind; yet your music is still ringing in my very ears, and your white dress and red skirt flit before my eyes, and your husband's ever great and thoughtful kindness dwells in my heart. I hope it will not be very long ere we meet again. 'What am I that so much has been done for me?' I go to you from quiet Argyll, and then from you here, and from here to Westmill, and from thence to Lambeth, and then back to

Argyll, where Ea comes in June. It is all of God, by whom we are led, and of whom we are taught; and 'because He lives, we live also.' Yet nowadays the Bible is discredited by those who have reached the height they have attained by its means, and it is the fashion to call God Himself a 'stream of tendency.'

"'As yet I have seen and done nothing, and am only down this evening for the first time. I shall probably remain here till this day week; our friends here are kindness itself, and the general is a fine old man of a fine warrior race.

"I do not like to say farewell; Walter and Sti will, I fear, soon forget me, but I am a poor companion for the young and strong."

To the Archbishop of CANTERBURY:—

35, GLOUCESTER PLACE, HYDE PARK, W.
March 24th, 1873.

"MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I got up here on Saturday, and should ere now have gone to pay my respects to the Archbishop of Canterbury had I not been overwhelmed with headache from the rheumatic snows of Kendal and of Shap. But whenever I can venture out I shall salute the chief pastor of our English Church Militant, and, I hope, see Mrs. Tait and the children. But I chiefly look forward to being with you, that we may enter together into the rest of higher talk about such things as he well knew the secret of who wrote, 'Thou art my portion, O Lord, I have promised to keep thy law.'

"I go (D.V.) on Saturday or Monday to my brother's at Westmill, and shall remain there till after Easter, and until your return from Addington, when, and with your leave, I should like to be for a little time with you."

To the Incumbent of ST. COLUMBA, Kilmartin.

WESTMILL RECTORY, *Easter Sunday*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MAPLETON,—I wrote the Chancellor a first-rate letter! said you had been my right hand for nearly twenty years—climate began to tell—long service for nothing but work's sake—now desirous to return to your

own country—wife, children, future of these to consider—*forte* was in organizing of parishes—pastoral care—gentleman, honours at Oxford—father old rector—mother's family famous—Brees of Allesley—naturalists—you naturalist—strong on the connection between natural and revealed religion—much wanted in these days. If *Selborne* itself wanted a rector—very man, fit successor for Gilbert White. I can't think such a masterpiece will be without admirers. Pray let me know. I hope in ten days or so to send you a volume of sermons I am publishing. Lift up your heart, my dear Mapleton, to the Most High, our blessed Lord, who is *the* Most High."

To Mrs. CRUM:—

WESTMILL, *Easter Monday*, 1873.

"MY DEAREST NINA,— . . . I do not know that I ever enjoyed an Easter-day so much as yesterday. It was Elsie's first Communion, and we had the peace of an English parish: the quiet groups going to church, the Easter bells, the hymns, the budding hedges, and the birds —all speaking of resurrection. I shrink from a return to the bitter north. But let us carry in our hearts the everlasting chime, and in due time beyond these voices there will be peace. I am much better here, which is, I suspect, owing to the dry air, so different from the coast of Loch Fyne. But who can tell? it may be something else. . . . I wish you had been with us yesterday, that I might have heard your voice in the old church here, and in the ancient hallelujah, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day.' My best love to Alexander and the little ones."

And here the editor of this memoir must stay his hand, and present to the reader the story of Bishop Ewing's last days, as supplied in the following letter from the Rector of Westmill:—

"It was on the last day of March that my brother arrived here from General McCleverty's in London, where he had spent some days, while Lady Alice had gone to visit a relative in Buckinghamshire. One of those days

happened to be his birthday. It was the first time in his life that the 25th of March had been passed by him away from any member of his own family; and although, in writing to me, he said nothing expressive of a sense of loneliness, I could gather from the terms in which he spoke of the great consideration shown to him by his friends in Gloucester Place, that he felt it strange to be apart from every one of his own domestic circle. His health was then very broken. Rarely did my brother pass the first hours of the day without severe headache, although still steadily working at his usual occupation. He had a volume of sermons proceeding through the press, and he had on hand the materials for a fresh volume of his 'Present Day Papers.'

"Among other friends who came to him in London, the Archbishop of Canterbury called upon him when he was on his way from Windsor to Lambeth. My brother was that day confined to his room, and he was deeply touched with the Archbishop's kindness in remaining an hour with him.

"It was in the evening that my brother reached Westmill. He was in his usual happy spirits, but looking very worn and fragile. The change in his former habits made it soon evident to us that his strength was less than it used to be. He was no longer able to appear at the breakfast-table, but remained in his room till the middle of the day; and it was from observing the fatigue it gave him to dress when I was with him of a morning that I was first painfully impressed with the shattered state of his health. Still, after he had been a week or so with us, there was a manifest change for the better. His headaches were less frequent; he found the air of this place reinvigorating, and when the weather was fine he was able to go out in a close carriage, and occasionally to walk in the garden. He wrote much in his own room, and was very happy, as he always was, in having young people about him, at other times He took great pleasure in the occupation—always a favourite one—of drawing pictures for my younger children, while he would read to us aloud in the evening, and when we had music throw in a few notes occasionally into some favourite song.

"Good Friday fell that year on the 11th of April, and although my brother did not feel equal to take a part in the services, he was at church in the morning; but on Easter-day he was able to preach with his usual vigour, and to assist in the administration of the Holy Communion. That Easter sermon was the last he preached. He afterwards spoke to me of the great happiness which he had felt throughout the service. It was rare to him to minister to an English rural congregation, and he was much impressed with their simple reverence at the Lord's Table. It greatly added to his happiness that a nephew and niece, who had been recently confirmed, should have received their first Communion at his hands.

"I am not able to recall with precision the course of events in the days which followed. My impression is, that my brother purposed to remain with us some ten days longer, and then to pay a visit to the Archbishop at Lambeth; and I suppose it must have been towards the end of that period that his fatal illness commenced. The weather at that time was very bright but treacherous; and although my brother had been obliged for many years to be careful in guarding against catching cold, his servant Herbert told me afterwards that, to his surprise, he had then laid aside some of his warmer clothing. It may possibly have been from that circumstance that, the morning after a drive to Aspenden Rectory, he awoke with the incipient symptoms of an attack of bronchitis, which in a few days assumed so serious a character that we thought it necessary to apprise Lady Alice of the dangerous form which his illness had taken. On her arrival, however, on the following day, a favourable change had set in, and, as my brother had so frequently shaken off similar attacks of as grave an appearance, we were all hopeful that in due course he would regain his usual health. But he had suffered terribly; the paroxysms of his cough were most distressing—at times I thought he must have sunk under them—and although he was constitutionally of a most sanguine temperament, I doubt whether he was ever so hopeful as we were of the re-establishment of his former health, or pos-

sibly even of its ultimate partial restoration. For even some days after he had so far recovered as to enjoy hearing his favourite authors read to him, he would say to me, 'I could not stand the return of those coughing fits again.' Still he was most cheerful—indeed, when he was at the worst, after one of the paroxysms had subsided, his habitually playful manner would return.

"It was some time in the beginning of May that his daughter-in-law, the wife of his eldest son, came to Westmill to see him for the first time on her arrival from India. He had been looking forward with great pleasure to her coming, and happily he was able to enjoy her society for an hour; but that evening there came a renewal of the worst symptoms. From that time the course of his illness became of a more and more alarming aspect, until it was evident what the issue must be. For now, in addition to intense exhaustion from long and distressing fits of coughing, he was seized with violent spasms in the chest and with neuralgic pains of a most acute nature. How terrible must have been his sufferings, accustomed as he had been to the experience of pain throughout his life, will best be seen by what he said on one of those days to me: 'I have never known what pain was till now. I can understand, as I never did before, the sufferings of our Saviour. My life has been too hilarious. I had no idea of the dark mile being anything like this.'

"A remark of his at another time struck me greatly, coming as it did from one who had had his full share of the cares and trials and sorrows of this world. He was then comparatively free from suffering, and after lying silent he opened his eyes and said, 'I have been thinking over my past life, and what a joyous one it has been. I must, I suppose, have had much more of enjoyment out of my life than most men from theirs.'

"Most truly might it be said, that he was one of those who

> 'Through the world's long day of st
> Still chant their morning song.'

"It must have been ten days or so before his death

that I found him troubled because he had not been able to write the dedication for his new series of 'Present Day Papers.' It had been on his mind for some time to dedicate it to his friend, the Dean of Westminster. After several efforts which did not satisfy him, he at last bade me write down the following words: 'Dedicated to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. A noble man, whose righteousness has been in advance of his generation.'

"It was not till within a few days of the end that he ceased to dictate letters, when he could no longer hold a pen. The last which he was able to write with his own hand was the following letter to Mr. Story, of Roseneath. It was written in pencil, in a memorandum book, and at intervals, with great difficulty, and afterwards copied in ink by me. My brother was unable to sign the letter."

WESTMILL RECTORY, BUNTINGFORD, *May 19th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MR. STORY,—I am indeed grieved that I cannot avail myself of the kind invitation with which you have honoured me, to take part in the service in which you propose to dedicate to the memory of our departed brother, Dr. Macleod Campbell, a window in your church, near which he rests from his labours.

"I have been confined to bed in my brother's house for nearly three weeks by a severe attack of rheumatic bronchitis, and I am still so weak that I must abandon all hope of being able, by the time you mention, to take part in any public duty. How much I should have enjoyed it and have been myself benefited I need scarcely say from participating in an act of fellowship and communion—which is, alas! so rarely possible—but also in striving to express why it is that to Dr. McLeod Campbell I feel, as you also do, how much is due to him in the way of religious honour. I think that we are indebted to him and the method he pursued for that nearer approach to the apprehension of God in Christ which is a characteristic of our day. At least, it seems to me that we look in vain before his time for any such recognition, as we find in him,

of the meaning of certain expressions of St. John and of our Lord Himself relating to our understanding of Him that is true. This, I doubt not, was attained by his application to revelation of that which has been the cause of our great progress in modern times in science, viz. the interpretation of its facts by their own light, a method by which he came to see, in regard to such a question as the Atonement, for example, not the law of a carnal commandment, but the outgoing of an endless and eternal life—the revelation of character and not a law—a revelation which, as it is apprehended, gives life. This has brought about a great deliverance, which our fathers had not attained to, and the way to which, in striving to lay it open by words of their own, they too often 'in laying bare had sealed.'

"But although Dr. Campbell may have done his work, there was, as I conceive, one direction of thought in which he could have guided us, and for which he has given us indications of his capacity in the introduction to the second edition of his work on the Atonement, and which it is, humanly speaking, the greatest loss to our age he was not left to accomplish, since we have no other, as far as I know, equally capable and reliable for the performance of it—I mean, in realising and laying before us, in their true bearing and results, the all but fundamental alteration which has taken place in our days in our relations both to nature and to revelation. Since our boyhood the progress of science has unrolled pages of the world's history which very materially enlarge the knowledge possessed by our fathers. Geology has revealed to us epochs of vast duration, when there was not only no man to till the ground, when the forms of life were so low and the modes of life so involved in, if not based upon, cruelty and destruction, as to make the contemplation very awful to tender and pious minds. Reason has been driven from her throne when it was arrested by the spectacle of a lower life unconscious of any higher, and with none visibly higher to recognise aught beyond. Dr. Campbell was capable of recognising this in all the full volume of its import; and while, no doubt, he believed in the exist-

ence of a higher, having a higher than that in view, and which was pushing it on in a manner so distinct and causative that no need of the creature can explain the development of its forces but the presence of this intelligence, he nevertheless fully felt how hard it was to reconcile facts with the supreme conviction he had of an Eternal Love and Righteousness superintending and evolving all. For Dr. Campbell felt so thorough a consciousness within himself that that which condemned the cruelty and suffering was higher than the suffering, and while realising this he could not doubt that his own consciousness had its root more highly and fully in the Lord and Master and Final Conqueror; and so, feeling this within him, he was able, with Job, to say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' and with our blessed Lord Himself, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'" He felt the blood and tears, and he took part in the same; but anchored as he was in the full conviction of the supreme excellence of love, and in its eventual victory as the most high, he was able to wait with confidence and to say, 'If it be possible,' and if not, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' I do not know that we have any one now left, nor any one as yet coming on, who would have helped us as he would have done through this godless sea, with its ever crumbling shore; and one feels, while thinking of him, that a light has been taken from the vessel when the water was the darkest and the need of a guiding hand was at the sorest.

"And again, in that great change which has affected our relations to revelation by the fact that modern criticism and historical knowledge have taken from the value of the written record, Dr. Campbell, as he showed in his 'Thoughts on Revelation' how little the treasure itself is affected by the nature of the vessel containing it, howbeit we may realise more fully than before how inferior that vessel is, has, at the same time, done us the great service in assuring us that the treasure must needs be itself divine, evidenced by the light of what it is.

"These twofold difficulties some have attempted to meet and to bridge over by what they call the Church

system, based upon the theory of a Church having existed continuously uniform and of one way of thought from the beginning; but Dr. Campbell, while realising that the integrity of the faith had assuredly come down to us by such instrumentality, was too well versed in ecclesiastical history to lean on a reed so broken, and, in point of fact, so unreal, and which has ultimately been found to be a practical theory only by the monstrous supposition of the existence of revelation in the bosom of one man, with whom rests its past and present and future integrity—a conclusion submitted to, however, by a greater number of accredited spiritual law-givers than ever previously assembled together in one place.

"Would I could have spoken face to face what thus I write, and that it had been more to the purpose than this trembling brain can now arrange.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Story, and with respectful and earnest love for the brethren assembled with you in our common and dear Lord.

"P.S.—I should have liked well to worship once more in one of the churches of that venerable Establishment to which we are indebted for so many of our liberties."

"The last book of a secular description which he was able to listen to was Burton's 'Topography of Rome.' I think the reason why he liked to have it read to him was that it suggested peaceful and unexciting pictures to his mind, and that it did not demand too close attention. Before that it used to refresh him to hear passages from 'The Recreations of Christopher North,' especially such as we read together in other years; but the recollections they called up became too much for him. Then Dean Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine' supplied their place, and it for a time greatly interested and refreshed him.

"As his illness increased upon him, Lady Alice asked him one day if he would like to see his children, and if she should telegraph for those who could come to him. 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'why should they come? It would only distress them. When last they saw me I was bright and happy. I could not wish that they should think of me afterwards as they would see me now.'

"I think it must have been towards the close of the week preceding his death, that, as I sat by his bedside, he looked at me and said, 'You see I am not to get better;' and then, unable to say more, he took off his episcopal ring, and would have placed it on my finger, but I put it back on his with some attempt to speak hopefully of his recovery; but he made a gesture of dissent, and turned away his head, unable to say another word on a subject too distressing for either of us to bear.

"I should not omit to say that, ill and low as he was during the closing days of his life, he was still thoughtful for others. It had come to his recollection that a sum of £10, which he was in the habit of giving to one of the clergy of the diocese a little earlier in the year, had not been sent to him. He reminded his wife (who was by his side day and night) of the omission, and begged her not to forget it. Before leaving home, an artisan in the neighbourhood, who was often employed at Bishopston, and a favourite with my brother, had come to solicit the loan of a not inconsiderable amount. It must have been with no little pain that the accommodation was denied, for he left it as one of his dying requests that the money should be sent, not as a loan, but as a gift.

"Nor were other matters forgotten. He communicated to his wife his wish as to where his body should rest, and that it should be laid in the grave 'in the quietest and most unostentatious manner possible.' It was also his desire that the attendance at his funeral should be confined to his own family, and that none of the clergy of the diocese should be put to the inconvenience of a journey on his account, 'not,' he expressly added, 'even the Dean—only Mr. Mapleton; although I should like the Dean to preach on the Sunday following.' It was about the same time that, speaking to his wife of his diocese, he expressed the hope (which was entirely in accordance with her own inclination) that she would continue to make her home in it. 'I should not like,' were his words, 'my name to be forgotten in Argyll.'

"So those most sad days and nights wore on; but he had much to suffer yet in that frail worn-out body. Mon-

day, Tuesday, Wednesday, were all days and nights of great pain and exhaustion. Thursday was the Ascension-day. Up to a late hour in the afternoon the spasms in his chest were terrible, but towards the evening they gradually subsided, when he lay back in the arms of his wife, with his eyes closed; and so he remained till a little before nine o'clock, when he breathed his last without a struggle—so quietly and peacefully that we could not tell when his spirit passed away."

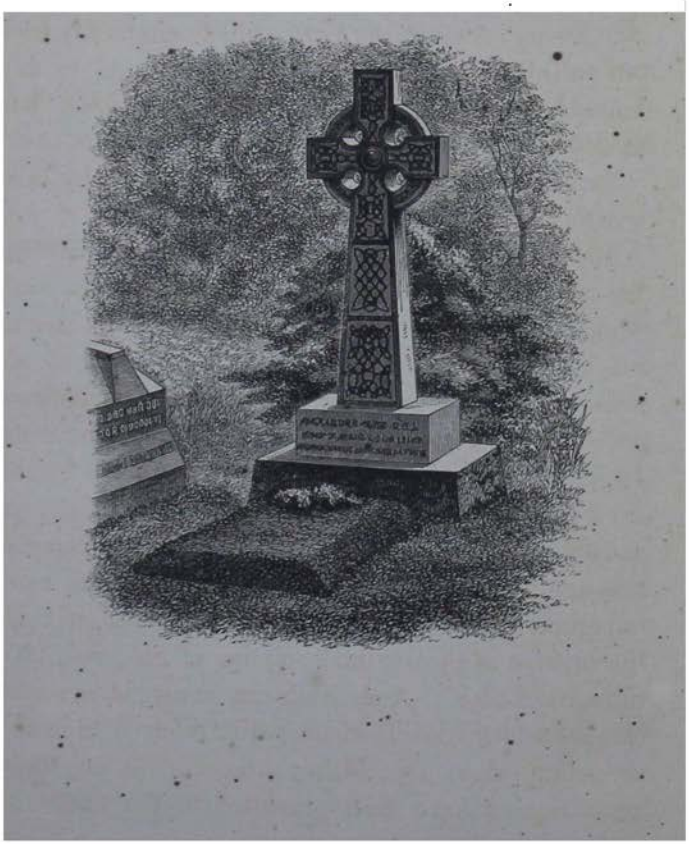
On the Tuesday after the Bishop's death his remains were removed from Westmill for interment at Bishopston, under the care of his second son, his brother, and his servant Herbert. On Wednesday morning they were received on board the *Valetta*, which Lord Glasgow had with kind consideration sent to Greenock to convey them to Ardrishaig. The day was one of transcendent loveliness and beauty. The sea, without a ripple, reflected every hill in clear outline under which the vessel held her course, and no one of all the bright summer days which ever shed their light on the Argyllshire highlands and islands could have seemed to breathe a more touching farewell during the last journey along their shores of one to whom these were so dear, and who had ever derived such serene satisfaction from the contemplation of all that is grand and noble and pure, whether in nature or in man.

It might have been a dream of the imagination that nature was paying her tribute of mournfulness in the wailing notes of the wild fowl which kept following in the wake of the *Valetta*, or in the dashing into the depths of the sea of the gannets, whose swift descent

from mid-air the Bishop used to watch with intense enjoyment; but it was no fond play of the fancy to recognise, as the passing ships dipped their colours, and the flags on the coast were here and there flying half-mast high, how general was the sorrow awakened by the reflection that under the dark canopy on the deck of the *Valetta* lay the mortal form of one whose face would be no more seen.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 29th, and as it had been the Bishop's desire that he should be "buried in the quietest and most unostentatious manner possible," no invitations had been issued. It was not, however, possible to carry out his wish, and by the time fixed for the funeral all the clergy of Argyll and the Isles, with the exception of one or two resident in the more remote parts of the diocese, had arrived. But it was not his own clergy only, of the Episcopalians of the neighbourhood, including many ladies, who came to bear witness to the loss they had sustained. On the day of his burial it was manifest that the Bishop's endeavours after fellowship with the brethren whom he had seen had not been in vain. A request had come from some of the young men of the town that they might be allowed to bear his body to its final resting-place; and the little church could not contain the crowds of men and of women who flocked into the churchyard; and ministers of various denominations stood bare-headed by the grave of Alexander Ewing. The service in the church was conducted by the Rev. W. Bell, the Bishop's chaplain, the latter portion by the Very Rev. R. J. M'George, dean of the diocese; and when the coffin, covered

with flowers by the hands of Lady Alice Ewing, was lowered into the grave, there could have been no one in that great gathering of mourners who did not feel how appropriate were the words which fell in broken accents from the lips of the venerable friend of the deceased, "in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."



EPILOGUE.

IT was thus on Ascension-day, 1873, that Alexander Ewing rested in the Lord; but to pass away from our earthly vision was only, in real presence, to find himself there "whither his heart and mind had ascended and continually dwelt."

But if any should ask why has this biography been written the reply is ready at hand.

It is good, surely, to reproduce, so far as may be, the history of a radiant sympathizing human soul, who, much loved and greatly honoured, knew how to infuse a fresh charm into the life not only of his fireside circle, but into that of the casual acquaintance on board a steamer, and who, endowed with a truly Highland chivalry, stood ever ready to come to the front in the battle-field of human progress. But over and above these considerations Dr. Ewing had a special message to deliver to his fellow-men on the most important of all subjects—on the character of God, the mission of Christ, the discipline of life, and life's ultimate issues. And while in many letters and charges which have been quoted or referred to in the preceding pages the Bishop's conclusions on these great themes have been presented to the reader, a

special reference must here be made to his latest teaching contained in the volume of sermons entitled, "Revelation considered as Light," which, touchingly enough, only reached Westmill in its published form on the day after his death.

A theologian, indeed, was Alexander Ewing; a theologian who had become a little child, and listened, reverently and humbly, at the feet of Christ, as He spoke to his heart, to all that was best in him, of a Father in heaven who is perfect. "Perfect"—that was the word which made all things new for him. He had read, no doubt, of the measureless significance of this attribute in the writings of Thomas Erskine, but it was the great assertion of the redemption of mankind contained in the English Prayer Book which first broke up within him, beneath the crust of traditional dogma, the fountain of theological speculation; and if, at a later time, he was found to be proclaiming a message of mercy identical in terms with those employed by Mr. Erskine, it was not because one had been taught by the other, but because both had been following the guidance of the same Divine teacher. The currents arising from separate sources became blended in due time; but, original, subtle, genial, and incisive as Mr. Erskine was in his teaching, he never seems to have attained to the jubilant liberty of thought and feeling which converted all Bishop Ewing's "*latest* teachings" into hymns of praise. On the plane of theological inquiry the great question is not who first uttered a certain proposition, but "Is the proposition true?" Bishop Ewing's contributions to theology would not have

been intrinsically of less value to the world had they been directly traceable to the influence of the mind of another; but, as it happens so often in physical science that two inquirers, altogether unknown to each other, have been led to adopt methods of calculation or to make experiments which resulted in the same discovery; so, in the present instance, it would seem that the younger mind was guided, independently of the elder one, to those truths which are entirely revolutionising British theology, but which were unspeakably sacred possessions to both alike, because they both felt that a light had arisen which was no more merely their own than the light of the sun is the heritage of any one individual. It is reported of the elder Herschel, that when, one night, sweeping with his telescope the starry plains, a new planet appeared within the orbit of his vision, which dazzled him like the sudden rising of a sun. In the case of Alexander Ewing and Mr. Erskine, and many like-minded men, while personally strangers to each other, the Day-star arose in their hearts.

But it is by suffering that spiritual knowledge entereth; and, as the Bishop himself so often informs us, it was only by a discipline like that of Jacob wrestling with the "traveller unknown" that the day broke for him, and that he found himself percipient of a light within, not borrowed from the sun, nor from any mundane system of dogmas; which showed himself to himself, which disclosed a besetting Presence of infinite mercy and righteousness, which was, in fact, the revelation of Christ in him.

The God of the New Testament, says Niebuhr, in

words which Neander has made known to all men, is "heart to heart." That truth is the key-note of all Bishop Ewing's teaching. He has no poor apologies to offer for his creed. He has no dismal compromises to effect between attributes, so called, of the Divine nature. To him God is light—all light; His justice light, His mercy light; light to be recognised amid measureless repentance, because he had failed to discern it; light which is its own evidence, streaming into the heart and conscience that are kindred with it, and rejoice in it when once beheld, as the natural eye rejoiceth in the light of the sun. Incipient loyalty to Christ forbade him to doubt the truth of the words, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall see the light of life." He proved the words. He gave himself to Christ as the Lord of meekness, of singleness of vision, of childlike, all-trustful, all-submissive uplooking. He entered into his closet, into the sanctuary of his own soul. He chose the strait gate which excludes all dream of private favour, all reliance on the mere voices from without, all subterfuges or refuges of lies, within which we would shield ourselves from the introspection of conscience and memory in their seeming sternest mood. It was Jacob wrestling. He was alone with the Alone, but with Christ as his guide; and the Father, who seeth in secret, was "*Himself*" his reward. He found the secret of his creation—his own, and that of all men. He learned to say, "*Our* Father;" and the inference which Christ teaches us to draw came upon his surprised, and at first all but incredulous, spirit with life-long power: "If ye being evil know how to give

good gifts to your children, how much more will not your Heavenly Father give all good things to them that ask Him?"—"*How much more?*"

Bishop Ewing felt himself borne up by these words into a regenerating newness of hope, which no words of his could ever do more than faintly shadow. To the question, "How much more?" his one response was, "*Infinitely more;*" and hence he writes: "God, seen as our Father, makes all things sweet, all paths straight, reconciles all things. This Fatherhood, once truly accepted, solves all perplexities, and makes the difficulties of life clear and plain. He is our Father, and, whatever is meant by that name, that is He, and always so. Life, death, make no alteration in this relationship. In life, after death, He is equally the same, and Father. *Beyond the shores of death we do not go into a strange country; it is still our Father's house, where the Father is dealing with His children as they require.* No time, no space, can destroy His eternal, uniform, and paternal relation. It is life, health, victory, to believe this; just as we believe this do we have victory and life; as we fall out of this belief we perish. Most true is the dogma that unless we believe God to be our Father we 'perish everlastingly;' it is the Catholic Faith to believe it, that, believing it, we may be saved. There is no other salvation but by believing this; but this is sure—God is our Father and ever acts as such. It is good to hear this from the pulpit; it is good to hear it from the press; but, above all, it is good to hear it from our own hearts, and to know that it is true; no doubt, to see the Father 'sufficeth us.'

We must content ourselves with only a brief reference to the three other elements of Bishop Ewing's teaching: the work of Christ, the discipline of life, and life's final outcome. According to the Bishop's conceiving, the whole work of Christ—its meaning, its aim, its end—was the winning back of humanity to the nearest, but the sublimest, of all trusts—that of faith in the inexorable and brooding love of the Father of our Spirits. The Bishop was not a sentimentalist. Life's burden and sufferings touched him very profoundly, and he felt that the stern conditions which inevitably supervene upon our *involuntary* entrance into space and time must be seen to be "very good," in the light of reason and conscience, if we are ever to be reconciled to their existence, and not merely to submit to them as either the ordinations of a blind and remorseless Fate, or as otherwise largely compensated by the abundant happiness which is undoubtedly to be found in the world. But in Jesus Christ he discovered the secret of reconciliation; in that life of ineffable sweetness and light which was inspired, not, in the first instance, by "the enthusiasm of humanity," whatever that may mean, but by conscious alliance, in the supremely ethical significance of the words, with a will of absolute graciousness and truth—a Father's will—which, being perfect, could only, and must, evermore, whatever be the immediate forms of its manifestation, seek the highest possible welfare of the race it had called into existence.

Pressed by heavy laws, weighted with cares, endowed with the perilous gift of free-will, slowly building up

experiences into codes and systems, achieving order, art, and worship, but the few ruling over the many, and the great majority mistaking the shadow of sensual indulgence for the substance of obedience to the perfect law of liberty, no "mankind," as yet, in the consciousness of humanity, but the dogma of favouritism reigning in Jew and Gentile alike, a race without hope, and, so far as recognition was concerned, without God; such was the world when a new light arose upon it. Unlike the elder brother in the parable, so Bishop Ewing believed, *our* Elder Brother came down into the far country into which we all had wandered. He came the advocate from the Father—the *Paraclete*—the one called in, by the infinite mercy, in the hour of our great extremity, to plead with us, to tell us of the Father whom we had forgotton, and of the home in His measureless love, to which we all are welcome. He suffered in His great enterprise; all the prophets who had heralded His way had suffered; but His sufferings were "the incidents" of His errand, "the gauges and proofs of His love," and not "the objects of it." And, as He dwelt among us, He proclaimed the sacredness and ultimate healthful issue of all the elements of the Divine discipline to which we are now subjected. Above all, and as showing us the Father, in His life, in His death on the Cross—the last, the triumphant hour in which, when sin rose up to its extremest culmination, He overcame it by His faith in the Divine mercy which prompted the words, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"—He brought in the truth of forgiveness on the part of God, against the inexorable unforgivingness

of the human heart when once it is aroused to the sense of its own evil.

This, the Bishop taught us, was Christ's work: to show that God our Father is with us, is for us, to conciliate our affections, to bring us to ourselves, to Him, and to each other. God our Father has only one end in view. By joy or sorrow, by success or failure, by secret stripes and baptisms of fire, or by great tides of gladness, as on a birthday anniversary or marriage feast, He only means this one thing, that we should be brought round to the true end of our creation—that Christ, our only abiding life, may be formed within us. The Bishop would tell us that the first chapter of Genesis and the last chapter of Revelation are in teaching one—man made by God, for God, and, in the end, made like unto Him. Christ's work could not be in vain. The law is one—"perfect through suffering;" but that law is omnipotent and universal in its embrace and operation. Our Father is opposed to evil, not as yours or mine, but to all evil as such. It is hurting us, and His justice, as revealed in the death of His Son, is pledged to finally destroy it. *Sursum corda* are words which constitute a continually recurring refrain in Bishop Ewing's writings. Be patient, he would say; the end is sure, for God our Father never changeth. Christ shall "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." When all the discordant sounds of earth have fallen silent, there will be heard, high and clear, the bells of "the marriage supper of the Lamb of God," who taketh away the sins of the world. God is light. Christ is the eminent manifestation of that light. To see Him is to submit to all

the laws to which He joyfully—and through Gethsemane itself—triumphantly submitted. To see Him is to be like Him, is to become a valiant worker, a joy-helper, is to be altogether reconciled, in loving sympathy and life-long purpose, to that Father in heaven who willeth all men to be saved; and who can frustrate His will?*

* Sermons, "Revelation considered as Light," pages 92, 94, 142, 144, 198, 215.

THE END.

LONDON PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD.

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on 18 July, 2018